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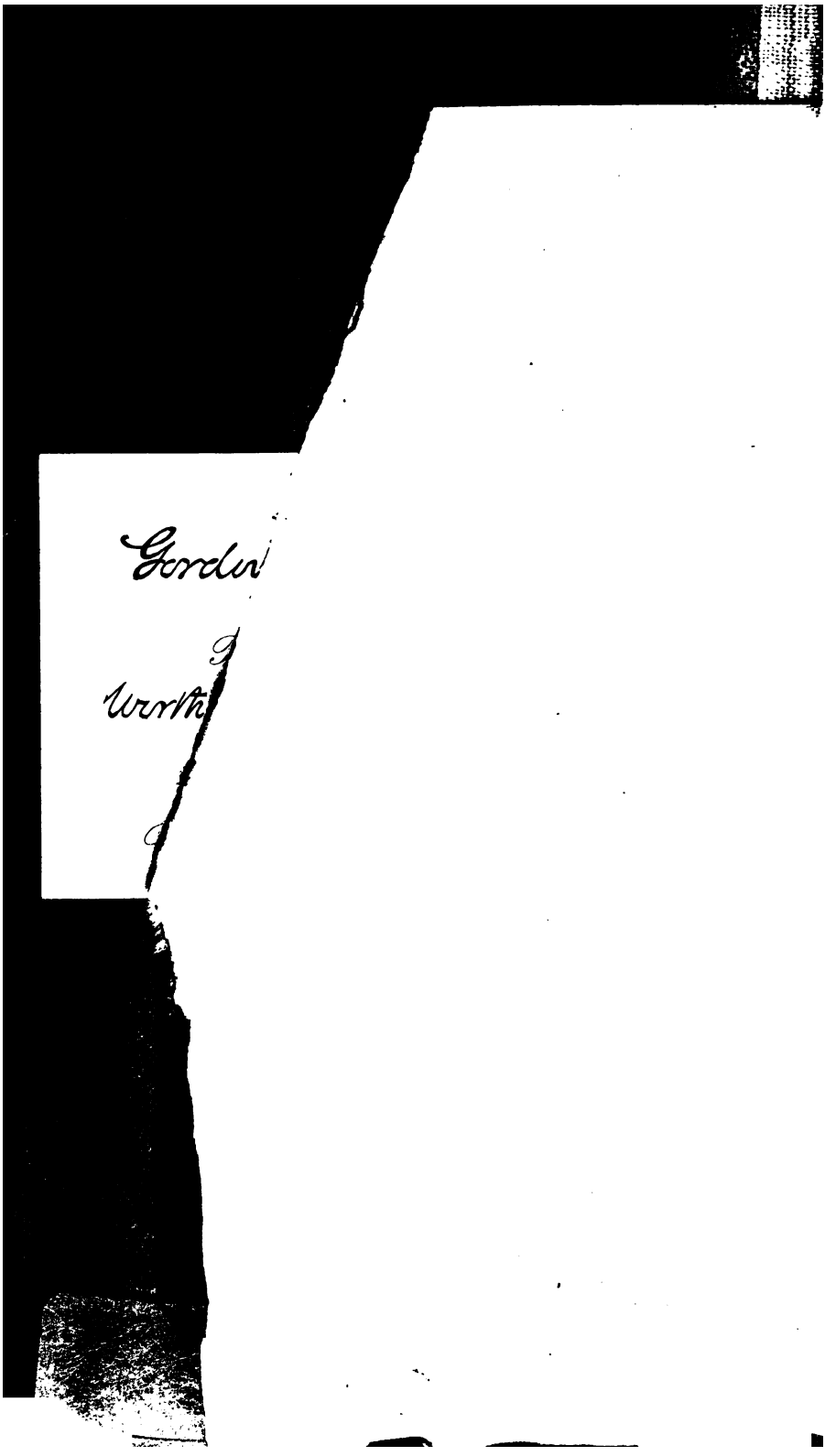

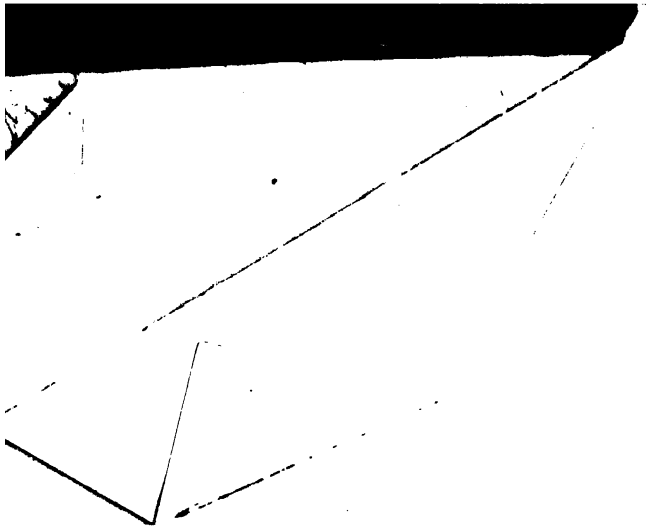

NAA

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW,

OR

LITERARY JOURNAL,

ENLARGED:

From SEPTEMBER to NOVEMBER, *inclusive,*

M,DCCC,XXV.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

VOLUME CVIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.

5, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL;

AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

M,DCCC,XXV.

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LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For SEPTEMBER, 1825.

ART. I. *A History of England from the first Invasion by the Romans to the Commonwealth.* By the Rev. John Lingard, D.D. Vols. IV. V. and VI. Mawman. 1820–1823–1825.

IN former numbers of this Review the first, second, and third volumes of this history were noticed in terms of commendation, to which they were fully entitled. The volumes at present before us merit at least equal praise for the judicious selection which the author has made, from a much wider and less obscure range of materials than he had to explore in his earlier labors, and they, moreover, present us with specimens of the most perfect narrative-style with which we are acquainted in our language.

These three volumes embrace the history of nearly a century and a half, the most interesting, whether from the variety and bold features of its events, or from the most important consequences which those events have produced, not for England only, but for a large portion of the world. They commence with the accession of Henry VIII., and proceeding through the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., end with that of Charles I. The three first of these reigns are depicted in the most vivid colors. The prudent and wily character of Elizabeth, now so well understood, is no where more faithfully portrayed than in the pages of Dr. Lingard. He exhibits James I. to us in the most favorable light, by simply making him appear ridiculous. The history of Charles I. supplies us with an awful lesson of the follies of that favoritism, which began in the reign of his father, and was so fruitful a source of calamity to himself.

In every part of this work we are delighted with the simplicity, clearness, strength, and classic harmony of the author's style. His sentences are uniformly distinguished by that great merit, unity of idea, which the majority of modern writers too frequently neglect. From the prevalence of this perfection, we could almost imagine some of the finest passages in this history to be elegant translations of the purest

Greek or Latin writers. Livy's copiousness of detail, the musical cadences of Thucydides, and the pellucid narrative of Herodotus, seem to have been combined by Dr. Lingard in the historical model which he wished to emulate, and which he has certainly followed with the greatest success.

By short specimens it is impossible to do justice to a work which is at once so extensive and so admirably connected. We shall, however, detach from the second chapter of the fourth volume a portion of the history of the Reformation, which is executed in a style of matchless energy and beauty.

'Whatever knowledge the German reformer might possess of the doctrines, his writings displayed little of the mild spirit of the Gospel. In his answer to the King of England the intemperance of his declamation scandalized his friends, while it gave joy to his enemies. To the King he allotted no other praise than that of writing elegant language: in all other respects he was a fool and an ass, a blasphemer and a liar. Henry complained to his patron the Elector: the German princes considered the work as an insult to crowned heads: and at the earnest entreaty of Christian, King of Denmark, Luther condescended to write an apology. In it he supposes that the "defence of the seven sacraments" had been falsely attributed to Henry; offers to acknowledge his error, and to publish a book in the King's praise; paints in seductive colours the purity and holiness of his own doctrine: and takes occasion to inveigh against the tyranny of the popes, and against that bane of England, the Cardinal of York. Such an apology was not likely to appease the mind of Henry, who was proud of his work, and attached to his minister, and the assertion that the King began to favor the new gospel provoked him to publish a severe but dignified answer. In it he openly avows himself to be the author of the tract printed with his name, and expresses his esteem for Wolsey, whom he always loved, but whom he shall now love much more, since he has been honoured with the abuse of one, who never spared exalted worth either in the living or the dead. He then argues that, if the tree may be known by its fruits, the pride and passion, the lust and debauchery of the new apostle, prove that he had received no commission from God: and concludes with maintaining that the favourite doctrines of his antagonist, respecting the sufficiency of faith and the non-existence of free-will, were subversive of all morality, and repugnant to the first principles of religion. The publication of this letter rekindled the anger, and exasperated the venom, of the reformer. He announced his regret that he had descended to the meanness of making an apology; and condemned his own folly in supposing "that virtue could exist in a court, or that Christ might be found in a place where Satan reigned." But thenceforth let his enemies tremble. He would no more attempt to allure

them by mildness: but would apply the merited lash to their backs.

'The edict of Worms had become a dead letter at the expiration of a few months: and Luther, returning to Wittemberg, had published his German translation of the Scriptures. It was preposterous to imagine that from the perusal of the sacred volumes the common people could be enabled to decide those questions which divided the most learned: but the present flattered their pride: they felt their obligations to the man, who had rendered them the judges of their own belief: and when they did not understand his arguments, were still convinced by the attraction of novelty, the promise of freedom, and the hope of sharing in the spoils of the church. The increase of new teachers kept equal pace with the increase of new religionists. The country curate, who was unknown beyond the precincts of his village, the friar who had hitherto vegetated in the obscurity of his convent, saw the way to riches and celebrity suddenly opened before them. They had only to ascend their pulpits, to display the new light, which had lately burst upon them, to declaim against the wealth of the clergy and the tyranny of the popes; and they were immediately followed by crowds of disciples, whose gratitude supplied their wants, and whose approbation secured to them importance in the new church. But these teachers soon discovered that they had as good a claim to infallibility as Luther: they began to dispute many of his doctrines, and to reform the reformer himself. Zwinglius declared against him in Switzerland, and severed from his empire the four cities of Strasburg, Lindau, Constance, and Memmingen. Muncer, driven from Saxony, erected his hostile standard at Mulhausen in Thuringia. He taught the natural equality of men, the right of each to his share in the common property of all, the abolition of every authority not founded on the Gospel, and the formation of a new kingdom upon earth, to consist entirely of the saints. The peasants, allured by his doctrines, were soon in arms, and the princes of the empire began to tremble for their political existence. Luther was overwhelmed with reproaches: the evil, it was said, had sprung from the tendency of his doctrines: and, to justify himself, he declared that Muncer was inspired and aided by the devil, and that the only remedy was to extirpate with fire and sword both the teacher and his disciples. After many a bloody field in different parts of the empire, the Catholics and Lutherans by their united efforts suppressed the insurrection. But the moment the common enemy was removed, their mutual diffidence revived: the Catholic princes requested the presence of the Emperor to protect them from the machinations of their enemies: and the Protestant princes concluded at Torgau a league for their common defence. It was afterwards strengthened by the accession of new members; and in the course of a few pages we shall see this confederacy, avowedly formed to support and propagate the new doctrines, in active correspondence with the King of England, the enemy of religious innovation, and the defender of the orthodox faith.'

To whatever motive we are to attribute the spoliation of the primitive church, and the establishment of the Reformation, it is a matter of wonder to observe the state of subserviency to which the tyranny of Henry had brought the higher orders throughout his dominions. They reflected back his smile or his frown with the most dastardly servility. One day they enacted, at his desire, that it was treason to dispute, the next day that it was treason to maintain, the validity of his marriage with Anne Boleyn. The safeguards of the constitution were wholly overthrown; and it seems little less than miraculous, that even the memory of them should have survived to the happy epoch of the Revolution, when they were extricated from the ruins, and restored to their pristine Gothic strength and grandeur.

In the course of his history Dr. Lingard, we observe, rejects several stories and speeches which have found their way, from one to another, through the greater number of our historians; and, so far as we have been able to inform ourselves, we have reason to be satisfied with the discretion which he has exercised in this respect. The truth is, that our historians have often followed the example set them by some of the more antient historians of Greece and Rome, in adopting too readily any current tradition, and in putting speeches and remarks into the mouths of the historical actors, which were rather appropriate than authentic.

In this spirit Dr. Lingard ridicules the astute theological arguments said to have been uttered by Edward VI. at the age of ten. Again, by citing original authorities, he is enabled to present a positive contradiction to some parts of the romantic story, given by Hume, of Courtenay's career in the court of Mary; for which, as the reverend Doctor justly remarks, Hume could have had no authority except his own imagination. He treats some of the stories commonly told of Lady Jane Grey in a like manner. He seems to take pleasure in doing justice to her amiable character. 'But,' he observes, 'modern writers have attributed to her much of which she seems to have been ignorant. The beautiful language which they put into her mouth; her forcible reasoning in favor of the claim of Mary; her philosophical contempt of the splendor of royalty; her refusal to accept a crown which was not her right; and her reluctant submission to the commands of her parents, must be considered as the fictions of historians, who, in their zeal to exalt the character of their heroine, seem to have forgotten that she was only sixteen years of age.' We miss, also, several of the remarkable speeches which have been

been attributed to Charles I., and those about him, at the time of his melancholy exit.

It appears to us that throughout this work the author considers himself as suspected of partiality on account of his religious opinions. A persuasion, we may observe, very likely to produce impartiality: we would attribute to it the extraordinary care which he takes in balancing the virtues and the faults of those characters in our history, who have been loaded with unqualified praise or censure, according to the religious impressions of those by whom their actions have been hitherto recorded. The character of the "bloody" Mary is one which required infinite discretion on the part of the author, and it is depicted by him with the greatest truth and justice. He thus sums up her measures of intolerance:

'The persecution continued till the death of Mary. Sometimes milder counsels seemed to prevail; and on one occasion all the prisoners were discharged on the easy condition of taking an oath to be true to God and the Queen. But these intervals were short; and, after some suspense, the spirit of intolerance was sure to resume the ascendancy. Then new commissions were issued by the crown. The magistrates were careful to fulfil their instructions: and the council urged the bishops "to reclaim the prisoners, or to deal with them according to law." The reformed writers have described, in glowing colours, the sufferings, and sought to multiply the number, of the victims; while the Catholics have maintained that the reader should distrust the exaggerations of men heated with enthusiasm and exasperated by oppression: and that from the catalogue of the martyrs should be expunged the names of all who were condemned as felons or traitors, or who died peaceably in their beds, or who survived the publication of their martyrdom, or who would for their heterodoxy have been sent to the stake by the reformed prelates themselves, had they been in possession of the power. Yet these deductions will take but little from the infamy of the measure. After every allowance it will be found that, in the space of four years, almost two hundred persons perished in the flames for religious opinions; a number at the contemplation of which the mind is struck with horror, and learns to bless the legislation of a more tolerant age, in which dissent from established forms, though in some countries still punished with civil disabilities, is no where liable to the penalties of death.'

Again, at the end of Mary's reign, we have a striking instance of his discrimination and justice.

'The foulest blot on the character of this Queen is her long and cruel persecution of the reformers. The sufferings of the victims naturally beget an antipathy to the woman, by whose authority they were inflicted. It is, however, but fair to recollect what I have already noticed, that the extirpation of erroneous

doctrine was inculcated as a duty by the leaders of every religious party. Mary only practised what *they* taught. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault, that she was not more enlightened than the wisest of her contemporaries.

'With this exception, she has been ranked by the more moderate of the reformed writers among the best, though not the greatest, of our princes. They have borne honourable testimony to her virtues: have allotted to her the praise of piety and clemency, of compassion for the poor, and liberality to the distressed: and have recorded her solicitude to restore to opulence the families that had been unjustly deprived of their possessions by her father and brother, and to provide for the wants of the parochial clergy, who had been reduced to penury by the spoliations of the last government. It is acknowledged that her moral character was beyond reproof. It extorted respect from all, even from the most virulent of her enemies. The ladies of her household copied the conduct of their mistress: and the decency of Mary's court was often mentioned with applause by those, who lamented the dissoluteness which prevailed in that of her successor.

'The Queen was thought by some to have inherited the obstinacy of her father: but there was this difference, that before she formed her decisions, she sought for advice and information, and made it an invariable rule to prefer right to expediency. One of the outlaws, who had obtained his pardon, hoped to ingratiate himself with Mary by devising a plan to render her independent of parliament. He submitted it to the inspection of the Spanish ambassador, by whom it was recommended to her consideration. Sending for Gardiner, she bade him peruse it, and then adjured him, as he should answer at the judgment-seat of God, to speak his real sentiments. "Madam," replied the prelate, "it is a pity that so virtuous a lady should be surrounded by such sycophants. The book is naught: it is filled with things too horrible to be thought of." She thanked him, and threw the paper into the fire.

'Her natural abilities had been improved by education. She understood the Italian, she spoke the French and Spanish languages: and the ease and correctness with which she replied to the foreigners, who addressed her in Latin, excited their admiration. Her speeches in public and from the throne, were delivered with grace and fluency: and her conferences with Noailles, as related in his dispatches, shew her to have possessed an acute and vigorous mind, and to have been on most subjects a match for that subtle and intriguing negociator.'

From the general skill which Dr. Lingard displays in tracing out the windings of the mind, — from the ease and readiness with which he applies the characterizing touches, — from the great subtlety which he evinces when he argues on a probability, — from the many fine and forcible figures of eloquence which he can command, when he deems eloquence to be

be seasonable, — we cannot doubt that his close adherence to the order of his narrative proceeds from a chastened and well-formed taste. As one of many instances that his power is as great, in following the workings of the soul, as in relating events, we may cite a passage or two describing some of the last hours of Elizabeth:

'Elizabeth had surprised the nations of Europe by the splendour of her course: she was destined to close the evening of her life in gloom and sorrow. The bodily infirmities which she suffered may have been the consequences of age: her mental afflictions are usually traced by historians to regret for the execution of Essex. That she deeply bewailed his fate, that she accused herself of precipitancy and cruelty, is certain; but there were disclosures in his confession, to which her subsequent melancholy may with greater probability be ascribed. From that document she learned the unwelcome and distressing truth, that she had lived too long; that her favourites looked with impatience to the moment which would free them from her control, and that the very men on whose loyalty she had hitherto reposed with confidence, had already proved unfaithful to her. She became pensive and taciturn: she sate whole days by herself, indulging in the most gloomy reflections: every rumour agitated her with new and imaginary terrors: and the solitude of her court, the opposition of the commons to her prerogative, and the silence of the citizens when she appeared in public, were taken by her for proofs that she had survived her popularity, and was become an object of aversion to her subjects. Under these impressions, she assured the French ambassador that she had grown weary of her very existence.

'Sir John Harrington, her godson, who visited the court about seven months after the death of Essex, has described in a private letter the state in which he found the Queen. She was altered in her features, and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread and succory pottage. Her taste for dress was gone: she had not changed her clothes for many days. Nothing could please her: she was the torment of the ladies who waited on her person. She stamped with her feet, and swore violently at the objects of her anger. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber. About a year later he returned to the palace, and was admitted to her presence. "I found her," he says, "in a most pitiable state. She bad the Archbishop ask me, if I had seen Tyrone. I replied, with reverence, that I had seen him with the Lord Deputy. She looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'O, now it mindeth me, that you was one who saw this man elsewhere;' and hereat she dropped a tear, and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips: but, in truth, her heart seemed too full to need more filling."

'In January, she was troubled with a cold, and about the end of the month removed, on a wet and stormy day, from Westminster to Richmond. Her indisposition increased: but, with her characteristic obstinacy, she refused the advice of her physicians. Loss of appetite was accompanied with lowness of spirits, and to add to her distress, it chanced that her intimate friend, the Countess of Nottingham, died. Elizabeth now spent her days and nights in sighs and tears: or, if she condescended to speak, she always chose some unpleasant and irritating subject; the treason and execution of Essex, or the pretensions of Arabella Stuart, or the war in Ireland, and the pardon of Tyrone. At last she fell into a state of stupor, and for some hours lay as dead. As soon as she recovered, she ordered cushions to be brought and spread on the floor. On these she seated herself, under a strange notion, that if she were once to lie down in bed, she should never rise again. No prayers of the Secretary, or the Archbishop, or the physicians, could induce her to remove, or to take any medicine. For ten days she sate on the cushions, generally with her finger in her mouth, and her eyes open, and fixed on the ground.'

The whole account of her reign, as well as that of James I., is written with inimitable force and beauty of narration. We must, however, conclude our extracts with the description of the execution of Charles I., which, severely correct as it is, is nevertheless graphic, and dignified in a very eminent degree. It was the misfortune of Charles, by his obstinacy, his occasional want of good faith, and his impolitic treatment of many deserving men, to provoke against him talents and energies, which, otherwise, would have remained dormant, or might have taken a different direction. This was the error of that Prince's reign, and no experience could teach him to correct it. But for the tyranny of Charles, Hampden might never have emerged from his character of a meek private gentleman; and but for that tyranny, the host of opposing energies which sprang as it were from the tomb of Hampden might have been unknown, or have been marshalled on the side of royalty.

'The King proceeded through the long gallery (of Whitehall), lined on each side with soldiers, who, far from insulting the fallen monarch, appeared by their sorrowful looks to sympathise with his fate. At the end an aperture had been made in the wall, through which he stepped at once upon the scaffold. It was hung with black: at the further end were seen the two executioners, the block, and the axe: below appeared in arms several regiments of horse and foot: and beyond, as far as the eye was permitted to reach, waved a dense and countless crowd of spectators. The King stood collected and undismayed amidst the apparatus of death. There was in his countenance that cheerful intrepidity, in his demeanour that dignified calmness, which had characterised in

in the hall of Fotheringay his royal grandmother, Mary Stuart. It was his wish to address the people: but they were kept beyond the reach of his voice by the swords of the military; and therefore confining his discourse to the few persons standing with him on the scaffold, he took, he said, the opportunity of denying, in the presence of his God, the crimes of which he had been accused. It was not to him, but to the houses of parliament, that the war and all its evils should be charged. The parliament had first invaded the rights of the crown by claiming the command of the army: it had provoked hostilities by issuing commissions for the levy of forces, before he had raised a single man. But he had forgiven all, even those, whoever they were, (for he did not desire to know their names,) who had brought him to his death. He did more than forgive them, he prayed that they might repent. But for that purpose they must do three things: they must render to God his due, by settling the church according to the Scripture; they must restore to the crown those rights which belonged to it by law; and they must teach the people the distinction between the sovereign and the subject; those persons could not be governors who were to be governed, *they* could not rule, whose duty it was to obey. Then, in allusion to the offers formerly made to him by the army, he concluded with these words: "Sirs, it was for the liberties of the people, that I am come here. If I would have assented to an arbitrary sway, to have all things changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come hither: and therefore I tell you, (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge,) that I am the martyr of the people."

'Having added, at the suggestion of Dr. Juxon, "I die a Christian according to the profession of the church of England, as I found it left me by my father," he said, addressing himself to the prelate: "I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God."

'*Bishop.* — "There is but one stage more: it is turbulent and troublesome, but a short one. It will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find joy and comfort."

'*King.* — "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown."

'*Bishop.* — "You exchange an earthly for an eternal crown, — a good exchange."

'Being ready, he bent his neck on the block, and after a short pause, stretched out his hands as a signal. At that instant the axe descended; the head rolled from the body: and a deep groan burst from the multitude of the spectators. But they had no leisure to testify their feelings; two troops of horse dispersed them in different directions.

'Such was the end of the unfortunate Charles Stuart, an awful lesson to the possessors of royalty to watch the growth of public opinion, and to moderate their pretensions in conformity with the reasonable desires of their subjects. Had he lived at a more early period, when the sense of wrong was quickly subdued by the habit of submission, his reign would probably have been marked by fewer violations of the national liberties. It was resist-

ance

ance that made him a tyrant. The spirit of the people refused to yield to the encroachments of authority: and one act of oppression placed him under the necessity of committing another, till he had revived and enforced all those odious prerogatives, which, though usually claimed, were but sparingly exercised, by his predecessors. For some years his efforts seemed successful: but the Scottish insurrection revealed the delusion; he had parted with the real authority of a king, when he forfeited the confidence and affection of his subjects.'

The history of the six reigns, so faithfully given in these volumes, is peculiarly that of religious dissension. One lesson which it should inculcate is plain, and points, with no ordinary strength of application, to the present period. By the shameful abuses committed in the sale of indulgences, the ties were dissolved by which a large part of Germany, and the kingdom of England, were held subject to Papal authority. By the intolerance of the first Reformers the cruel reign of Mary was provoked. As our author expresses it, with strength and truth, 'Mary practised what *they* taught.' The Protestants, in their turn, gained the ascendency, and, with the strong hand, have, with little interruption, kept down the Catholics to the present day. In the heat of religious animosities, right has been trampled upon on either side.

It is, however, pleasant to observe, that a more conciliatory spirit now prevails on all sides. The asperities of both Protestant and Catholic have been mutually softened down. The Catholic now finds, betwixt himself and the Protestant, so few shades of difference in habits and education, and so perfect a community in charitable feeling, and in the liberal pursuits of social life, that they might live together for years in the performance of their ordinary Christian duties, and not discover wherein the difference consisted, except within the walls of their respective churches.

There are, indeed, important civil distinctions still kept up between them by the penal laws: but every succeeding year shews more clearly the impolicy of those statutes; and we have little doubt that the present generation will see them either repealed or fallen into desuetude. It is against the course of the human mind that they should long continue to stand up alone, the monuments of an ignorant and a sanguinary age, after every other principle of restriction and bigotry has yielded, or is about to yield, to the more enlightened and more generous liberality of the times in which we live.

ART.

ART. II. 1. *Travels in the Timannee, Kooranko, and Soolima Countries, in Western Africa.* By Major Alexander Gordon Laing. With Plates and a Map. 8vo. 18*s*. Boards. pp. 465. Murray. 1825.

2. *Travels in Western Africa,* in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821, from the River Gambia, through Woolli, Bondoo, Galam, Kasson, Kaarta, and Foolidoo, to the River Niger. By Major William Gray, and the late Staff-Surgeon Dochard. With a Map, Drawings, and Costumes, illustrative of those Countries. 8vo. 18*s*. Boards. pp. 413. Murray. 1825.

THE greatest difficulties which have hitherto impeded the intercourse of our colonists on the western coast of Africa, with the nations in the interior, have arisen from the endeavors of the chiefs of the tribes surrounding our settlements, to "close the paths," as it is there termed, in order to prevent all direct communication, and to secure to themselves the benefits of the intermediate traffic. The Mandingo nation had made greater advances in civilization than any other in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, and shewn an increasing desire to obtain European luxuries in exchange for the produce of their labor, when, in 1821, a war broke out between the King and one of the chiefs, which entirely interrupted the trade between the Mandingoes and the colonists. Sir Charles M'Carthy, the late Governor, thought it advisable to send an embassy to Kambia, on the river Sarcies, and from thence to the Mandingo camp, in order to produce a reconciliation between the belligerent chiefs, and to recommend to the natives the culture of white rice. Major, then Lieutenant, Laing, was deputed for these objects, and also 'to ascertain the disposition of the inhabitants with respect to commerce and industry, and to know their sentiments and conduct as to the abolition of the slave-trade.' Major Laing paid two visits to the Mandingo camp, and there he found a large army of the Soolima nation headed by the brother of the Soolima king, who was come to the assistance of Amara, the King of the Mandingoes. Little more than the name of the Soolima nation was then known at Sierra Leone, though its distance, N.N.W., is scarcely more than two hundred miles, nor had it been visited by any European, though it is one of the most powerful countries in that part of Western Africa, and its inhabitants are considerably advanced in civilization and a knowlege of the useful arts. When Yarradee, the Soolima General, first saw the English at the camp of the Mandingoes, he doubted whether they were men, and inquired of the interpreter if they had bones. Seeing Major Laing pull off his gloves, he exclaimed, "Alla Akbar, he has pulled the skin off his hands." On Major Laing's return, he

he suggested to the Governor, that as the Soolimas were in possession of considerable quantities of gold and ivory, it might be advantageous to open an intercourse with them, and also to learn the resources of many unexplored countries directly to the east of the colony. This suggestion being approved of, Major Laing, with an interpreter, two soldiers of the West India regiment, eleven carriers, natives of the Jolof country, and a boy, a native of Sego, were sent to penetrate to Soolima, by whatever route might be deemed most eligible for future communication. The travellers quitted Sierra Leone on the 16th of April, and ascended the Rokelle river in boats about forty miles, and then, leaving the river, continued their route on the southern side of it in the Timannee country, but were obliged to purchase a passage through the principal towns by presents to the chiefs. Timannee is about ninety miles from east to west, and its breadth, from north to south, about fifty-five miles: on the west it adjoins the colony of Sierra Leone. Notwithstanding this contiguity, the Timannee negroes are described by Major Laing as the most ignorant and depraved of all the Western Africans: the trades of the blacksmith and shoemaker, common to all other African countries, are unknown here. On the degraded state of these people Major Laing judiciously remarks:

'The character of a Timannee man is almost proverbial in Western Africa for knavery and indisposition to honest labour; and of a Timannee woman for dishonesty. The considerate reader will judge of the degree in which their character is to be attributed to the long prevalence, in their country of that detestable trade, which strikes at the root of industry, destroys the bonds of social order, and even extinguishes the most powerful natural feelings.* Inhabiting the country near the mouth of one of the principal rivers of the coast, and which, until the last thirty years, was one of the principal marts of the slave-trade, their moral and social disorganization and degradation which still subsists, may be viewed as an example of its deep-rooted and pernicious influence. In correspondence with this remark, is the progressive improvement in the social and industrious habits of the population, which is witnessed by the traveller in advancing from the coast towards the interior by the course of any of the great rivers of Africa,

'* I was twice offered by mothers their children for sale, and abused for refusing them. One evening a clamour was raised against me, as being one of those white men who prevented the slave-trade, and injured the prosperity of their country. The two mothers severally accused their children of witchcraft, and were much surprised at my refusal to purchase; particularly as the price did not exceed ten bars, or about thirty shillings sterling.'

which

which were formerly distinguished as stations for the trade in slaves.'

Major Laing, continuing his route to the N. E., having the river Rokelle on his left, passed through a small part of the Korano country, the boundaries of which are unknown, extending eastward to the Niger. On the north it is bounded by Limba, Tamisso, and Soolima: though large in extent, it is not powerful, in consequence of its numerous divisions into separate states. Like the Timannees, the natives of Korano are Pagans, but they are greatly superior to the former in agriculture and a knowlege of the useful arts. At Komato, on the confines of the Soolima country, he was met by a deputation from Falaba, the capital of Soolima, sent by the King, with an invitation to visit him immediately, and two horses were also sent for his use. One of the party, who had seen Major Laing at the Mandingo camp, leaped for joy, and cried out, "It is true, it is true; he is the white man from the water-side who promised Yarradee he would come to the Soolima country; he is the white man who said he would walk to this country, and he has kept his word." On the 11th of June Major Laing and his small party arrived at Falaba, and were treated with great respect and kindness, both by the King and the inhabitants, during the whole of their residence in the country, which they did not leave till the 17th of September. This respect and attention were not excited by the external appearance of Major Laing; for he informs us that his whole stock of clothes consisted of a blue camblet jacket and trowsers, much worn, a few flannel shirts, and a straw-hat, nor had he been shaved since the day of his departure from Sierra Leone.

Falaba appears from the map prefixed to these travels to be situated in 9° 40′ of north latitude, and 11° 35′ longitude: it is about one mile and a half in length, and a mile in breadth: it is surrounded by a strong thick stockading of hard wood of sufficient strength to resist any warlike engines less powerful than artillery. It has seven strong gates: the whole encompassed by a broad deep ditch, which renders it impregnable to the assaults of Africans, according to their present system of warfare.

The inhabitants are stated to be six thousand: but in another part we find their number estimated at ten thousand, which must be more correct, if, as we are also told, Falaba contains four thousand huts or houses, and can furnish three thousand soldiers. The houses or huts are circular, 'and, though built of clay and covered with pyramidal roofs of thatch, are extremely neat, clean, and in many instances elegant.'

gant.' There are four other principal towns, subject to Assana Yeera, the King of the Soolimas: he can bring into the field about three thousand cavalry, and twenty thousand foot soldiers, and must therefore be regarded as a powerful prince in Western Africa. The description which Major Laing has given of the manners and character of the King of Soolima is extremely interesting: he appears to possess, in an eminent degree, talents and virtues which justly intitle him to be regarded as a good and wise prince, the father of his people. 'He is a good looking man, about sixty years of age: his countenance mild and agreeable, and inoffensive in its expression: he is rather taller than the generality of his people, being about five feet eleven inches in height, and his plain loose garment of black country cloth became him well.' Indeed we are told that he never departed from this simplicity of dress, that, unlike most Africans, he constantly rejected the use of splendid ornaments, and was always habited like the simplest of his subjects. He has acquired a high character for strict probity, both in his own dominions and among the surrounding states. From the great pains he takes in inquiring into and settling the grievances of his subjects, he is universally beloved. The following account is given of his daily occupation:

'He rises at day-break, and gives his first attention to domestic concerns; he then sees the food prepared and sent off to his guests and slaves, and gives audience to all people who are about to quit the town upon a journey, and grants or refuses permission; according to circumstances. At nine he makes his appearance in the palaver-house, where he administers justice till three in the afternoon, during which time he is accessible to every one; at three he returns home to dinner, which is a simple meal of rice, and a little soup to dip it in, and render it palatable; in common with the whole of his subjects, he is a stranger to the luxury of a spoon, nor would he use one, although I presented him with several. After his dinner, it is his usual custom to walk, attended by a single confidential slave, to a particular pond, where he keeps a tame alligator, and where he performs his ablutions; he then strolls about his farms till sunset, when he returns to his house, and is secluded for the rest of the evening, part of which, I have reason to suppose, he passes in religious duties.'

In the course of various conversations on the subject of the slave-trade, and on war, peace, and commerce, Assana evinced a powerful and reflecting mind, which enabled him to comprehend, in a surprising manner, the advantages of a state of society and government very different from any thing he had seen, though his prejudices were too firmly fixed to be easily removed, particularly with respect to making trade free.

free. At present, like the Pacha of Egypt, he enjoys a monopoly of the whole commerce of his country; and we apprehend it will be difficult to convince him, that by depriving himself of this exclusive privilege he would only increase and secure his own power. Wealth has almost unlimited influence among the African nations; and where political institutions are all merged in despotism, he who is most opulent may obtain the greatest number of adherents, and assume the sovereignty.

While Major Laing was at Falaba, he was entertained by several public spectacles; and the Jellemen or bards celebrated his arrival and the praises of their own nation, in strains which might pass for those of Ossian, adding only 'the grey mist on the hill,' and changing Fingal for Yarradee. The wars between the Soolimas and Foulahs were sung in strains, a few sentences of which were translated by the interpreter as follows:

'The men of the Foulah nation are brave. — No man but a Foulah can stand against the Soolimas. — The Foulahs came to Falaba with 30,000 men; they came down the hills like the rolling of a mighty river; they said, Falaba men, pay, or we will burn your town. The brave Yarradee sent a barbed arrow against the Foulahs, and said you must slay me first. — The fight began; the sun hid his face; he would not behold the number of the slain. The clouds which covered the skies frowned, like the brow of the Kelle Mansa. * — The Foulahs fought like men; and the ditch around Falaba was filled with their slain. — What could they do against the Soolima Lion? — The Foulahs fled, never to return; and Falaba is at peace.'

One of the exhibitions at these spectacles is worthy of notice:

'As soon as the Amazons had finished their song, a droll-looking man, who played upon a sort of guitar, the body of which was a calabash, commenced a sweet air, and accompanied it with a tolerably fair voice. He boasted, that by his music he could cure diseases; that he could make wild beasts tame, and snakes dance; if the white man did not believe him, he would give him a specimen; with that, changing to a more lively air, a large snake crept from beneath a part of the stockading in the yard, and was crossing it rapidly, when he again changed his tune, and playing a little slower, sung, "Snake, you must stop; you run too fast, stop at my command, and give the white man service." The snake was obedient, and the musician continued: "Snake, you must dance, for a white man has come to Falaba; dance, snake, for this is indeed a happy day." The snake twisted itself

'* The Kelle Mansa, or war-master: the title of the General of the army.'

about,

about, raised its head, curled, leaped, and performed various feats, of which I should not have supposed a snake capable; at the conclusion, the musician walked out of the yard, followed by the reptile, leaving me in no small degree astonished, and the rest of the company not a little pleased, that a black man had been able to excite the surprise of a white one.'

Major Laing's account of his departure from Falaba will be read with much interest:

'I departed from Falaba at noon on the 17th, having sent on my party at an early hour in the morning. The King accompanied me several miles from the town, and I was followed for a considerable distance by a large concourse of people, the females making most extravagant demonstrations of grief; about a mile beyond the summit of the eminence which looks down upon Falaba, I parted from all except the King, who accompanied me into the valley on the opposite side, on the road to Konkodoogore. At length the old man stopped, and said, he was now to see me for the last time; the tears were in his eyes, and the power of utterance seemed to have forsaken him for awhile; holding my hand still fast, he said, "White man, think of Falaba, for Falaba will always think of you; the men laughed when you came among us, the women and children feared and hid themselves; they all sit now with their heads in their hands, and with tears in their eyes, because you leave us. I shall remember all you have said to me; you have told me what is good, and I know that it will make my country great; I shall make no more slaves:" then squeezing me affectionately by the hand, and turning away his head, he gently loosened his grasp, and saying, "Go, and return to see us," he covered his face with his hands. I felt as if I had parted from a father: such remembrances impress themselves too deeply in the heart to be effaced by time or distance, and establish a permanent interest in the welfare of a country, which may have a material influence on the after-life of the individual who entertains them.'

Major Laing is of opinion that great advantages may be derived from establishing a direct intercourse with the Soolima nation. The country produces rice, coffee, and cotton in the greatest perfection, and is capable of supplying, with due cultivation, every article of tropical produce: the laborers are on the spot; and the desire to possess European goods will be a sufficient excitement to labor. The river Rokelle, which runs through the country to Sierra Leone, is navigable, at certain seasons, along a great part of its course. It is not, however, so much with a view to our own advantage as to the improvement of Africa, that Major Laing recommends an intercourse with these people: they have at present a great respect for the English, and have but few prejudices to oppose to the changes we might wish to introduce.

Major

Major Laing, however, candidly admits, that when the Soolimas have seen more of the English at Sierra Leone, their present respect may probably be diminished. The Mahomedans, he says, 'view with pity, and frequently with disgust, the levity of the Whites, whom they consider as a people highly favored by God, but very regardless of his bounties.' It is a remarkable fact, that the religion of Mahomet is making a silent but rapid progress through the nations of Africa, while, notwithstanding the expence and pains bestowed to send out missionaries from England, there is no instance of the Christian religion being embraced by any of the Africans beyond our own settlements; and the Christianity of the Negroes there, even Major Laing allows, is only to be discovered by their being clothed like Europeans, and attending at the church, or at school. He anticipates much good from the example of one free interior nation, which should adopt voluntarily the laws, habits of industry, and religion of white men: such he thinks the Soolima nation might become; and, if it were once sufficiently civilized, he makes no doubt that it would prove more beneficial to Africa than all that we have done, or are likely to accomplish, at Sierra Leone.

We cannot agree with Major Laing in recommending Christian missions to be sent at present to the Soolima people. The experience of many years ought to have discovered to us, that there is something radically wrong in the present missionary system. Nothing has been or can be gained by making savage tribes nominal Christians: but even this we cannot effect in Africa: knowlege and civilization must be the precursors of Christianity; and the work of conversion must be slow and gradual to be permanent. There is, however, one mode of teaching Christianity, which might produce more speedy effects, the preaching by example. Whenever the Whites can convince the Negroes that they sincerely believe and practise what they teach, and shew by their own lives that they are themselves under the influence of Christian principles, then, and not till then, may we expect a great improvement in the African nations. But this happy period seems far distant, for we may infer from Major Laing, that even our missionaries seem afraid of preaching by example, lest it should be thought they hold heretical opinions concerning the merit of good works. 'It has happened to myself (he says) to have seen one missionary lying drunk in the streets: to have known a second living with a Negress, one of his parishioners; and a third tried for the murder of a little boy, whom he had flogged to death!!'

The Niger, Major Laing was informed, rises in the country of the Kissi, a barbarous nation east of Soolima: its source is about three days' journey from Falaba. He made frequent requests to be allowed guides and an escort to visit it, but was always refused under different pretexts. He was, however, allowed to visit the source of the Rokelle river, which passes by Sierra Leone. When there he was shewn the point on a distant mountain, whence the Niger is said to issue: he places its position lat. 9° 25′ N., long. 9° 45′ W.

There is often much deception, we believe, practised on travellers, respecting the sources of rivers. Almost every large river is formed near its head by the junction of smaller streams, which may rise at a great distance from each other, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain which should have the honor of the name, for different tribes may with equal justice boast, that the same river rises in their own country. We are informed in the preface, that Major Laing quitted London on the 5th of February last for Tripoli, to join a caravan from thence to Timbuctoo, in order to trace the course and termination of the Niger; for this undertaking he seems in every respect well qualified.

The volume of Travels in Western Africa by Major Gray, contains an account of three unsuccessful expeditions to reach the Niger from the Rio Numez, the Gambia, and the Senegal rivers. The first of these expeditions was commanded by Major Peddie, who was accompanied by several officers, and a suite of one hundred persons partly military, and a train of two hundred animals: the intention was to penetrate to Sego on the Niger, by Teembo the capital of the Foota Jallon country. This expedition was terminated by the death of Major Peddie, and Captain Campbell who succeeded him, and by the sickness of the other officers and men, and the vexatious opposition of the natives, which compelled the remainder of the party to return to Sierra Leone without making any discovery to compensate for the loss sustained. The natives of Foota Jallon are described by Major Gray as being well made, active, and intelligent: the women, he says, 'are good figures, have a lively and graceful air, and prominent features much resembling Europeans.' The religion of the country is Mahomedan, and they strictly observe its ceremonies, praying five times a day: but they are characterized by a high degree of cunning, duplicity, self-interestedness, and avarice, which render it difficult for a stranger to guard against their dishonesty.

No account is given of Teemboo, the capital of Foota Jallon, though it appears from Captain Campbell's route, as marked on the map, that it was visited by him.

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The second expedition was under the command of Major Gray: he ascended the Gambia to Kaysaye, a village on its banks, and from thence he took a north-easterly course through the countries of Nigani and Wooli to Boolibany, the capital of the Bondoo nation. Of these nations an account is given, and of the treachery and duplicity of their chiefs, which finally defeated the object of the expedition, and eventually obliged Major Gray and his party to return, after having visited the Galam country, and a part of Kaarta, north of the Senegal. While in Bondoo, Major Gray obtained permission to send a party, under the command of the Staff-surgeon Dochard, on a distant mission to the King of Sego, on the Niger. Mr. Dochard was absent nearly two years: but of his journey we scarcely have any account, except that he arrived on the banks of the Niger, at a village about eighty miles west of Sego, where he was ordered by messengers from the King to retire to Bommakoo, about sixty miles farther west. After waiting more than a year without obtaining any satisfactory answer, or leave to proceed, he returned without the knowlege of the King, and arrived at the French settlements on the Senegal. Mr. Dochard's illness and subsequent death may perhaps account for the short notice taken of this expedition, of which we obtain little farther information than is learnt by tracing his route on the map.

One of the most interesting facts mentioned in this volume is the navigation of the Senegal by steam-vessels, in 1820, as high as Fort St. Joseph and Baquelle, 400 miles up from the mouth of the river. The French, who occupy these settlements, treated our travellers and their party with great kindness, and paid the most humane attention to their wants, and had them conveyed in their steam-vessels to St. Louis, from whence they returned by Goree to Sierra Leone. The above expeditions of Major Gray and Captain Campbell, so far as relates to important geographical discoveries, may be regarded as having failed entirely, owing to causes which the travellers appeared not to have had the power to control or avoid: the hardships and difficulties which they experienced can only be duly appreciated by a careful perusal of the narrative, and an inspection of the annexed map.

In some concluding observations, Major Gray confirms the fact, that the Mahomedan religion has made rapid progress through Africa since its introduction, which he says is scarcely a century ago. This he regrets, as presenting one of the greatest obstacles to moral improvement, and the introduction of Christianity. We confess we cannot see why the Mahomedan religion should be regarded with greater horror

than Paganism. The followers of the Prophet worship the same Creator as the Christians and the Jews; and their religion is free from image-worship, and all kind of idolatry: it practises no cruel rites abhorrent to nature, and is surely preferable to the worship of supposed evil spirits, and the most revolting ceremonies. Yet Major Gray says, somewhat quaintly, 'The doctrines of Mahomedanism are at right angles with those of Christianity; or if the doctrines be not so widely different, it is unquestionable that their influence produces the most melancholy and opposite results. Mahomedanism may direct the performance of moral duties, its theology may be wise, and its ethics sound: but no abstract rules, however good or salutary, can operate upon the believers, when the interests of its ministers are at open war with them.' Major Gray very judiciously adds, 'We need not go to Africa or Mahomedanism to illustrate the truth of this position.' In taking leave of this volume, we must observe, that there is a great want of perspicuity and arrangement in the narrative, and the objects and course of the expeditions are no where presented clearly to the view of the reader. The last of Major Gray's travels occupied three years and a half: it is written in the form of a journal, apparently without any selection; and the latitude and longitude of the principal stations being omitted, we can only judge of their position by a constant reference to the map, which is itself crowded and confused. The three years and a half were spent chiefly in fruitless negotiations with the African chiefs, to be allowed to proceed; and, as scarcely a single object has any prominence or relief given to it, which can mark the lapse of time or arrest the attention, the reader is obliged to share all the perplexities of the travellers; and though he is free from the dangers to which they were exposed, yet like them he will also be rejoiced to arrive at the end of their expeditions.

ART. III. *The Session of Parliament for* 1825; exhibiting the State of Parties and Interests, the Debates and Enactments, and the whole Proceedings of both Houses of the British Legislature during that Period. To be continued annually. 8vo. pp. 492. 15s. Boards. London. Knight and Lacey.

THIS is not only a very useful but a very important book; though from the circumstance of its being published so soon after the close of the session of Parliament, necessarily an imperfect one. We would suggest, that, in future, more time

time should be allowed for the selection and better arrangement of the materials.

Debates in the two Houses of Parliament have assumed a new character. Instead of long-drawn arguments, relative to foreign relations, the marching and counter-marching of armies, the equipment of fleets, battles, sieges, and evacuations, the merits and demerits of naval and military officers, or the collisions of opinion, and the struggles of parties, the two Houses are now chiefly occupied in discussing and improving the multiplied interests arising out of our domestic condition. This is indeed a happy change; and whether it has been produced by the natural course of things, the general wisdom of Parliament, or the particular discretion of his Majesty's ministers, it will be hailed by every enlightened mind, and assisted with all the energy of which they are capable, without reference to any political party.

This publication is a condensed report of the proceedings of the two Houses of Parliament, arranged under distinct heads, and purged of those idle conversations, altercations, and jejune opinions, which so frequently resound within the walls of St. Stephen's; and which, when reported, engage the time, without adding a single iota either to the amusement or the information of the public. Besides, in the regular debates, subjects are taken up, dismissed, and resumed, at wide intervals: all is disjointed, as it were; and when we desire to know all that has been said in behalf of a measure, or in opposition to it, a multitude of pages must be turned over; we must go from the House of Commons to-day, to the House of Lords to-morrow; we must attend to all the readings in both Houses before we can be said to have even a superficial knowlege of the subject in hand: whereas upon the plan on which this publication is formed, we are present at the beginning, and glide on to the result, as easily as if we were reading a regularly digested history of the country.

The book is divided into eleven chapters: the first of which is devoted to the state and influence of parties; the second and third are compounded of opinions and information, collected from the Reports made to the two Houses during the last session relative to that all-important subject — the state of Ireland: — in which are stated the causes of her anomalous condition, arising out of the imperfection and mal-administration of the law, and the unwise policy, which, for so many ages, has marked the progress of almost every administration that has exercised an influence over her moral and political condition. We are then led into the causes of the increase of the Irish population, the amount of the poor-rates, the

subject of tithes, and the mode of collection; the system of subletting; the power of landlords to distrain crops; and the description of houses, food, employment, and wages of the laboring class. These vital subjects are followed by an account of the forty-shilling freeholders; the jurisdiction of the county courts; the power, influence, and character of the local magistracy, and the consequent state of the peasantry. These are succeeded by a summary of the evidence presented to the Committee, in regard to combinations and secret oaths; remarks on the state and influence of the clergy, the penal laws, the effects of the orange and ribbon systems, the origin and progress of the Catholic Association, and other subjects connected with the state of the sister-kingdom.

The fourth chapter opens with the regular affairs of Parliament; beginning, of course, with the King's speech. The history of the Catholic Association, and the great question relative to the laws affecting the Catholic interests, form the most prominent features of the whole session: but as these subjects would occupy a vast deal more space than we can afford to devote to them, and as a superficial view of them would be of no practical use whatever, we must refer those who desire to be fully masters of those subjects to the work before us; where they will find a much more copious and lucid statement of the arguments on both sides than in any publication with which we are acquainted.

The sixth chapter comprises the public measures proposed and rejected. 'Measures of this description,' says the editor, 'were neither so numerous, nor of such general importance, as in preceding years. There was no general proposition for a reform in the representation, and no such sweeping proposal for a reduction of taxes, or for an inquiry into the measures of the servants of the crown, as had, upon other occasions, been made. It is probable, that the tranquil state of the country had taken off a great deal of the interest of a measure of the former description out of doors; and that the lessening of the public burdens, which, though small and gradual, had been brought about by ministers themselves, had left less room for any proposal of the latter kind. There was another circumstance, which tended to paralyze the exertions of the Opposition: they were not only without an acknowleged leader, but without combination of purpose, and therefore the minor schemes which they introduced were introduced more as the schemes of individuals than those of a party; consequently, while this circumstance tended to lessen their number, it tended also to take off a very considerable portion of their interest.'

The

The motion for a repeal of the law authorizing the use of spring-guns is deserving of notice. This measure originated with a select number of landed proprietors, with a view of protecting their own gamekeepers, several of whom had been recently wounded by the engines which they had themselves set for the purpose of inflicting summary punishment upon poachers. The bill passed the House of Peers, but was lost in the House of Commons by a majority of one only; and that was owing, we are told, to one of the honorable and learned members for Nottingham having been asleep at the time of division, and, by mistake, counted on the side opposite to that which he intended to support. Another useful measure, proposed and rejected, was that introduced by Mr. Martin of Galway, for the purpose of bringing within the pale of the law all such persons as should attend dog-fighting, bear-baiting, and similar disgraceful sports. Mr. Martin stated, that he had conversed with almost every police-officer in or near the metropolis, and that they were unanimously of opinion, that nothing was more practically conducive to crime than such sports were, since they led the lower orders to gambling; educated them for thieves, and gradually trained them to bloodshed and murder. The bill was, however, rejected by a considerable majority. The amendment of the game-laws came also under consideration. The object was to repeal all former acts, imposing penalties upon persons destroying, selling, or having game in their possession, and to substitute another general act, authorizing the sale of game; and specifying that the word 'game' should mean 'hares, partridges, pheasants, black game, grouse, heath, moor game, and bustards,' and those only. This bill was lost by a majority of fifteen out of sixty-one.

Among the most important discussions of the session was the debate on the delays of the Court of Chancery, — a subject which has long, and not altogether fruitlessly, employed the attention of Parliament. Mr. Williams, member for Lincoln, having, on the presentation of several petitions, complained of the inefficiency of the commission appointed to take the subject of Chancery abuses into consideration, Sir Francis Burdett moved an Address to the King, praying that he would be pleased to cause the evidence taken before the Commissioners to be laid before the House. This motion was made chiefly upon the ground that the powers of the Commissioners were extremely limited; that the Commissioners themselves were so much engaged in their own private concerns, they had little or no time for the exercise of their duties as Chancery-commissioners; and that, instead of digging to the root of the evil, —

the inquiry into the construction and nature of the Court itself, — they had wasted their time in investigating the conduct of mere subalterns. This proposition, which, perhaps, was intended merely for the purpose of keeping the subject alive, was lost by a division of 73 against 154.

The seventh chapter enters into the subjects of the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the reduction of taxes and duties, and other measures arising out of that statement. This is followed by a detail of the measures adopted by Parliament relating to trade and commerce; as the uniformity of weights and measures, the fisheries, the repeal of the Act of 2d of William and Mary relative to the importation of silk, the Mauritius Trade Act, and the still more important regulation which has taken place in regard to the Quarantine Laws; by which it has been determined, that all vessels liable to quarantine are bound, under a penalty, to make certain signals, either on meeting other vessels, or when within two leagues of the kingdom. The act also gives to the Privy Council the power of ordering vessels from the West Indies, or the two continents of America, to any place which they may deem proper, as often as there is reason to apprehend that the yellow fever prevails in the countries whence they may have sailed.

The act passed during this session allowing companies of more than six members 'to issue promissory notes in Ireland, provided the same be done at places fifty miles from Dublin; allowing persons resident in Britain to be members of Irish trading companies; making the members liable individually, and regulating the whole of the details;' is justly expected to conduce very much to the prosperity of that part of the United Kingdom, in consequence of the stability it is calculated to give to the private banks; many of which, under the old system, were productive of great mischief, and tended strongly to diminish the general security of property. This act has been already taken advantage of by two highly respectable and opulent companies.

The ninth chapter, which is a very important one, gives a summary of measures relating to the administration of justice, and enters so far into the details of each measure, as to give the general reader a pretty clear insight into those enactments which have done so much credit to the last session. The first was an act for consolidating and amending the laws regarding jurors and juries; a measure fraught with utility: for it not only tends to simplify the law on the subject, but gives security against the packing and corruption of juries. The act passed relative to the bankrupt-laws appears to have little reference to an im-

proved

proved system: but it carries with it the advantage, that it repeals all the former enactments; so that the bankrupt-laws are simplified, though otherwise not at all ameliorated. Another most important act was that which raised the salaries of the Judges, in compensation for several descriptions of fees which they or their officers received, and for some patronage of which they were deprived. According to these regulations, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench is to receive 10,000*l.* a year; the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 8000*l.* a year; the Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Master of the Rolls, 7000*l.* a year each; and all the Puisne Judges, together with the Vice-Chancellor, 5500*l.* a year respectively. The combination-laws were also modified during this session: we fear we can hardly say that they were improved; for since the act was first meditated, combinations of workmen have been more numerous, more systematic, and more malignant, than during any former period in our history. Another important measure was the assimilation of the Irish currency to that of England: bank-tokens were ordered to be called in, and sterling to be the circulating medium and money of exchange for Ireland from and after the 1st of January, 1826.

The number of petitions for private bills presented to Parliament in the last session was 438; in consequence of which 286 acts were passed. Of these, 11 were for the establishment of Joint-Stock Companies; 23 for Enclosures; 3 for Draining; 2 for the Regulation of Tithes; 104 for the Improvement of Towns; 146 for the Improvement of Internal Communication by means of Rivers, Roads, and Canals; 24 for the Accommodation of Shipping, and of the Coasting Trade; 51 relating to Divorces, Private Properties, and other matters bearing no relation to public benefit or convenience.

We have thus given a concise summary of the most important proceedings in Parliament during the last session. The *Appendix* is far from being the least interesting part of the work; it presents, in an alphabetical list, the names of the members, the places for which they are returned, under what influence, and the manner in which each member has voted. The criticisms on some of the members we do not esteem of much value: but we cannot dismiss this work, as a whole, without honestly recommending it to all persons to whom the proceedings in Parliament are in any way objects of interest. The execution of this volume, as to its style, is not to be much commended: in this respect it stands in need of great improvement.

ART.

ART. IV. *The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.* By Izaak Walton. To which are added, the Autographs of those eminent Men, now first collected; an Index, and illustrative Notes. 12mo. Boards. 18*s*. Major. 1825.

IZAAK WALTON'S name is one which brings with it some of the most agreeable associations of any name in our literature. The quiet, easy gliding of his style puts us in mind of the calm brook along the banks of which he pursued his tranquil occupation; and in going through his works we feel as if we were enjoying a conversation with *Piscator* himself, angling through a pleasant country. The character of his works is impressed upon his good-natured and simple countenance, the expression of which we may well say represents

"*Candida semper*
Gaudia, et in vultu curarum ignara voluptas."

His work on Angling is better known than that before us, and it is on that production that his fame is generally established. It has procured him the promise of immortality in a beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth:

"While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport
Shall live the name of Walton — sage benign,
Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverent watching of each still report
That nature utters from her rural shrine.
Oh! nobly versed in simple discipline,
Meek, thankful soul, the vernal day how short
To thy loved pastime given by sedgy Lea,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook!
Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book
The cowslip-bank, and shady willow tree,
And the fresh meads, where flowed from every nook
Of thy full bosom, gladsome piety."

But though the Angler is the more famous at present, his lives of Donne and other eminent churchmen have not been neglected. In them we find the same characteristics which are so charming in his piscatory works applied to purposes of higher mood. The men, whose lives he took upon him to record to posterity, were each of them remarkable in the most remarkable age of the church of England; and if Walton does not bring to his task learning sufficient to do justice to Hooker, or the courtier-like views which would elucidate many passages in the life of Wotton, yet he has given us a smooth and agreeable narration, in which all the good and

amiable points in every character are set in their fairest and most engaging light. In short, these lives are something in the manner of the French *elogés*, in which the biographer thinks himself bound to exalt the fame of his subject. They differ, however, from the labored works of the Academy, in the great simplicity of their style, and the unostentatiousness of the praise which always falls on the quieter virtues, and the more retiring habits of those of whom they treat.

Dupont, in some Latin verses to Walton, well describes the book. They have been excellently translated by Mr. Tate for Dr. Zouch's Life of old Izaak, and are worth copying:

" And yet your pen aspires above
The maxim of the art you love;
The virtues faintly taught by rule
Are better learned in angling's school,
Where temperance that drinks the rill,
And patience sovereign over ill,
By many an active lesson bought,
Refine the soul, and steel the thought.
Far higher truths you love to start
To train us to a nobler art,
And in the lives of good men give
That chiefest lesson, how to live,
While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page;
Or while we see combined in one
The wit and the divine in Donne;
Or while the poet and the priest
In Herbert's sainted form confest,
Unfold the temple's holy maze,
That awes, and yet invites our gaze;
Worthies these of pious name
From your portraying pencil claim
A second life, and strike anew
With fond delight the admiring view;
And thus at once the peopled brook
Submits its captives to your hook,
And we the wiser sons of men
Yield to the magic of your pen,
While angling on some streamlet's brink
The muse and you combine to think."

It may be superfluous to make extracts from a work so well known, yet we shall venture on one or two. We shall take his account of the apparition of Dr. Donne's lady to him; a story which it is evident that Walton believed.

" At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Ro-

Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence;" and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint contest to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished."—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, "that desire and doubt have no rest;" and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-house, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

'This

'This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that *visions* and *miracles* are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will — like an echo to a trumpet — warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a *sympathy* of *souls;* and I am well pleased, that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin and Monica his mother had visions in order to his conversion.'

He follows up the argument by quotations from Scripture.

Walton, as might be expected from his maternal descent, which was from a niece of Archbishop Cranmer's, was a staunch adherent of the church of England, and he lived in a time when the sincerity of that love was vehemently tried; being born in 1593, and living until 1683, the most stormy period of that church. His affection subsisted through good and evil report; and almost the last act of his life, at the age of eighty-seven, was to write a pamphlet in its defence. It is no wonder, then, that he laments over the success of the Presbyterian party at the end of the reign of Charles I.

'And about this time the Bishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many of the malicious citizens, fearing his pardon, shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible; but I saw it.

'The bishops had been voted out of the House of Parliament, and some upon that occasion sent to the Tower; which made many Covenanters rejoice, and believe Mr. Brightman — who probably was a good and well-meaning man — to be inspired in his "Comment on the Apocalypse," an abridgment of which was now printed, and called Mr. Brightman's "Revelation of the Revelation." And though he was grossly mistaken in other things, yet, because he had made the churches of Geneva and Scotland, which had no bishops, to be Philadelphia in the Apocalypse, "the angel that God loved," Rev. iii. 7—13., and the power of prelacy to be antichrist, the evil angel, which the House of Commons had now so spewed up, as never to recover their dignity; therefore did those Covenanters approve and applaud Mr. Brightman for discovering and foretelling the bishops' downfall; so that they both railed at them, and rejoiced to buy good pennyworths of their lands, which their friends of the House of Commons did afford them, as a reward of their diligent assistance to pull them down.

'And

'And the bishops' power being now vacated, the common people were made so happy, as every parish might choose their own minister, and tell him when he did, and when he did not, preach true doctrine; and by this and like means, several churches had several teachers, that prayed and preached for and against one another: and engaged their hearers to contend furiously for truths which they understood not; some of which I shall mention in the discourse that follows.

'I have heard of two men, that in their discourse undertook to give a character of a third person; and one concluded he was a very honest man, *for he was beholden to him*; and the other, that he was not, *for he was not beholden to him*. And something like this was in the designs both of the Covenanters and Independents, the last of which were now grown both as numerous and as powerful as the former: for though they differed much in many principles, and preached against each other, one making it a sign of being in the state of grace, if we were but zealous for the Covenant; and the other, that we ought to buy and sell by a measure, and to allow the same liberty of conscience to others, which we by Scripture claim to ourselves; and therefore not to force any to swear the Covenant contrary to their consciences, and lose both their livings and liberties too. Though these differed thus in their conclusions, yet they both agreed in their practice to preach down Common Prayer, and get into the best sequestered livings; and whatever became of the true owners, their wives and children, yet to continue in them without the least scruple of conscience.

'They also made other strange observations of Election, Reprobation, and Free Will, and the other points dependent upon these; such as the wisest of the common people were not fit to judge of: I am sure I am not; though I must mention some of them historically in a more proper place, when I have brought my reader with me to Dr. Sanderson at Boothby Pannell.

'And in the way thither I must tell him, that a very Covenanter, and a Scot, too, that came into England with this unhappy Covenant, was got into a good sequestered living by the help of a Presbyterian parish, which had got the true owner out. And this Scotch Presbyterian, being well settled in this good living, began to reform the church-yard, by cutting down a large yew-tree, and some other trees that were an ornament to the place, and very often a shelter to the parishioners; who, excepting against him for so doing, were answered, "That the trees were his, and 'twas lawful for every man to use his own, as he, and not as they thought fit." I have heard, but do not affirm it, that no action lies against him that is so wicked as to steal the winding-sheet of a dead body after it is buried; and have heard the reason to be, because none were supposed to be so void of humanity; and that such a law would vilify that nation that would but suppose so vile a man to be born in it: nor would one suppose any man to do what this Covenanter did. And whether there were any law against

against him, I know not; but pity the parish the less for turning out their legal minister.

'We have now overtaken Dr. Sanderson at Boothby parish, where he hoped to have enjoyed himself, though in a poor, yet in a quiet and desired privacy; but it proved otherwise: for all corners of the nation were filled with Covenanters, confusion, Committee-men, and soldiers, serving each other to their several ends, of revenge, or power, or profit; and these Committee-men and soldiers were most of them so possessed with this Covenant, that they became like those that were infected with that dreadful plague of Athens; the plague of which plague was, that they by it became maliciously restless to get into company, and to joy, — so the historian (Thucydides) saith, — when they had infected others, even those of their most beloved or nearest friends or relations: and though there might be some of these Covenanters that were beguiled and meant well; yet such were the generality of them, and temper of the times, that you may be sure Dr. Sanderson, who though quiet and harmless, yet an eminent dissenter from them, could not live peaceably; nor did he; for the soldiers would appear, and visibly disturb him in the church when he read prayers, pretending to advise him how God was to be served most acceptably: which he not approving, but continuing to observe order and decent behaviour in reading the church-service, they forced his book from him, and tore it, expecting extemporary prayers.'

Of the execution of this edition, it is impossible to speak in too high terms of praise. It is beautifully printed on handsome paper and with the accompanying edition of the Angler will make a pair of volumes which may vie with the handsomest specimens of the art of book-decoration. The wood-embellishments are executed in the highest style of art, after designs of exquisite taste. They amount to fifty-two, and are drawn chiefly by Brooke, Thomson, and Harvey, and engraved by Bonner, White, and Hughes, an artist lately deceased, who gave promise of great merit. Eleven copper-plate engravings accompany them, and they are in general very good. Mitchell has not been happy in engraving Leslie's picture of the Jewel, (p. 128.) nor is the picture very remarkable; but Cooper's good Samaritan, (p. 328.) is capital, and has had full justice done to it by Rolls. The execution of the five heads is excellent. On the whole, we may safely style it a beautiful book, "inside and outside both!"

The work, however, would be much improved, if it were accompanied by a better selection of notes. Zouch might have been made more use of.

ART. V. *Letters from the Honorable Horace Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris;* to which are added, Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. 4to. C. Knight. London. 1825.

THIS forms the ninth volume of the collected works of Horace Walpole, and is replete with that species of epistolary gossip for which the writings of the author are famed. The first part, containing the letters to the Earl of Hertford at Paris, is the most interesting, from the political character of the writings: the second part, embracing his correspondence with the Rev. Henry Zouch, is of a literary complexion exclusively, and can only be adequately appreciated by those who are familiar with Mr. Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors."

It would scarcely be credited by one who is a stranger to the political tempest of Mr. Walpole's times, in which, notwithstanding his own professions to the contrary, he was a zealous partizan, that a gentleman of cultivated mind, of elegant manners, and of mature years, could unbosom, even to the ear of friendship, such a tissue of private scandal as we find in every page of this volume.

No doubt much of the matter of which we disapprove forms the raciest part of the correspondence. These ingredients alone will make the letters popular. They will be perused with the greatest avidity, especially in the higher circles; for they are lively, bitter, epigrammatic, detractive, and concise. But the author's prejudices are too much blended with them. It is painful to see him all friendship with some one to-day, whom he holds up to ridicule on the morrow. The feelings of the partizan pervade every line. The honor and integrity of his associates are, of course, extolled to the skies, and yet we see confessed, (in the debate on the regency bill, for instance,) the most heartless manœuvring to serve the purposes of party, and which the author, with consummate coolness, takes credit to himself and his friends for having planned.

Independently of these blemishes, however, the letters addressed to the Earl of Hertford, while ambassador at Paris, from 1763 to 1765, are of considerable value. They are written with unusual care, and contain a great variety of gay, as well as serious matter, intimately connected with the manners and history of his time. Among other things, it appears, that although it still retains many of its former features, the fashionable season has undergone with us a decided revolution.

'Posterity,

'Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that every body will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto* win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; every body is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; every body goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription.† The Opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than any thing that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens, and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October.'

A sketch of the debate in the House of Commons on the question of *general warrants*, and which originated in the arrest of Wilkes for a *criminal* libel, is given. It is of importance, as this discussion had been hitherto very imperfectly reported: the conclusion of the debate is particularly lively and graphic.

'It is impossible to give you the detail of so long a debate as Friday's. You will regret it the less when I tell you it was a very dull one. I never knew a day of expectation answer. The impromptus and the unexpected are ever the most shining. We love to hear ourselves talk, and yet we must be formed of adamant to be able to talk day and night on the same question for a week together. If you had seen how ill we looked, you would not have wondered we did not speak well. A company of colliers emerging from damps and darkness could not have appeared more ghastly and dirty than we did on Wednesday morning; and we had not recovered much bloom on Friday. We spent two or three hours on corrections of, and additions to, the question of pronouncing the warrant illegal, till the Ministry had contracted it to fit scarce any thing but the individual case of Wilkes, Pitt not opposing the

'* Robert Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, M. P. for Durham, well known on the turf.'

'† To a loan.'

amendments because Charles Yorke gave into them; for it is wonderful what deference is paid by both sides to that House. The debate then began by Norton's moving to adjourn the consideration of the question for four months, and holding out a promise of a bill, which neither they mean, nor, for my part, should I like: I would not give prerogative so much as a definition. You are a peer, and, therefore, perhaps, will hear it with patience — but think how *our* ears must have tingled, when he told us, that should we pass the resolution, and he were a judge, he would mind it no more than the resolution of a drunken porter! — Had old Onslow been in the chair, I believe he would have knocked him down with the mace. He did hear of it during the debate, though not severely enough; but the town rings with it. Charles Yorke replied, and was much admired. Me he did not please; I require a little more than palliatives and sophistries. He excused the part he has taken by pleading that he had never seen the warrant, till after Wilkes was taken up — yet he then pronounced the No. 45. a libel, and advised the commitment of Wilkes to the Tower. If you advised me to knock a man down, would you excuse yourself by saying you had never seen the stick with which I gave the blow? Other speeches we had without end, but none good, except from Lord George Sackville, a short one from Elliot, and one from Charles Townshend, so fine that it *amazed, even from him.* Your brother had spoken with excellent sense against the corrections, and began well again in the debate, but with so much rapidity that he confounded himself first, and then was seized with such a hoarseness that he could not proceed. Pitt and George Grenville ran a match of silence, striving which should reply to the other. At last, Pitt, who had three times in the debate retired with pain, rose about three in the morning, but so languid, so exhausted, that, in his life, he never made less figure. Grenville answered him; and at five in the morning we divided. The Noes were so loud, as it admits a deeper sound than Aye, that the Speaker, who has got a bit of *nose* since the Opposition got numbers, gave it for us. They went forth; and when I heard our side counted to the amount of 218, I did conclude we were victorious; but they returned 232. It is true we were beaten by fourteen, but we were increased by twenty-one; and no ministry could stand on so slight an advantage, if we could continue above 200.

'We may, and probably shall, fall off: this was our strongest question — but our troops will stand fast; their hopes and views depend upon it, and their spirits are raised. But for the other side it will not be the same. The lookers-out will be stayers away, and their very subsidies will undo them.'—

'You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for members of parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead — I should not say *us;* Herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains,

I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl — you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.'

So much for a *view* of the interior of the lower House of Parliament! The following exposition of the state of parties, and the private circumstances of the author, is written in his best style: it is the most elegant letter in the volume:

'The first moment that I can quit party with honour, I shall seize. It neither suits my inclination nor the years I have lived in the world; for though I am not old, I have been in the world so long, and seen so much of those who figure in it, that I am heartily sick of its commerce. My attachment to your brother, and the apprehension that fear of my own interest would be thought the cause if I took no part for him, determined me to risk every thing rather than abandon him. I have done it, and cannot repent whatever distresses may follow. One's good name is of more consequence than all the rest — my dear Lord. Do not think I say this with the least disrespect to you — it is only to convince you that I did not recommend any thing to you that I would avoid myself, nor engaged myself, nor wished to engage you, in party from pique, resentment, caprice, or choice. I am dipped in it much against my inclination. I can suffer by it infinitely more than you could. But there are moments when one must take one's part like a man. This I speak solely with regard to myself. I allow fairly and honestly, that you was not circumstanced as I was. You had not voted with your brother as I did; the world knew your inclinations were different. All this certainly composed serious reasons for you not to follow him, if you did not choose it. My motives for thinking you had better have espoused his cause were for your own sake: I detailed those motives to you in my last long letter: that opinion is as strong with me as ever.'—

'In warm times lukewarmness is a crime with those on whose side you are ranged. Your good sense and experience will judge whether what I say is not strictly the case. It is not your brother or I that have occasioned these circumstances. Lord Bute has thrown this country into a confusion which will not easily be dissipated without serious hours. Changes may, and, as I said in the beginning of my letter, will probably happen; but the seeds that have been sown will not be rooted up by one or two revolutions in the Cabinet. It had taken an hundred and fifty years to quiet the animosities of Whig and Tory — that contest is again set on foot, and though a struggle for places may be now as has often been, the secret purpose of principals, the court and the nation are engaging on much deeper springs of action. I wish I could elucidate this truth, as I have the rest, but that is not fit for paper, nor to be comprised within the compass of a letter; — I have said enough to furnish you with ample reflections. I submit all to your own judgment: — I have even acted rightly by you, in laying before you what it was not easy for you, my dear Lord, to see or know

at a distance. I trust all to your indulgence, and your acquaintance with my character, which surely is not artful or mysterious, and which, to you, has ever been, as it ever shall be, most cordial and well-intentioned.'

We extract Mr. Walpole's opinion of the histrionic powers of Garrick; remarking that he is reported to have indulged a personal pique against that celebrated actor.

'Shakspeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player — but several have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin, in Falstaffe, was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson far more natural in every thing he attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs, and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy — and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woeful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a garretteer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges.'

Thus, some idea will be formed of the contents of the letters to the Earl of Hertford. They are furnished with an abundance of notes, which are evidently arranged with care, and are indispensably requisite for understanding the text.

The correspondence with Mr. Zouch is less interesting to the general reader, for the reasons we have already assigned. The topics are entirely literary, but they are adverted to with the author's characteristic volatility. As an example, take his observations on the comparative merits of Lucan and Virgil, with which we shall conclude this notice:

'"I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistics in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart; — for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the Æneid are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can any thing be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had,

had, to force himself upon another woman and another kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.'

ART. VI. *Sketches of Corsica;* or, a Journal written during a Visit to that Island, in 1823, with an Outline of its History, and Specimens of the Language and Poetry of the People. By Robert Benson, M.A. F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 195. London. Longman and Co. 1825.

MR. BENSON, a gentleman of the Chancery-bar, having been appointed one of the Commissioners empowered to carry into effect the will of the late celebrated General Paoli, proceeded with his colleagues to Corsica for that purpose in October, 1823; and, in the true spirit of the age, he now publishes the journal of his tour. We blame him not: on the contrary, we deem it a matter deserving no slight praise that his professional habits have not unfitted him for those elegant inquiries which give value to a book of travels. He has set about his task with considerable knowledge of the subject, and has performed it, on the whole, in an able manner. It is only to be regretted that he had not a wider field for the exercise of his industry and talents. He has clearly described the peculiarities of the scenes through which he passed, and of the people with whom he sojourned. A few sketches from his own pencil, however, assist us materially in understanding his observations on the costume and general appearance of the country. On these points he has supplied the deficiencies of Boswell; and he has, moreover, brought down the history of the island to the present day, interspersing it with specimens of Corsican poetry, which seem to have wholly escaped the critical researches of M. Sismondi.

There is no island in the Mediterranean which has undergone a greater number of vicissitudes than Corsica. Originally planted by the Phocæans about four hundred and fifty years before the Christian æra, it soon fell under the dominion of the Carthaginians, and, on the decline of their power, it was comprehended in the Roman empire. It was next the property, successively, of the western empire; of the Vandals, who occupied some of the finest provinces of Rome, together with the northern coast of Africa; of the eastern empire; of the Saracens, who became masters of Spain; and, at length, of the Genoese, who retained possession of it for more than four centuries, and during all that time distinguished their ad-

administration by the most shocking tyranny and injustice. A trifling circumstance, an attempt of one of their officers to seize the effects of a poor woman for the payment of a tax not amounting to sixpence English, at last roused the whole of the Corsican population to arms; and, for several years, they carried on an unrelenting guerilla-warfare against their oppressors. It was during this spirited resistance against the republic, that a Prussian adventurer, named Theodore de Neuhoff, landed on their shores, and imposed himself on them as a king. He held the sceptre for eight months, and then fled to England, where he died in a state of indigence. The republic obtained assistance from France, which reduced the island to obedience for a few years: on the departure of the French, the Corsicans again rose, and might have secured their freedom, but for the dissensions which prevailed among their chiefs. Guided by the example, and inspired by the enthusiasm, of General Paoli, they continued to make the most heroic exertions, until the Genoese, exhausted by the struggle, transferred the sovereignty of the island to Louis XV., by the infamous treaty of Compiegne. It cost France upwards of ten thousand men and eighteen millions of livres, to reduce Corsica, harassed as it had been by forty years of contest for national independence. Paoli retired to England in 1769, where he was treated with universal respect. In the early fervor of the French Revolution hopes of a liberal government were held out to Corsica, and it was formed into a department, of which Paoli was appointed president by the National Convention. The principles of the Revolution, however, were never popular in the island; and, on the arrest of the King, Paoli himself became disgusted with the ruling faction in France. He was cited to appear at the bar of the Convention, and on declining to obey the summons, he was proclaimed a traitor. The Corsicans then solicited the assistance of our government, and obtained it. For two years the island was held by British troops under a vice-regal form of government: but it was abandoned by them in 1796, and has since followed the fortunes of France.

With the exception of a tract on the eastern coast, reaching from Bastia to Solinzara, Corsica consists of a mass of mountains, traversed by two conspicuous ridges, of which one runs from north to south, the other from east to west. From its mountainous character, the country is eminently picturesque. The men, though rather under the middle size, are, in general, stout and well formed: the women are generally bold and dignified in their appearance, and seldom distinguished by beauty. The dress of the men differs little from that of the Catalonians, except

except that their heads are covered by a high-pointed black velvet-cap, upon the decoration of which they seem to bestow a great deal of pains. The women dress generally like the Italian and Spanish peasantry. They are enthusiastically attached to their religion, but they seem to have paid little attention to that most essential precept of Christianity, the forgiveness of enemies. Family-feuds are carried amongst them to such an extreme of violence, that they are handed down from generation to generation, till their vengeance is satiated. We are happy to find that the present government of France is making great exertions for the education of the islanders, and that, in this respect, the happiest results have been already produced. The population was estimated in 1821 at 180,348 individuals. The prefect of the department resides at Ajaccio, though Bastia, from its size, the number of its inhabitants, and the state of its society, may be considered the capital.

Mr. Benson and his friends landed at Ajaccio. The birth-place of Napoleon deserves a short notice.

'The general plan of the town is very simple. One broad street leads from the sea to the barracks; another nearly as wide, but much shorter, cuts the former at right angles; besides these, there are many subordinate streets extremely narrow and dirty.

'The house in which Napoleon Buonaparte was born is among the best in the town; it forms one side of a miserable little court, leading out of the Rue Charles.*

'It is very accurately given in the recent work of Las Cases. At present it is inhabited by M. Ramoulino, one of the deputies for the department of Corsica. Among other curiosities which this

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'* As there has been much controversy respecting the right mode of spelling Buonaparte's name, and the precise time of his birth, I give, on the authority of the Baron de Beaumont, a *literal* copy from the 5th page of the Register of Ajaccio, containing the record of his baptism: —

'"*Battesimo Napoleon Bonaparte.* } L' anno mille settecento settant'uno a' vent'uno Luglio si sono adoprate le sacre ceremonie e preci, per me infratto economo, sopra di Napoleone figlio nato di legmo matrimonio dal Sigr Carlo Bonaparte, del fù Sigre Giuse, e dalla Sigra Mra Letizia sua moglie alquale gli fù data laqua in casa dal Mlto R. Luciano Bonaparte di licenza e nato li quindici agosto mille settecento sessanta nove ed hanno assistito alle sacre ceremonie per padrino l'illmo Lorenzo Giubega di Calvi Procuratore del Re e per mada la Sigra Mra Geltruda moglie del Sigr Nicolo Paravisino. Presente il Pre. quali unitamente a me si sono sottocritti.

'"Gio Batta Diamante economo d'Ajaccio.
'" Lorenzo Giubega
'" Geltrude Paravacina
'" Carlo Buonaparte."'

residence contains, is a little cannon that was the favourite plaything of Buonaparte's childhood. It weighs, according to M. Joly de Vaubignon, thirty French pounds. This toy-cannon may have given the first bias to his disposition. As Ajaccio was his birth-place, so was it the scene of his first military exploit. In the year 1793, Buonaparte, then Chef de Bataillon of National Guards, was sent from Bastia to surprise Ajaccio, at that time in possession of the Corsican rebels. Leaving the frigate in which he had entered the gulf, he headed fifty men, and put off to take possession of the Torre di Capitello, a tower on the opposite side and nearly facing Ajaccio. No sooner was this point carried than a dreadful tempest arose, which rendered it impossible to return to the frigate. He was forced, therefore, to fortify himself against the insurgents, who assailed him on all sides; a state of great danger ensued, and he was even reduced to feed on horse-flesh; whilst in this condition, he is said to have harangued the rebels in that strain of emphatical eloquence which prevails amongst the Corsicans, and to have succeeded in gaining over many of the opposite party. On the fourth day, before he abandoned the tower, he attempted to blow it up, without success. The fissures, still apparent in the tower, are attributable to that attempt.'

After a short stay at Ajaccio, Mr. Benson proceeded across the country to Bastia. He describes his route through the forests and mountains with a good deal of vivacity. He thus sketches one of the inns on the road:

'The reader will form a notion of our inn, by fancying four rude stone walls, with a roof of planks, kept in their places by superincumbent stones. We entered this charming hotel, after having tied our horses to trees and posts that were near. Although there was the appearance of a chimney, we found the landlord's wife in the middle of the kitchen, if it may be so called, attending to the fire that was there made on the earthen floor; the smoke issued from the house, either by the door or any other opening; several fine little children were circling round the fire. We partook of luncheon in a second apartment, sitting round a very rude table, on ruder stools. In a corner of our room was a great heap of chesnuts, some of them roasted formed one of our dishes, beside which, our repast consisted of ham, brown bread, goat's milk cheese, apples, almonds, and Corsican wine.'

At every resting place during his journey, Mr. Benson was taught to believe that he was surrounded on all sides by banditti. The chief of these was the celebrated Gallucchio, who with his followers occupied a range of mountains near Vivario, and was a sort of Corsican Rob Roy. The following anecdote which is told of him is quite in character with the Scotch marauder:

Not long since, a shepherd personating him violated a female peasant. The chieftain soon obtained information of the gross outrage

outrage that had been committed on his character, and finding the shepherd, took him before the Mayor of Bagniola, and this at a time when Gallucchio had six sentences of death hanging over him. At the chieftain's instigation, the shepherd was compelled to espouse the poor girl. Gallucchio, after the marriage had been solemnised, said to the shepherd, "Remember that you make a good husband. I shall keep a watchful eye over your conduct; and, should I learn that your wife receives any maltreatment from you, yourself and your family shall pay with their lives for your misconduct." The man little attended to Gallucchio's warning. The chieftain adhered to his threat; and the shepherd with his father, and several other members of the same family, fell victims.'

The Corsicans seem to be as inquisitive with respect to political events as the Americans.

'The traveller in Corsica never meets with a beggar. If he is accosted in his road, it is generally with the question of "What news do you bring with you?" and others relating to his journey, his business, &c. Often these enquiries extend beyond the trifles that generally engross conversation, even in more civilised countries. The Secretary in Chief of the Prefect related to us the following anecdote:—I was travelling in the interior quite incognito; a peasant came up to me and asked as usual for news; I told him immediately of the marriages, deaths, &c. that had then lately occurred at Ajaccio. The peasant replied, "I don't want to know those matters. I wish to be informed what the Allied Sovereigns are now doing at Laybach?" The peasantry never feel the least abashed; and whatever may be the appearance of the traveller, they come towards him, rest on their muskets, and begin a conversation as familiarly as if the parties were intimate acquaintances. Each man seems to consider it a duty to bring home as much news as he can learn in his rambles, and to communicate it to his countrymen; and thus, in the absence of public facilities of communication, knowledge is transmitted from one end of the island to the other.'

The approach to Bastia is highly picturesque. Mr. Benson's description of it will be read with interest.

'Every now and then we came to a fire blazing beneath a spreading tree, around which sat Corsican shepherds; some telling stories, others joining in a kind of melancholy chant, which is common in the island, but the meaning of which I could never make out. The morning now began to dawn, and the clouds were breaking away, whilst the yellow tinge of the eastern sky indicated approaching fine weather. Herdsmen, who had slept unsheltered amidst their flocks, were waking, and shaking off the rain from their coarse jackets, like dogs that come out of a river. At length the sun rose most beautifully, as we descended to the fertile plain, which extends from Bastia along the eastern coast of the island. The sea gradually recedes on this side of Corsica; indeed Aleria, which

which was a Roman seaport,' is, I believe, half a league from the water. We advanced to "La Maison Blanche," a sort of military post, and albergo, not so extensive as Fontana Nuova. Proceeding, we had a fine view of Bastia, and its country-houses, built on a mountain-ridge behind; whilst the Tuscan sea with the isles of Capraja, Elba, Monte Christo, and the still more distant coast of Italy on our right, alternately claimed my attention. On each side of the road, goatherds were leading their flocks that were browsing the aromatic shrubs that grow exuberantly in this part of the island. Agriculture here has made great progress, and large tracts of land in a high state of cultivation indicated a state of society much more advanced than that which I had quitted. Indeed the Bastia people assume precedence over the other Corsicans. I was now in another climate. The cactus, and the aloe, and various aromatic plants that one sees in an English greenhouse, grew wild; and as I approached to the town, I could hardly endure my cloak.'

There is nothing particularly striking in the appearance of Bastia itself.

'The houses are lofty and the streets very narrow. The port is insignificant; few of the ships are so much as one hundred tons burthen. Like the Roman ships of antiquity, they were drawn up on the beach for the season. I had scarcely dressed myself, before the *secrétaire* of the commandant of the town came for answers to the usual questions of name, profession, object of my coming to Bastia, &c. &c. Having gone through this tiresome form, I was visited by the Sub-Prefect, Signor Petriconi, and some of the chief people of the place. In the evening, I walked along the beach; scarcely a ripple disturbed the sea, whilst the moon, rising behind the Isle of Elba, now and then caught the tops of the ancient towers, which appear at intervals along the coast, amidst olive-gardens and aromatic shrubberies. On my return to the town, the guitar, from many a balconied window, arrested my attention; and in one instance it was accompanying a female voice, so flexible and melodious, that I longed to be acquainted with the musician.'

Such is the effect of travelling on a barrister, who has escaped for a few months from the precincts of the Chancery. He is quite at home in the Cour Royale of Bastia, and gives abstracts of some of the most remarkable criminal cases which have been lately tried there. We prefer accompanying him for the present to a meeting of the great literary society of the island, which is conducted in a style perfectly French. Instead of beginning the improvement of a country, by opening communications, constructing bridges, quays, and roads, as the English do wherever they wish to consolidate their power, the French commence with a Bibliotheque, a Museum, and a "Société Centrale d'Instruction."

'The

'The Baron Galeazzini, the president, sent us a note of invitation to the sitting. At a little before twelve, I found a great room of the prefecture quite full: all the chief people of Bastia, the civil and military authorities, &c. were assembled. Various memoirs were read; several on the history and antiquities of the island; an Italian translation of a part of Lord Byron's Siege of Corinth formed one of the papers. My friend M. Ruffin read a poetical tale, in imitation of La Fontaine, describing the marriage of an English peasant with a rich wife, and many laughable circumstances consequent on the union. It is dangerous for poets to lay their *venue* in a foreign country. M. Ruffin made this peasant go to the village cabaret to drink his *boteille*, instead of his pint of beer; indeed, our poor rustic fellow-countryman was a very Frenchified person. Altogether I was much pleased; I gained there some information, but much more amusement. At the end of each memoir, the regimental band of the 14th regiment, stationed at the back of the room, struck up an air; so that even had I been disposed to doze, the long drum would have interfered with my slumbers. The sitting terminated with the tune of Henri Quatre, and loyal cries of Vive le Roi!'

With all this literary ostentation, the civil administration of the island seems to be most industriously calculated for the purpose of frustrating every attempt towards its improvement.

'A village-fountain was out of order, and fifteen francs would have paid the expense of its reparation; but it was necessary to proceed regularly in this matter. The mayor of the commune writes to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement for permission to convene a municipal council. The sub-prefect transmits the request to the prefect, the latter acquaints the sub-prefect that he authorises the meeting of the council; the sub-prefect transmits this authority to the mayor, the mayor convokes the council, who vote accordingly. The *procès-verbal* of their deliberation is sent to the mayor and by him to the sub-prefect, who *provisionally* approves of it, and he transmits it to the prefect. The prefect having given his *definite* approbation, sends back the *procès-verbal* to the sub-prefect, who transmits it to the mayor, charging him to cause an estimate to be made of the expenses. The estimate is subjected to the same forms, and afterwards the particulars of the rate to be levied on the inhabitants of the commune. If these are approved of, the prefect, in the same circuitous mode as before, directs the mayor to proceed to adjudication. Of this another *procès-verbal* is made, and after a fresh *provisional* approbation of the sub-prefect and another *definitive* approbation by the prefect, the mayor gives the necessary orders for the fountain to be mended. Soon after the commencement of this long correspondence the spring ceased to flow, and the commune was without water while twenty letters, two *procès-verbaux*, an estimate, and a rate, travelled successively over the island.'

This

This is an exquisite specimen of French municipal government. This mode of conducting business is not confined to Corsica. We believe it prevails through every part of France, and that it operates more than any other cause whatever, except the system of passports, to embarrass the progress of that fine country, in manufactures, commerce, and works of public utility.

From the poetical pieces which Mr. Benson has given at the end of his little volume, we subjoin a portion of one of the songs of the peasantry, which the Italian scholar will have no difficulty in understanding, without the aid of glossarial notes.

'Era Jacumu Francescu
Un omettu barbi-rossu,
Avia lu nasu inciaccatu,
Ed avia lu capu grossu;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza

'Ellu merchiava alla fitta
Chi paria un Solimanu;
Una gamba avia diritta,
L' altra passava di pianu;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

'Di matilga avia un ghileccu,
Cu li stifali a campana,
Calzari di cordovana,
E un cultellu appiuzu-steccu;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza

'Avia lesina a fucace,
Avia una pistola a trippa,
Avia una lima mordace,
Ed avia anch' una pippa;
E s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.'

ART. VII. *Legends of the North; or, the Feudal Christmas:* a Poem. By Mrs. Henry Rolls, Authoress of "Sacred Sketches," "Moscow," "The Home of Love," and other Poems. 8vo. 9s. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1825.

MRS. HENRY ROLLS has long been known to the literary world by her "Sacred Sketches," and her poem on the Conflagration of Moscow. These 'Legends of the North' are a series of metrical tales founded on some of the traditions which are still popular in the north of England and the

the Isle of Man. The description of the 'Feudal Christmas,' which runs through the volume, is only given apparently as a silken tie to bind and connect the ballads with which it is interspersed. It is the best praise of this collection that a deduction of practical utility may be drawn out of almost every romance: Mrs. Rolls has known how to blend her latent moral with several very sweet flowers of poesy.

The celebration of this 'Feudal Christmas' is laid in Yorkshire, in that beautiful and secluded district which is diversified by the romantic vales of Wensley and Coverham; and the time chosen is in the reign of Edward IV., 'when society had received some degree of polish, and many traces of chivalry and the feudal system still remained.' The space occupied by the poem is from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night; and the tales are thus introduced in twelve successive days. They are embellished with animated details of baronial splendor and chivalric usages; and in the interval between the legends, the attention is relieved by the picture of old English festivity and substantial cheer, such as our imagination delights to attribute, whether correctly or not, to the generous hospitality of our forefathers. Selecting at random two or three sketches of the verse, we fall upon this goodly display of the morning meal of our ancestors, in days when tea and coffee were not; — nor shattered nerves, nor all the attendant host of ills that from such direful causes spring.

'Bright blazed the fire, the board was spread
With manchet loaf and oaten bread,
The ample pasty richly brown'd,
Large bowls with milk or posset crown'd,
Huge round of beef and haunch of deer,
And wild boar's ham augment the cheer;
Honey and many a dainty came,
To please the taste of gentle dame,
And down the centre of the board
Chased flagons with rich liquors stor'd,
Were duly placed; high-flavoured wine
Brought from the distant banks of Rhine;
Pigment and wassail cup o'erflowed,
And bright the brown October glowed;
While youthful pages wait around
Plenty and social mirth abound.'

The Christmas banquet is thus introduced; and the passage may illustrate the gleams of sobered reflection which steal over the mind of the fair authoress, even beneath the gay mask of chivalric fiction:

'High was the feast of Christmas day,
The banquet rich, the evening gay;

Not

Not deck'd alone the lofty board,
Where sat the guest of Nappa's lord;
But every table full was spread,
And every vassal freely fed;
And whilst the cup with spices crown'd
Circled the higher board around,
Bright mantling horns of foaming ale,
And jocund mirth, and merry tale,
To the low herdsman's simple heart,
More full, more genuine joys impart.
As drains his lord the gilded bowl,
Oft pride or sorrow wrings his soul;
The luscious banquet does he share?
'Tis poison'd by the dregs of care!—
But when the vassal joins the feast,
The throbbing tenant of his breast
Bounds with quick pulse, light, gay, and free,
Regardless of futurity!
Would ye the varying causes know,
From which such different feelings flow?
Learn, that to crown with joy each hour,
Was never given to mortal power!
Ah! deem not life an idle toy,
But nobly wealth and power employ;
Firmly pursue some general plan,
To aid the real good of man;
Or bravely join your country's cause,
Defend her rights, maintain her laws;
Relaxing from such glorious toil,
When pleasure wears her virtuous smile,
Bright glowing in your conscious breast
You then shall feel the joy of rest!'

And in the same tone of chastened sentiment, we have, in another place, the following lines on the Last Day of the Year. We give them principally for the beautiful and novel image which they offer — of the expiring year weeping like age over its last lingering hours.

'Veil'd in a cloud of sober gray,
Arose the year's last parting day;
And as at times a shower pass'd by,
Or swept the gale with plaintive sigh,
Seem'd as though nature join'd to mourn
The hours that never can return!
As though the morrow's rising sun
Had not another year begun,
And spread its ample page sublime
Beneath the rapid pen of Time;
Like Age, which marks its fading powers,
Weeps o'er its few short languid hours,

And,

And, though all conscious of decay,
Would yet their final close delay,—
Unmindful that the reign of death
Ends with its last departing breath,
And that the last expiring sigh
Will waft to immortality.'

The tales are six in number: the Legend of the Deer; the Bridal of Bertha; the Exorcism; the Legend of Furness; the Milk-white Hound; and Edwin, a Saxon Legend, which we like least of any. In the Bridal of Bertha and the Milk-white Hound are interwoven many superstitions and legends of the Isle of Man; and they who are well acquainted with the character of the Manx people, need not be told that there are no wilder and more poetical visions in the caves of Odin, than dwell in the heated imaginations of that credulous, inoffensive, and singular race.

The following 'Requiem' is a favorable specimen of the episodes which diversify these tales:

'Rest thou in peace! Life's toil is o'er,
Its joys, its sorrows, are no more;
These ne'er to taste, or those deplore,
Rest thou in peace!

'The loves of youth, the pride of age,
No more thy fancy can engage;
Clos'd now to thee is Life's last page,
Rest thou in peace!

'No more on thee the storm shall blow,
The summer's sun, the winter's snow
Alike to thee who sleep'st below;
Rest thou in peace!

'Thy husband's pangs, thy infant's tear,
Thy home all silent now and drear,
Disturb not thee, who on the bier,
May rest in peace!

'Upon thy cradle Fortune smil'd,
Thou wert sweet Beauty's darling child,
But thou wast not by them beguil'd—
Rest thou in peace!

'Thou bloom'dst as blooms a lovely flower,
Just open'd by the vernal shower,
That dies beneath the sun's full power,
And rests in peace!

'Like balmy dews thy accents fill,
Still, still, on Memory's ear they dwell,
Too pure mere earthly notes to swell,
They rose to Heaven!'

ART. VIII. *The Life of Paul Jones*, from Original Documents in the Possession of John Henry Sherburne, Esq., Register of the Navy of the United States. 8vo. pp. 320. London. Murray. 1825.

THE author of this curious little piece of naval biography, has, upon the whole, performed the task which he assigned to himself, in a temperate, though not in a very impartial, manner. He has not at all times steered evenly between the two extremes, which are in general equally remote from the truth, and which either hold up the hero as a demigod, or execrate him as a fiend. There was a time when Englishmen were disposed to bestow the latter appellation alone on Paul Jones; whilst in America and on the Continent he was idolized. He has long since passed away to another scene of existence; his actions and his letters have remained behind him: by these alone he is now to be judged; and the time has arrived, when a fair and dispassionate estimate may be made of his character.

The biographer does not affect to deny, that by law Paul Jones was a pirate: but this would be a narrow and captious view of the subject, when it is considered that he had intimately connected himself with the fortunes of the American states, from the commencement of their struggle for independence. At the same time, it cannot be disputed that the whole of his naval life was that of a chartered buccaneer, rather than of a legitimate seaman. The desultory and adventurous enterprize of the corsair was much more congenial to his dispositions than regular service. Placed in subordination to systematic rules, he was restless and intractable; licensed to rove at his pleasure over the ocean, he was an active, vigilant, enterprising officer, full of resources, remarkably cool and courageous in combat, and in victory generous to a degree bordering on romance.

He was born at Arbegland, in Scotland, in 1747. His father, John Paul, was a gardener, and young Paul, who did not add the name of Jones, until he took up his residence in America, received at the parochial school a few of the rudiments of education, which he afterwards turned to the greatest advantage. Indeed one of the most surprising traits in the character of this extraordinary person is, that amidst the dangers and vicissitudes of his early life, he acquired a style of writing by no means feeble or inelegant, and this apparently without any further assistance than what was given him at the school of Kirkbean. At the age of twelve he was, at his own earnest request, apprenticed to a merchant in the American trade. It appears that after the expiration of his period of

service,

service, during which he made several voyages to various parts of the New World and the Old, he was for some time unsuccessfully engaged in commerce; and he was living in obscurity and embarrassment in Virginia, when the American congress determined to avenge by reprisal the maritime aggressions of Great Britain. Jones, at this period, was about twenty-eight years of age. Discontented by his disappointments, he was among the earliest advocates of American freedom; and he watched with deep interest the political agitation of the colonies, 'which seemed now about to subside into submission, and now to burst into independence.' He offered his services to the Congress, and in December, 1775, he was appointed by that body a first lieutenant of the American navy. The early efforts of this infant force were unsuccessful, and therefore it was unpopular. The establishment of a navy is in any country a work of time and great difficulty; in America, it was particularly so, guarded as she was along her coast by British men of war. Her officers and crews were most of them outcasts from the mother-country, — adventurers who had no character to lose, who had no skill in their profession, and who were constantly quarrelling with each other. Jones was soon after appointed to command the Providence, and in 1776 he was actively engaged in annoying the British trade. Upon his return home, at the end of the year, he was appointed to the command of a small squadron, and soon after he received his commission as captain from the United States. During this short period of his service, he took every opportunity of pointing out to Congress the defects of their navy, and suggested many improvements, distinguished by sound practical wisdom, most of which were adopted by that body.

In 1777 American commissioners resided in Paris. The government of France, actuated by antient enmity against Great Britain, and desirous of taking every opportunity, however iniquitous, of reducing her power, lent, from the beginning of the contest, a willing ear to the overtures which were made to it by the colonies for assistance. 'An anxiety,' justly observes the author, 'as to the nature of the means by which their political ascendancy was to be obtained, has never been the characteristic of the illustrious house of Bourbon; and I will not stop here to contrast the disgraceful eagerness with which the descendant of St. Louis sanctified the rebellion of the English colonies, with the prudent generosity with which the court of London watched the gleam of the last war-blade on the Cordillera of the Andes.' It is unnecessary here to observe on the terrible retribution by which that royal house, and the country over which it ruled, subsequently expiated

this act of national injustice. The Bourbons have still to answer for another great enormity, their late invasion of Spain: sooner or later they must repent them of this deed, if we may rely on the experience of history.

It had been intended by the Congress to send Jones to the commissioners resident at Paris, with an order to invest him 'with the command of a fine ship,' but in consequence of a plan of operations for attacking the coast of England, which he communicated to the secret committee, a national flag was agreed upon, and he was appointed to command the ship Ranger for that purpose. The boldness of such a measure was particularly remarkable, at a period when the shores of America were covered with hostile armies, and her little navy was wholly inadequate to her domestic defence. Jones was the first man who hoisted the independent standard under the reprisal resolution; he was the first also who hoisted the Union flag; and on his arrival at Brest, he had the honor of the first salute which that flag received from a foreign power.

In April, 1778, Jones sailed from Brest, with the intention of making a descent at Whitehaven, which was then one of the most important harbours in Great Britain, and generally contained four hundred sail, some of which were of a considerable size. The weather preventing the Ranger from approaching the shore as nearly as Jones could wish, he left the ship with two boats and thirty-one men, who volunteered to accompany him; and, without disturbing a single sentinel, he succeeded in spiking up all the cannon on the first and the southern forts, which were a quarter of a mile distant from each other. In the mean time, he had dispatched his lieutenant, Wallingford, with a party to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbour; and on his return to the Ranger, he looked out anxiously for the expected blaze: it did not appear: Jones hastened to the spot; and he found the party in confusion, their light having burnt out at the moment when they were about to apply it. His own division, which he intended should burn the vessels on the southern side of the harbour, were in a similar predicament, — their candles had also been extinct.

'The day was breaking apace, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this predicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burthen. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was

was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. "The inhabitants," says Jones in his letter to the American commissioners, "began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we reimbarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants.

'"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction; and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help shewing by firing their pistols, &c. in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than 200 could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town."'

The audacity of the Scotch buccaneer excited a good deal of alarm, not only at Whitehaven but all over the kingdom, and measures of precaution were soon adopted wherever they were found to be necessary.

One of the objects upon which Jones was most intent, was that of 'striking a blow,' in favor of the American prisoners of war. His plan, which partook of the genuine spirit of the corsair, was to surprise some nobleman, and to detain him in his custody until the condition of those prisoners was ameliorated. Such, at least, was the pretence on which he acted, when, on the very day that he left Whitehaven, he suddenly landed at noon on St. Mary's Isle, and proceeded, with a boat's crew, to the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. On the way, he learnt that the Earl had lately left the Isle for London: but this intelligence did not prevent the crew from going on to the mansion, where they obtained from Lady Selkirk the family-plate.

The next morning Jones was meditating an entrance into the port of Carrickfergus, when he found that he was pursued

by the Drake, which had gone in quest of him, in consequence of an express from Whitehaven. After some manœuvring on both sides, they engaged. The Drake, which was only a 20 gun ship, and every way inferior to the Ranger, soon lost her captain, who received a musket-ball in his head; her first lieutenant was also mortally wounded in an early stage of the contest, and, after some hard fighting, she struck. The three events — the descent on Whitehaven, the expedition to St. Mary's Isle, and the capture of the Drake, followed each other in such quick succession, that the people of England were all in alarm. Paul Jones was every where spoken of as the most formidable of pirates. He gave the command of his prize to one of his lieutenants: but, in consequence of insubordination among his men, and mindful probably of the dangers of pursuit, he put into Brest harbour on the 8th of May; from whence he addressed a very characteristic letter to the Countess of Selkirk. After lamenting that he felt himself compelled, under the circumstances, to countenance by his authority the invasion of her mansion, and assuring her that he had charged his officers to treat her Ladyship with the utmost respect, he thus proceeds:

'"I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and, when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

'"Had the Earl been on board the Ranger the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea-engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war —

'"For *they*, 'twas *they*, unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

'"The British ship of war Drake, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side, for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favour of the Ranger. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew, killed and wounded: a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects, and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honours due to the memory of the brave.

'"Though

'"Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinction of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had at the early time of life withdrawn from the sea-service, in favour of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and good will among mankind.

'"As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, Madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband's to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this, (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it: and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on a death-bed.

'"I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing, consistent with my duty, to merit it.

'"The honour of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve."'

In answer to this letter, Lord Selkirk replied, that he would receive back the plate, if the Congress made an order for that purpose, but that he would not be indebted for it to the private generosity of the captain. It does not appear that his Lordship ever saw a particle of it again.

At Brest Jones remained for several months, reduced to a state of the greatest necessity. He was left without provisions for his crew: his officers and men were without clothes; and he was not even permitted to sell his prizes until after the lapse of some weeks, during which he was wholly destitute of public support, had to refit his ship, and to sustain 200 prisoners of war, a number of sick and wounded, and a crew

almost naked. War had not been formally declared by France against Great Britain until the beginning of July: even then, Jones was not employed, although he had suggested both to Franklin and the French minister of marine a great choice of private adventures. His resources were unbounded. If alarming the coast of Britain were deemed inexpedient, he proposed to intercept our West India or Baltic fleets, or the Hudson Bay ships, or to destroy the Greenland fishery! Though all his offers were ineffectual, and though he was disappointed in obtaining the command of a considerable French expedition, and afterwards of an inferior armament, which had been promised him, and in expectation of which he had resigned the Ranger, he was determined to persevere. He offered to go as a volunteer on board the French fleet, under the Count d'Orvilliers. He 'panted for action.' His 'desire for fame,' to quote his own words, 'was infinite.' But he was treated on all sides like an 'officer cast off in disgrace.' He at length wrote a letter to his most Christian Majesty, complaining of the neglect to which he had been consigned. This letter had an instantaneous effect. Jones was forthwith appointed to the Duras, of 40 guns, with unlimited orders; and, with the permission of M. de Sartine, he changed the name to that of Bon Homme Richard, in token of his respect for Dr. Franklin, to whose "Poor Richard's Almanack" the new name had reference. It was at first intended that his naval force should be strengthened by a large body of troops under the command of General La Fayette, but this design was abandoned; and at length, on the 19th of April, 1779, a squadron, consisting of the Bon Homme Richard, 42 guns, — Alliance, 36 guns, — Pallas, 30 guns, — Cerf, 18 guns, and the Vengeance, 12 guns, sailed from L'Orient, under the command of the 'Honorable Commodore John Paul Jones.' Three months passed away in an unsuccessful cruize. In August Jones was again at sea. His object was to make a diversion in favor of the combined fleets of France and Spain, under the command of D'Orvilliers, which had already appeared in the Channel, bearing a French army, intended for a descent on the southern coast of England. He made an ineffectual attempt on Leith; and, after repeated disappointments, he thought of returning to France with his squadron, when, on the 23d of September, while off Flamborough-head, he observed a fleet of forty-one sail bearing N.N.E. He gave the signal for a general chase. The merchant-ships, discovering the American squadron bearing down on them, crowded sail towards the shore. They were protected by two ships of war, the Serapis, and the Countess of Scarborough, who instantly

made disposition for battle. Jones reached the English Commodore's ship about seven in the evening; 'and now,' says the biographer, 'commenced an engagement, the parallel of which is not to be found in the naval annals of any nation.'

The Serapis, 44 guns, was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, an excellent officer. When the action commenced, the two ships were abreast of each other, and the broadsides were almost simultaneous. A few movements brought them in a line; the Bon Homme ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis, and Pearson hailed the Bon Homme to know whether she had struck. Jones answered, that "he had not yet begun to fight." By this time, however, his ship had received several 18 pounders under water, and leaked very much; he backed her top-sails, and those of the Serapis being filled, the ships separated. By some misfortune the bowsprit of the Serapis now came over the Bon Homme's poop by the mizen-mast. Jones immediately grappled. The action of the wind on the sails of the Serapis forced her stern close to the Bon Homme's bow, "so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship *touching the opponent's side.*"

'"The battle," to use Jones's own words, "was fought with *unremitting fury.*" The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load. The Serapis now fought with the actual view of sinking the enemy, and her broadsides were incessant. The battery of twelve pounders, on which Jones had placed his chief dependance, which was commanded by his only lieutenant, and manned by Americans, was entirely silenced and abandoned; of the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, most burst, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. At the same time, Colonel Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty French volunteers on the poop, abandoned his station, after having lost nearly all his band. There were only two nine pounders on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced. The purser, who commanded the party that worked these guns, was shot through the head; and Jones, in this critical moment, when he almost required the faculty of ubiquity, was obliged to fill the purser's place. With great difficulty he rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee-quarter-deck guns; these three nine pounders played well, but not one of the heavier cannon of the Bon Homme was fired during the rest of the action.—

'Jones directed the fire of one of the three cannons against the mainmast of the Serapis with double headed-shot, while the two others were equally well served with grape and canister to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks. The fire from the tops of the Bon Homme was conducted with such skill and effect, that, ultimately, every man who appeared on the deck of the

Serapis was immediately disposed of. Captain Pearson then ordered the survivors to keep below. Here they were not more secure. The powder-monkies of the Serapis finding no officer to receive the eighteen-pound cartridges, which it was their duty to supply, threw them on the main deck and then went off for more. These cartridges being scattered along the deck, and many of them being broken, it so happened, that some of the hand-grenades thrown from the fore-yard of the Bon Homme, which was directly over the main hatch of the Serapis, fell upon this powder, and produced a most awful explosion. The effect was terrific: more than twenty of the English were blown to pieces. Pearson, as he afterwards acknowledged, was now on the point of surrendering, when the cowardice of three of the under officers of the Bon Homme induced them to call out "Quarter!" The English commander personally demanded of Jones whether he surrendered; the American commander personally answered in the most decided negative.

'The action now commenced with redoubled fury: Jones still succeeded in keeping the enemy's deck clear; but the fire of their cannon, especially of the lower battery which was formed of eighteen pounders, was incessant. Both ships were now on fire in several places. The Bon Homme was several times under the necessity of suspending the combat to extinguish the flames, which were often within a few inches of the magazine. The water also gained upon them. "I had two enemies to contend with," said Jones, "besides the English, — fire and water!" '—

'It was a grand scene that the Channel witnessed that night. A numerous fleet had taken refuge under the walls of Scarborough Castle; the Bon Homme and Serapis, joined in an encounter almost unparalleled for its fierceness and duration, finely contrasted with the picturesque and shattered appearance of the Pallas and the Countess of Scarborough, now both silenced; and the moon, which was extremely bright and full, lighted up, not only this magnificent scene, but Flamborough Head, and the surrounding heights covered with the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns.

'While the American commodore appeared to be hesitating, whether he should follow the advice of his officers, his master at arms, who was frightened out of his wits, suddenly let loose all the prisoners, amounting to nearly five hundred, telling them, "to save themselves as the ship was going to sink."

'This last misfortune seemed to be decisive. One prisoner jumped over to the enemy, and told them, that if they held out a moment longer the enemy must strike. "Our rudder," says Jones, in his letter to Franklin, was entirely off; the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away; the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed by age, were mangled beyond every power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness, to have formed a just idea, of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, that every where appeared." Yet, notwithstanding this state, — notwithstanding that the prisoners were loose, — that the ship was on fire

fire in many places, and that there was five feet of water in the hold, Jones determined to fight on. He observed what his affrightened crew had overlooked — he saw the mainmast of the Serapis shake, and his practised ear told him that "their firing decreased." He took care that his own should immediately increase; and at half past ten, in the sight of thousands, the flag of England, which had been nailed to the mast of the Serapis, was struck by Captain Pearson's own hand. Her mainmast at the same time went overboard.

'Had Napoleon commanded the British frigate, he would have said, that he "ought to have won." Very probably the brave English captain thought the same.

'Before any thing, except the wounded, could be removed, the Bon Homme Richard sank. The Countess of Scarborough had previously struck to the Pallas.'

We shall not criticize very minutely this account of the battle: the victor and the vanquished were both British; and their valor was such as we see on every occasion where a British tar is employed. It may be observed, however, that the biographer does not mention correctly how the Alliance, 36 guns, and the Vengeance, 12 guns, were engaged during the contest. The Cerf, he says, had been altogether absent, and the Alliance and Vengeance, though in sight of the action, refrained from taking any part in it, until towards the close, when the Alliance assisted in giving a few broadsides — not to the Serapis, — but to the Bon Homme! This we disbelieve. It is not, in the first place, probable that Landais, the French commander, however unfriendly to Jones, personally, would have assisted a British man of war against his own ally, still less probable that he would have fired upon his own countrymen, a band of whom were on board the Bon Homme, under the military command of Chamillard. The presence of this corps is even mentioned only by a lapse of the pen; and the superiority of the Bon Homme to the Serapis in armed men is not at all stated. Pearson, in his report of the engagement, said repeatedly that he was committed with the two ships of the enemy; and if it were not true he would hardly have ventured such an assertion, when he knew that the action was witnessed by thousands of spectators, who covered Flamborough Head and the surrounding heights.

After this battle Jones proceeded with his squadron to the Texel to refit. Various circumstances, however, soon contributed to induce the French government to detach from his command their own ships as well as the prizes, and Jones was left alone with the Alliance, to make the best of his way out of the Texel. He effected his escape; and when he

he arrived off Ushant he addressed the following verses to Miss Dumas, a young lady at the Hague, who had made an early impression on the heart of the buccaneer. They may be considered, says his biographer, 'under such circumstances, as a "psycological curiosity."'

'Were I, Paul Jones, dear maid, the "King of Sea,"
I find such merit in thy virgin song,
A coral crown with bays I'd give to thee,
A car, which on the waves should smoothly glide along;
The Nereïdes all about thy side should wait,
And gladly sing in triumph of thy state,
"Vivat, vivat" the happy virgin muse!
Of Liberty the friend, — whom tyrant power pursues!

'Or, happier lot! were fair Columbia free
From British tyranny; and youth still mine,
I'd tell a tender tale to one like thee
With artless looks and breast as pure as thine.
If she approved my flame, distrust apart,
Like faithful turtles, we'd have but one heart;
Together then we'd tune the silver lyre,
As Love or sacred Freedom should our lays inspire.

'But since, alas! the rage of war prevails,
And cruel Britons desolate our land,
For Freedom still I spread my willing sails,
My unsheathed sword my injured country shall command.
Go on, bright maid, the Muses all attend
Genius like thine, and wish to be its friend.
Trust me, although conveyed through this poor shift,
My new year's thoughts are grateful for thy virgin gift.'

Jones arrived at Groa; and early in the spring of 1780 he proceeded to Paris, where he became the "lion of the day," on account of his recent exploits. He was introduced at court, presented by the King with a superb sword, and the Cross of Military Merit: he was exhausted with splendid *fêtes*, and in love with every woman — beloved by every woman — in Paris. The biographer says, that 'next to his desire for fame, which was *infinite*, the predominant passion of Paul was love!'—'He was always seriously in love, and often with women whom he had never seen.' There was a certain Delia, 'a young and high lady of the court, who seems to have been past all recovery.' She offered all her diamonds to be converted into cash for his men, because she heard that they were excluded from their prize-money; she offered even to follow him to America, and to become 'one of the lowest of his crew.' Unfortunately all this time the corsair was engaged in a "Platonic liaison" with the Comtesse de Lavendahl, which he endeavored to improve into a more ardent

ardent flame: but — she was married, and, strange to say, faithful to her vows.

Early in the year 1781 Jones returned to America: from that period till 1783 he devoted his attention to the improvement of the republican navy; and before any other employment could be found for him, the independence of the United States was acknowleged by Great Britain. The remainder of his life was spent in Europe, part of it in the service of the Empress of Russia, and the rest in political negotiations and intrigues, which produced no results of any importance. In 1791 he fell into extreme ill health at Paris, and he died there in the June of the following year.

The life of this adventurer affords an instructive lesson to those who are disposed to seek their fortunes in foreign service. Though from his early years he had adopted America for his country, yet he was pursued there by perpetual jealousies, and employed, or put on the shelf, like an instrument, as occasion required. His employment by the French government, though it afforded him the opportunity of contending for the reputation which he won by his capture of the Serapis, brought him in the end only mortification, hardship, and disgrace. The Empress of Russia, autocrat as she was, could not maintain him, beyond one short campaign in her navy, against the envious intrigues of her officers: his enterprize was deemed rashness, and his success was imputed to another.

His biography exhibits an eminent example of those piratical characters, which belong rather to legendary lore than to history. Those were the heroes whom he sought to imitate: gallant to the sex, prone to the tender mood, restless in idleness, and in action undaunted. His story wants connection: it is too often interrupted by letters; and the latter part of it possesses no interest, in comparison with that period of his career which ended with his escape from the Texel. This is unfortunate: for the romance of the volume he ought to have gone on more adventurous and surprising to the last, and have perished on his favorite element. The matter-of-fact manner in which he expires regularly in bed puts to flight all the poetry of his early life; and we leave him with the impression that he is, after all, nothing more than plain John Paul, of Arbegland, in the stewartry of Kircudbright, Scotland.

ART. IX. *Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes, of Music and Musicians, Ancient and Modern.* By Thos. Busby, Mus. D. 3 Vols. 12mo. London. Clementi and Co., and Knight and Lacey. 1825.

THIS year has been unusually prolific of works of biography, anecdote, and conversation. A kind of gossip-mania, if we may be permitted to call it so, seems to have seized both authors and readers. There has been an unwonted resuscitation among the dry bones of literature, a regathering and conjoining of the stray gems of genius. Books of reputed mirth in times past are daily plundered, and jokes, venerable as our grandsires, modernized, to meet the avidity of the public appetite for this species of mental fare; and, as if this were not enough, we have volumes, not only of the real but also of the imaginary conversations of eminent men, volumes replete with the sayings and doings and triflings of statesmen, orators, poets, historians, and philosophers.

When this prevailing taste is borne in mind, it is not surprising that the favorite viands should be subjected to classification. We have accordingly anecdotes of the bar, we have the jests of the green-room, anecdotes of the course and the ring, and the facetiæ of the Cantabs; and now, in order that the heroes and heroines of the 'gay science' may be equally immortalized, we are favored with the 'Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes, of Music and Musicians.'

But we are far from speaking slightingly of the work. On the contrary, it has seldom been our good fortune to rise from the perusal of three volumes so much instructed and amused. The editor speaks of his labors with diffidence, although it is obvious that these must have been considerable. He has availed himself of the best sources of information, in addition to his own recollections and those of his friends, for forty years, to render his work pleasing and useful. It is avowedly nothing more than a collection of biographical notices of the most distinguished musicians and amateurs of music, interspersed with interesting and humorous anecdotes of these persons in public life and in retirement, amid the misfortunes that too often attend the spring-time of genius, and amid those smiles of public favor which do not always compensate for the many years of toil and anxiety by which they are won.

Every incident in the lives of such men as Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Beethoven, and our own Arne, Arnold, Purcell, and others, must be interesting to all the admirers of their compositions, if not practically beneficial to their successors in the art. It is of these individuals, and a vast number of their contemporaries, that the work treats.

Handel

Handel and Haydn are in music what Newton is in astronomy, what Locke is in philosophy, what Reid is in metaphysics — they are the master-spirits of the science. Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation* are in music what Milton's *Paradise Lost* is in poetry: they are *chefs-d'œuvre* in their different departments; and, what is not a little remarkable, they at first received similar treatment from the public. The *Messiah* and *Paradise Lost* were productions beyond the capacity and taste of the times in which they appeared: the last brought its author neither praise nor reward, and the first was scarcely endured on its first performance. This is well known, but it cannot be too frequently adverted to; not for the purpose of raising a blush for the literati and cognoscenti of the capital in former days, but of contrasting this fact with the reception which excellent music meets with at present. What would the fastidious patrons of Handel, or what would the great lexicographer himself, say, who, it is told, relished music as much he did "any other sort of *noise*" — what would he say, could he be told that Weber's *Der Freischutz* occupied the boards of both the theatres royal several times a-week during an entire season — that before its demons, adders, owls, and "goblins damn'd," its blasts of smoke, and fetid incantations, the ancient English drama had to bow its head? We think we see the philosopher in his rage, and hear him thank his fate that he had died so soon.

But we are forgetting Handel. The reception of his celebrated piece by a London audience is thus described:

'Though several of his oratorial pieces were not *representative*, (as *Alexander's Feast*, *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*, the *Occasional Oratorio*, *Israel in Egypt*, and the *Messiah*,) for the most part, they wore a dramatic form. And little as the manner of performing oratorios is adapted to the exhibition of *dramatis personæ*, it must be confessed, that no trivial portion of interest is derived from a personification, in which each performer, speaking and singing in his appointed character, sustains, animates, and carries on, a regular and consistent story; and the ultimate and lasting fame of the above particular productions, though an argument in their favor, as sterling and sublime compositions, says nothing in contradiction to this position. The coldness, however, with which the *Messiah* was at first received (a circumstance, we grant, not very honorable to the taste of England's metropolis,) seems to indicate some latent deficiency; and as that deficiency is not discoverable in the *music*, we naturally look for it in the *words*; and, recollecting that they are *sacred*, are obliged to ascribe to it the want of a consistent and dramatic series of incidents.

'This transcendent oratorio was first performed at Covent-Garden theatre in the year 1741. Its unfavorable reception determined the composer (whose judgment of its superior merit could not

not be shaken by the injustice of an English audience) to try its effect on the more susceptible feelings of a Dublin auditory. In Ireland, it was heard with admiration. The expressive force and pathos of the recitatives and melodies, and the superlative grandeur of the choral part of the work, were equally felt; and the whole was hailed as a wonderful effort of the harmonic art. Taught by the better criticism of the sister-kingdom, England, at his return, discovered the excellence to which she had been so unaccountably blind, and lavished her praises on what she had before dismissed with disgrace, or without approbation. His next sacred production was *Samson*, founded on the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton. The London amateurs, rendered wise by their former error, were alive to the excellence of a piece, which the composer himself never knew whether he ought to place above or beneath his *Messiah*, and were rapturous in their applause. He continued to delight his audiences with his own performances between the acts; and the favorable reception of a set of six concertos for the organ, which he had recently published, encouraged him to print a second set, consisting of twelve. These pieces, hastily produced, and consequently less elaborate, and of slighter texture, did not support the credit obtained for him by the former work, as a composer of instrumental music; and while the first set continued to be performed at every public and private concert, in every church, and in every chamber, the second lay quietly on the shelf, in comparative oblivion.'

As a specimen of the manner in which the humorous articles in the work are blended with its more grave and historical incidents, we quote the following characteristic trait of the same illustrious composer.

'Handel, — whose divine compositions seem to have proceeded from a heart glowing with the fire of a seraph, — was, notwithstanding, what some would call rather a gross mortal, since he placed no small happiness in good eating and drinking. Having received a present of a dozen of superior champaigne, he thought the quantity too small to present to his friends; and therefore reserved the delicious nectar for a *private use*. Some time after, when a party was dining with him, he longed for a glass of his choice champaigne, but could not easily think of a device for leaving the company. On a sudden he assumed a musing attitude, and, striking his forehead with his forefinger, exclaimed, "I have got one *tought!* I have got one *tought!*" (meaning *thought*.) The company, imagining that he had gone to commit to paper some divine idea, saw him depart with silent admiration. He returned to his friends, and very soon had a second, third, and fourth "*tought*." A wag suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's visits, followed Handel to an adjoining room, saw him enter a closet, embrace his beloved champaigne, and swallow repeated doses. The discovery communicated infinite mirth to the company, and *Handel's tought* became proverbial.'

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If the biography of Handel be as elaborate as his transcendent merits demand, and the limits of the work would admit, that of Haydn is not less so. Every body knows that he was the son of a poor cartwright in an Austrian village. Having when a child displayed a penchant for music, he was sent to a chapel at Vienna, and placed in the choir at the early age of eight. For nearly thirty years, during which his studies were intense, he struggled with poverty. The profits of his 'various labors of organist, violinist, and teacher, were barely sufficient for his decent maintenance.' At length he found a patron in the Baron of Furnberg, his reputation spread, his pecuniary circumstances became improved; and when fifty-eight years of age he, for the first time, visited England.

'His fame had preceded him; and he was so well received by all persons of distinction, especially by the royal family, that three years afterwards, he was induced to repeat his visit; when the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Music. Soon afterwards, he was invited by the Prince of Wales to conduct a concert given by the Duke of York, at which the King, Queen, and all the royal family were present, and at which, partial as his Majesty was known to be to the music of Handel, only the compositions of Haydn were performed. After the concert, the Queen presented the composer to the King, and endeavored to persuade him to remain in England; of which gracious suggestion, his *amor patriæ*, and gratitude to Prince Nicholas, would not permit him to profit.

'Haydn, during his two visitations to London, (which were about eighteen months each,) composed *Orfeo*, a serious opera; thirteen orchestral symphonies; a choral piece, entitled *The Tempest;* ten sonatas; six quartetts; twelve ballads; and a great number of minuets and marches, besides arranging and writing accompaniments for above a hundred and fifty Scotch melodies. On his return to Vienna, he composed his oratorio of *Creation.* During his absence, Count Harrach erected, at Rohrau, a monument to his memory. Soon afterwards, he was elected a member of almost all the academic establishments in Europe: an honor crowned by the presentation of a medal by the French Institute, and another by the society of *Les Enfans d' Apollon*, accompanied with a letter signed by near a hundred and fifty of the members of the *Conservatoire*, inviting him to make Paris his future residence. The Russian ambassador at Vienna offered him, on the part of the Philharmonic Society of Saint Petersburg, a gold medal; and Admiral Nelson, on visiting Vienna, paid him the compliment of exchanging his watch for Haydn's pen. In 1804, the surviving son of Mozart gave a concert in celebration of his entering upon his 73d year; and, in 1808, a musical society, consisting of the first professors and amateurs in Vienna, performed his *Creation* to an audience of more than 1500 persons. Haydn, then 77, and who had not

not been out of his house for two years, attended the concert, seated in a superb arm-chair, surrounded by the Prince of Trautmannsorf, the Prince of Lobkowitz, the foreign ambassadors, and many other distinguished personages. The sensibility of the aged musician was so moved at the magnitude of the honor paid to his genius, that, just before the oratorio commenced, he rose from his seat, exclaiming "Never have I experienced the like of this! Would I might die in this happy moment;" and, during the performance of the first act, his cheeks were repeatedly suffused with tears. When, at the conclusion of that act, he left the concert-room, he, as it were, extended his arms over the assembly, in expression of his thanks and blessing. It was his last adieu. Ten weeks afterwards, he expired, in perfect ease and calmness. His departing breath was as the dying sound of a lyre.'

There is something in this collection appertaining to all the sons and daughters of song, from Apollo's first worshipper to his latest votary, from Saint Cecilia down to Bolingbroke's Clara and Miss Clara Fisher. By the way, this name reminds us of an anecdote, which, as it relates to a popular song, and shews the reverses to which youth, beauty, and accomplishments are subject, we cannot refuse transcribing.

'Among the ballad-singers in chief repute during the early part of the last century, there existed a young creature, now known to the world by no other name than that of Clara, who attracted much attention by the sweetness and the pathos of her tones. She was the original singer of *Black-eyed Susan*, and one or two songs which were afterwards introduced in the Beggar's Opera. But her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her having, for many years, been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's assiduous attention and enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship could not find her; and it was after that interval, that, having learnt where she was, he addressed to her the tender lines, beginning,

'"Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe, for once, the lover and the friend."

And concluding thus:

'"To virtue thus, and to thyself, restor'd,
By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd;
Be to thy faithful Harry kind and true,
And live for him, who more than died for you."

'A series of subsequent calamities totally destroyed Clara's vocal powers; and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges, at the Court of Requests.'

Among the many royal amateurs whose taste and attainments are noticed, his late Majesty holds a conspicuous place.

'George the Third ranked high as a lover and patron of music. Early in life he evinced a strong predilection for its innocent and intellectual

intellectual gratification, availed himself of Handel's instructions on the harpsichord, and practised and listened to the best compositions, till he formed his taste, and imbibed such correct notions of the principles of the art, as to be qualified to compose. Among the many pleasing offsprings of his Majesty's imagination, is the melody applied to the song "In love, should we meet a fond pair," in the opera of *Love in a Village*, which is both original and interesting, and manifests an easy and elegant conception. Throughout a long reign, this sovereign continued to cultivate his musical taste and judgment, and acquired as accurate and nice a discrimination in regard of some of the greatest composers, and the respective compositions of each, as compared with themselves, as could be boasted by the first masters of his time. A stronger proof of these facts the compiler of this work could not receive, than that afforded him by the observations of his friend the late Sir William Parsons, on the subject of his Majesty's critical knowledge of the beauties of our best ecclesiastical composers.'

The origin of oratorios is thus related:

'What is called the *cantata spirituale*, or oratorio, is generally believed to have been indebted for its origin to San Filippo Neri, a priest, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was accustomed, after the sermons, to assemble such of his congregation as had musical voices, in the oratory of his chapel, for the purpose of singing various pieces of devotional and other sacred music. Regularly composed oratorios were not, however, in use till nearly a century afterwards. These, at their commencement, consisted of a mixture of dramatic and narrative parts, in which neither change of place nor unity of time were observed. They consisted of monologues, dialogues, duetts, trios, and recitatives of four voices. The subject of one of them was the Conversation of Christ with the Samaritan Woman; of another, the Prodigal Son received into his Father's House; of a third, Tobias with the Angel, his Father, and Wife; and of a fourth, the Angel Gabriel with the Virgin Mary.'

There are several laughable anecdotes scattered through this collection: the following will serve as a specimen:

'Droy, a Genevan mechanic, once constructed a clock, which was capable of the following surprising movements:—There were seen on it a Negro, a dog, and a shepherd: when the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute; and the dog, as if delighted with the music, jumped up and fawned upon him. This musical machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly struck with its wonderful powers. "The playful gentleness of my dog," said Droy, "is his least merit; if your Majesty will be pleased to touch one of the apples which are in the shepherd's basket, you will admire his fidelity." The King took an apple, and the dog, in a musical tone, barked so loud, that the King's dog in the room began also to bark. At this, the attendant courtiers, not doubting that the whole was a musical witchcraft,

immediately left the room, crossing themselves as they hurried out.

With respect to the general merits of the work, save a little carelessness in correcting the press, and a few unimportant repetitions, it has been produced with considerable taste. Its portraits and embellishments are occasionally well executed; and, altogether, it is a book, with the perusal of which no person can fail being amused.

Art. X. 1. *Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, in the Years* 1812, 1816, 1820, *and* 1824. With original Instructions for the perfect Preservation of Birds, &c. for Cabinets of Natural History. By Charles Waterton, Esq. 4to. pp. 326. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Boards. London. Mawman. 1825.

2. *A Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America*; containing Travels in Arauco, Chile, Peru, and Colombia; with an Account of the Revolution, its Rise, Progress, and Results. By W. B. Stevenson, formerly Private Secretary to the President and Captain-General of Quito, and late Secretary to the Vice-Admiral of Chile, his Excellency the Right Honourable Lord Cochrane, &c. &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* Boards. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

We have been led to couple these two works under the same head, more from the similarity of their titles than from any resemblance either in the pursuits of the authors or the contents of their volumes. South America was the common theatre of their 'wanderings' and residence: but, on that vast continent, the researches of the one traveller were confined to the shores of the Atlantic, while the other traversed all the maritime provinces on the Pacific Ocean. The former writer is merely an adventurous naturalist, full of an eccentric mixture of enthusiasm, sentiment, and lively humor: the latter is a shrewd observer of men and manners, who resided for twenty years in the now emancipated colonies of Spain, studied the character of the people and the various productions and resources of their country, watched the dawn of their independence, and mingled in the busy vicissitudes of their revolutionary struggles. Yet, much as these works differ in the importance and the divisions of their subjects, there is a community of interest in them. The extraordinary events of the last years have attracted eager attention to the whole of the southern continent of the New World; and our curiosity is equally alive to all the peculiarities of nature and society, which the intelligent observer can glean from any of its interesting regions. We shall analyze successively the amount and quality

lity of the information which the travellers before us have thus respectively been enabled to add to our general stores.

The first of these writers, Mr. Waterton, who is a gentleman of fortune residing at Walton Hall, near Sheffield, appears to have had no other object in his travels than the indulgence of a restless but laudable spirit of inquiry into natural history. He is quite the knight-errant of the science, and goes in quest of adventures with the gallant spirit of a preux chevalier. To this end we find him plunging into the dark forests of Guiana, riding a tilt upon the back of an alligator, engaging in mortal combat with the Boa-constrictor and the venomous Coulacanara, and exposing his great toe — pendant from the extremity of a hammock — to be "tapped" by the blood-sucking vampire. As he is his own chronicler, he revels in the story of his hair-breadth 'scapes and perilous encounters: he enumerates, with becoming pride, the quantity and value of his accumulated spoils; and, in devoting them all to science, the goddess of his idolatry, he emulates the fervor with which a true knight might deposit his hard-earned trophies at the feet of his mistress. He is, moreover, as imaginative and quaint in his humor as a worthy of the olden time — and something more fond of a classical quotation. His book itself rivals a black-letter chronicle in its dimensions; and his "lively prolixity" has expanded into an imposing and goodly quarto, a narrative which might have contented the languid readers of these days in the humbler form of a hot-pressed octavo.

In sober truth, however, Mr. Waterton's quarto will be found to offer much amusement, and some instruction, for the student of natural history. His work contains the relation of four different journies, occupied almost exclusively with scientific researches. In the first, in the year 1812, setting out from the coast of Demerara, he explored the wilds of that colony, and of the neighbouring settlement of Essequibo. By following the course of the rivers, he penetrated through about 500 miles of the most tangled forests in the world, as far as the frontier-posts of the back country of Portuguese Guiana. In this arduous enterprize his only direct object, besides the general excitement of the adventure, seems to have been to collect a quantity of the famous Wourali poison, in which the Indian hunters of these wilds are accustomed to dip their arrows. Mr. Waterton succeeded in obtaining from the natives a considerable store of this deadly vegetable composition; and his account of its preparation, and of its effects in several experiments, is highly curious. We may remark, as an interesting proof of the prevalence of the same customs among

the Indian tribes across the whole breadth of the great southern continent, that Mr. Stevenson found the blow-pipe of reed and the poisoned arrow in use among the Indians in Peru, exactly as Mr. Waterton observed them in Guiana, though under different names; and the report of the Peruvian traveller confirms the almost incredible accounts which Mr. Waterton has given, of the instantaneous and fatal effects of the poison upon animal life, while it permits the flesh of the victim to be eaten with perfect safety.

Returning to England with his Wourali poison, Mr. Waterton made with it, in London, several experiments upon animals; in which, we confess, he appears to us to have gratified the rage of scientific curiosity at some expence to more humane feelings. Afterwards, 'for three revolving autumns, the ague-beaten wanderer,' as he calls himself, was detained in England by disease, which he had probably contracted in the swamps of Demerara. In 1816, however, he had sufficiently recovered to make his second journey. He sailed from Liverpool to Pernambuco, with the intention of passing from thence to Para, ascending the river of Amazons as high as the junction of the Rio Negro, and following the course of the latter river, to penetrate into the interior of Guiana from the rear: then, directing his search towards the sources of the Essequibo river, he would have 'examined the chrystal mountains, looked once more for the lake Parima, or White Sea, or El Dorado,' and finally descended the Essequibo to the coast. Circumstances frustrated this adventurous scheme; and after visiting Cayenne, Surinam, and Berbice, our naturalist, 'aware that the season for procuring birds in fine plumage had already set in,' hastened to Demerara, and buried himself again in its forests, to examine the beauties of its feathered tribes, and increase his cabinet of natural history. Here he spent six months of eager attention to his favorite pursuits, and collected above two hundred specimens of the finest birds before he returned to England. In the particulars of this second journey the reader will find much that is really new and interesting.

The plan of Mr. Waterton's third journey, which was undertaken, after another interval of between three and four years, in 1820, deserves little explanation, since it was directed to the same quarter of the world, and the same pursuits, as his last expedition. He proceeded at once to Demerara, and fixed his residence again in the forests. But his narrative, though describing only the continuation of his former researches, increases very much in interest. There is a good deal of vivacity

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and humour in the account of his process of taking a *caymen*, or alligator, alive.

In this journey our naturalist had many occasions of observing the habits and anatomy of that singular animal the sloth. The result of his observations has quite contradicted Buffon's supposition, that the sloth is doomed to a life of inconvenience and pain. Mr. Waterton has satisfactorily proved that the extraordinary formation of this animal, considering the peculiar and curious habits to which it is adapted, is as much calculated for the enjoyment of life as that of any other species. Our inquirer has taught himself to view the works of Omnipotence with far other eyes than the celebrated French naturalist; and, with pretensions and powers of mind however inferior, the simple piety of his reflections might put to shame the hopeless and heartless creed which debases all the speculations of Buffon. "Why should not some animals be created for misery," says the French sceptic, "since in the human species the greatest number of individuals are doomed to pain from the first moment of their existence?" That the sloth, at least, has not been so created, Mr. Waterton abundantly *proves* from its anatomy; and from a better argument he deduces his belief that the beneficence of Providence has foredoomed no living creature to an existence of misery.

We would point also to Mr. Waterton's watchful observation of the vampire as abounding in curiosity; and all his notes on the serpent-tribe are really exceedingly interesting. The story of his own adventures with these venomous foes is given with so much *naïveté* and appearance of truth, that we cannot doubt its authenticity; and it gives us a high idea of his intrepidity and enthusiasm in the pursuit of natural history. He makes no difficulty of taking a poisonous snake alive, seizes the deadly reptile by the neck to avoid its bite, and gravely assures us that to hold it thus with security and effect requires only a little resolution and coolness!

Mr. Waterton's fourth journey is almost wholly devoid of matter and interest. We expected to have found that he had explored the depths of some of the North American forests, and brought to light the numerous and yet unexamined treasures of natural history, in which they abound. But we discover that he merely travelled through some of the cultivated parts of the United States and Canada; and then, after visiting a few of the West Indian islands, he once more made his way to his favorite haunts in Guiana, where he was able to add little to his former researches. Indeed, the narrative of this whole journey is merely made up of repetitions from the most common-place writers upon common-place topics, such as the

people, government, and constitution of the United States, the depreciation of West Indian property, and the questions of West Indian commerce.

Having thus discussed the main subject of Mr. Waterton's 'Wanderings,' we shall proceed to offer a few remarks on a part of his volume in which, perhaps, he has not prepared himself to encounter much criticism. We mean the 'original instructions,' contained in his appendix, 'for the perfect preservation of birds, &c. in cabinets of natural history.' In this elaborate essay, we can only agree with him on one point, and that is his choice of a solution of sublimate in alcohol as an antiseptic. We can very well conceive that through the medium of the alcohol, the necessary quantity of sublimate, for the destruction of insects, may be conveyed to every portion of the skin, and especially to those fleshy parts which are inevitably allowed to remain after dissection, for the better preservation of the pinions and tail. It would be necessary that the solution should be very exactly applied to every part without exception; otherwise, as the alcohol soon evaporates, and leaves no smell behind to keep off insects, any little place which might remain unpoisoned would easily fall a prey to these minute enemies. The idea is, however, good, and somewhat novel, and is still susceptible of improvement, by the addition of some strongly scented ingredient to the mixture; and this, of itself, would almost answer the entire purpose.

We do not assent to the author's recommendation of removing the fat from birds' skins, it being well known that the skins, when allowed to retain it, will dry and contract much more gradually, and preserve a degree of elasticity for a much longer time, than they otherwise would. Moreover, the smell of the fat, in a state of incipient decomposition, is one of the strongest safeguards to the specimen against insects of all kinds. The French naturalists augur favorably of a specimen in proportion as the fat lies thickly upon the skin; and they take good care not to remove it. We have ourselves had occasion to draw the same inferences, and to observe the same practice.

In the next place, Mr. Waterton astonishes us exceedingly by the boldness of his invention of stuffing birds to resemble nature, "comme deux gouttes d'eau," without the aid of wire, for which he professes the most sovereign contempt. We should be happy to see a specimen so stuffed, and to be able to compare it with one which has been *properly* prepared with burnt wire; for it would require ocular demonstration to convince us that 'wire is of no use, but, on the contrary, a great nuisance; and that where it is introduced, a disagreeable stiffness and derangement of symmetry follow.' Neither, as

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the skin of a bird is pliant and elastic, and will take almost any shape, good or bad, can we see the advantage of another of Mr. Waterton's rules — to remove the skull. Though the shape of the head varies so much in the different species, Mr. Waterton lays great stress upon this injunction, and thinks that cotton will replace, with a strict resemblance to nature, the varying contour of so important a part as the head. Why remove the skull at all? On its upper and anterior parts there are no muscles of any consequence, the shrinking of which could make the least perceptible difference in the natural form; and, besides, by preserving the orbits, we guarantee the correct placing of the eyes and the width of the head.

There is nothing new in Mr. Waterton's instructions on the precautions to be observed with birds newly shot. Further, we may observe that he omits the very necessary directions for skinning the heads of ducks and other water-fowl, whose necks are too small to admit of his general contrivance of pulling them over the head, for the removal of the skull. Finally, his process for giving attitude to his subjects is altogether so unsatisfactory, that we cannot help wondering how, without the aid of aught but cotton, he would set about composing a group of birds in action; an eagle, for example, holding another bird of prey in its clutches, and the latter in the attitude of struggling. The very elasticity which our author seems to consider so great an advantage in his cotton, would be the first difficulty which, without the aid of wire, he would have to overcome.

In short, Mr. Waterton's mode of preserving birds for cabinets of natural history is a new and curious *mélange* of wireless cotton, sublimate, and sentimentalism. It is the first essay which we have met with on the art of stifling and stuffing 'poor hawks' sentimentally; and we are so far from agreeing with him on its expediency, that 'should it unfortunately tend to cause a wanton expence of life; should it tempt you to shoot the pretty songster warbling over your door, or destroy the mother as she is sitting on the nest to warm her little ones; or kill the father as he is bringing a mouthful of food for their support; oh, then!' — we shall consider this expence of life not only 'wanton,' but ridiculous and useless.

After this notice of Mr. Waterton's narrative and appendix, we turn to the far more important publication of Mr. Stevenson. The whole of this latter gentleman's work, indeed, confirms the assertion of his preface, that he 'enjoyed opportunities for its compilation such as even very few individuals among the native South Americans or the Spaniards could

son saw when the dungeons of the suppressed tribunal at Lima were thrown open.

Mr. Stevenson's sketches of the state of society at Lima, and of the distinctive character of the different classes of its motley population, are very animated. There are to be found all the colors which vary the human complexion: the sooty African, the brown Indian, the pale Creole, the olive-tinged Andalusian, and the rosy Biscayan, with every intermediate shade and hue of expression and countenance which such a heterogeneous mixture can create.

From Lima our author made many excursions through the maritime Peruvian provinces; and his geographical and statistical details on the districts through which he passed may be read with profit. His account of the mode of travelling in Peru is amusing; and his directions on this subject for Englishmen who may visit the country are worth extracting.

'Our mode of travelling would have been regarded in England as a curiosity; a friend and myself were mounted on two mules, with huge deep saddles covered with red woolly rugs, large wooden box stirrups, broad girths, and straps attached to the saddles both behind and before: these straps passed round the breasts and hams of the mules, to prevent the saddles from slipping as we rode up and down the *cuestas*, some of which are exceedingly steep. I had two mules laden with my luggage: on the one was placed my mattress and bedding, put into a large leather case, called an *almáufres*; on the other were two *petacas*, or square trunks, made of untanned bullocks' hides, and curiously wrought with thongs of the same material. My comrade had two mules also laden in a similar manner; for, when travelling in any part of South America that I visited, it is almost always necessary to take a bed, because no inns or houses of accommodation are found on the roads, or even in the towns or cities. Our peon, or muleteer, generally followed the mules, while we proceeded on before; but on approaching a village or hamlet, the peon alighted, and tied the mules together, fastening the halter of one to the tail of another, to prevent them from straggling.'—

'The total absence of inns, or any similar establishment on the roads, or in the towns and villages, would present to an English traveller an almost insurmountable obstacle; and as this country is now (1824) likely to be frequented by many of my countrymen, I think it will not be uninteresting to those who may stand in need of some information, nor unentertaining to the public at large, if I give a concise description of the general mode of travelling in Peru.

'If a resident in Lima wish to go to any considerable distance from the capital, the best plan he can pursue is to enquire at the tambos for *requas*, mules, which are from the country he intends to visit, and agree with the muleteers or carriers for the number

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of mules he may want. With an eye to comfort, the traveller must provide himself with a mattress, bedding, and an almaufres, leather bag, already described, sufficiently large to hold, besides the bed, his wearing apparel, because the cargo would be otherwise too light.

'I always formed another load with a trunk, containing linen, books, and writing materials; also a canteen, holding two or three small pans, oil, vinegar, salt, spices, sugar, coffee, tea, knives and forks, spoons, &c., and thus equipped, having a good poncho, saddle, *al uso del pais*, bridle and spurs, a traveller has little to apprehend from the want of inns. The plan I usually followed was, to go to one of the principal houses in the town or village, and to ask if I could remain there during my stay in that place: this request was never denied me; and, nine times out of ten, I have had nothing to pay, with the addition, perhaps, of letters of recommendation, or kind messages, to persons residing in the town or village to which I was going. If it happened to be from one cura to another, I was not the less pleased, because their society in such places is generally the best, and their fare is certainly not the worst. It is much to be feared, that the political changes likely to take place in South America will be inimical to the general feeling of hospitality in the inhabitants: civilization will teach them refinements superior to such barbarous practices.'

Mr. Stevenson favors us with an historical chapter on the discovery and conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, the cruelties of Pizarro and his followers, and their execrable murder of the Inca Atahualpa. As he is here compelled to copy the usual Spanish authorities, and is enabled to repeat only the usual version of one of the most familiar pieces of history, he might have spared himself and his readers the unnecessary task. The proofs which he has collected in his volumes of the lingering attachment of the Peruvian Indians to the memory of the Incas and the empire of their forefathers, are, however, interesting and touching; and in one place he relates a story prevalent among them, — the oral tradition of the first Inca Manco Capac, — which is really curious. From the universal belief in which it is held, and the religious care with which it has been handed down to these times, it contains something almost like evidence that Peru had been visited by some "bearded European" in ages far more remote than Pizarro's conquest. The curiosity of this tradition will repay a perusal.

In 1808 our author's range of observation was extended, and his means of acquiring a political knowlege of the country were increased, by his appointment as private secretary to Count Ruis de Castilla, President and Captain-General of Quito. Accompanying that nobleman, who quitted Lima to take

take possession of his government, Mr. Stevenson embarked in his suite at Callao, landed at Guayaquil, and from thence journeyed to Quito; where he was still stationed when the first revolution broke out, and the war of independence commenced in the Spanish colonies. There appears little in the character or manners of the Quitēnos to distinguish them from the Limēnos. From Quito Mr. Stevenson visited a great deal of the surrounding country, either from curiosity or in the discharge of official duties; and he mingled occasionally with the descendants of the aboriginal natives. Having ourselves a more intimate acquaintance with the manners and character of some of the native tribes in the northern division of the great American continent, than falls to the lot of most Europeans to acquire, we have been led to peruse all the notices of the South American Indians, which Mr. Stevenson has thickly scattered through his volumes, with much attention and interest. He has evidently been a nice and close observer of the Indians; and, like all those who have enjoyed opportunities of gaining a real insight into their character, he is strongly impressed in their favor, and disposed to controvert the malignant calumnies of their oppressors and enemies. It would be a curious and interesting inquiry to examine the points of resemblance and difference between the Indians of the northern and southern continents of America. They have adored in common one God, — the Great and Good Spirit; and, among them, similar superstitions have clouded the purest worship which man, unaided by the blessings of Revelation, has ever attempted to offer to his Maker. Many minor opinions and many customs are common to the Indians of Canada, of Guiana, and of Peru; and every traveller on the shores of the Canadian rivers and lakes will recognize the following little picture:

'The most curious method used by the Peruvian Indian for catching fish is that which is practised after nightfall: he takes his small canoe and places in the bow of it a large piece of lighted coutchouc, in order to attract the fish: he then places himself behind the light, and strikes them with a small harpoon; and he is so dexterous that he very rarely errs. The sight of two or three canoes on the water at night, having their large lights burning, and now and then reflected on the fisherman, or silvering the rippled stream, is very pleasing. Many times have I wandered along the margins of the river at Esmeraldas to witness this scene, when the silence of the night was uninterrupted, except by the lave of the waters gently splashing on the sandy shore.'

The portion of Mr. Stevenson's work, over which we have thus been rapidly passing, occupies the two first volumes. The

The third and last differs very much in character from the preceding parts. It may be said, in some measure, to continue the story of his personal adventures from the era at which the revolution broke out at Quito; because he sided with the cause of freedom, and his own share in the subsequent political transactions was far from being either unimportant or uninteresting. But his third volume is in fact much more than a mere personal story. It forms a complete, though abridged history of the revolution and its consequent wars in all the emancipated colonies, which Spain possessed on the shores of the Pacific. Many of the particulars of the contest are not new to us; for they have already been told by Mrs. Graham and Captain Basil Hall, in their interesting works. But we are here indebted to Mr. Stevenson for the first connected view of the whole struggle of the western South Americans for all that can dignify life. Both for these historical details, and for his varied and intimate knowlege of the people, the political condition, the commerce, the agriculture, and the natural productions of Chile, Peru, and Quito, Mr. Stevenson is, beyond all doubt, the best authority which we yet possess; and his work is by far the most valuable and extensively useful publication on these subjects which has fallen under our notice.

ART. XI. *The Bar, with Sketches of eminent Judges, Barristers, &c. &c.*, a Poem, with Notes. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 160. 6*s*. Boards. London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Robinson and Hernaman, Leeds. 1825.

As a poem this is a composition of very unequal merit. The structure of the lines is not only generally uncouth, but very frequently offensive to the ear from a defect or redundancy in the measure. It is easy to perceive that the writer is little practised in verse or prose, for he has managed the arrangement of his subject most unskilfully. As the poem now stands, it is a piece of motley patchwork, straggling, desultory, and crude, yet occasionally graced by gleams of wit, and generally happy in its sketches of character. It is to the latter quality that it is indebted for the very considerable reputation which it has already acquired, particularly among the gentlemen of the highly respectable profession with which it is chiefly conversant.

Another distinctive merit of these Sketches consists in their freedom from slanderous remark. They are conducted in a gentlemanlike style throughout: they are the fair criticisms of

of a shrewd observer and a scholar of some taste, though we regret to say that it is not always delicate or correct. He is evidently well acquainted with most of the living barristers of whom he speaks; and though he has hitherto escaped detection among his learned brethren, we imagine that we could raise his visor, if we chose.

In the first place, from the whole tenor of his poem, it is apparent that the author is a barrister, and from the sketches and anecdotes which occupy and illustrate the second part of the work, it can scarcely admit of doubt that he belongs to the northern circuit. Speaking of Mr. Raine, who went that circuit for several years, he observes in a note, 'His pleasantry and facetiousness were said to be as inexhaustible as his good humour. In his absence the toast of "Jonty — and fun!" was among the orders of the day.' Again, he says of Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Richardson, who, before he was raised to the bench, was a member of the same circuit, that 'not having subjected himself in "the Mess" to any fine in the regular course of things, on the motion of Mr. Scarlett, he was fined for being "so eminent a special pleader;" which was carried, of course, by acclamation.' The reader should be informed that "the Mess" here referred to, is that of the bar, and that both the toast and the fine must have been proposed at what is called the Grand Court of the Circuit, the transactions of which are known only to the members. The author, also, we suspect, attends the West Riding Sessions; and if we be not mistaken in these premises, we are inclined to believe that he is John Carr, Esq., of Cam Lodge, near Wakefield. We have said thus much on this point, because we happen to know that it is one which has given rise to a good deal of inquiry at the bar, though rather as a matter of literary curiosity than otherwise. Nobody thinks that Mr. Carr need be at all ashamed of his work. The characters which we have ascribed to it will be recognized in the few specimens which we shall produce. He thus speaks of the immortal Erskine:

'Hail! and farewell! — to the ascendant star,
The pride, the "*dulce decus*" of the bar!
Farewell thine eloquence, and *only* thine,
Its pomp and prodigality divine;
Now shining bright and soft as morning dews,
Colour'd with fancy's fine prismatic hues,
Glancing their varying tints at every turn,
Now fill'd with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;"
That like heaven's lightning flashed, beyond controul,
Their fire electric through the inmost soul!

'Yet,

'Yet long as liberty the soul delights,
And Britons cherish and maintain their rights,
Long as they love their country's sacred cause,
And prize the safest bulwark of their laws,
So long shall be, with freedom's loud acclaim,
"Trial by Jury" link'd with Erskine's name.
'Homage like this e'en *I* may dare impart,
'Tis honest, and flows freely from the heart.
Unskill'd to praise, unwilling to offend,
My verse is framed to gain no private end,
But comes imbued with truth's fresh genuine glow,
From one thou never knew'st, and ne'er wilt know;
One, who, to fortune and to fame unknown,
Boasts not to rank with bards of high renown,
Yet springs with pride from dull oblivion's gloom,
To hang his garland where thine honours bloom;
And while thy name sounds from his simple shell,
Bids thee, with conscious pride — Hail! and farewell!'

Inconsistent as was the death of Sir Samuel Romilly with the principles of his life, it is impossible to speak of his suicide in terms of austerity, when we remember that it was brought about by the intensity of his domestic affections. It is a remarkable circumstance that it should have occurred so soon after the singular tribute of public respect which he received in his unsolicited election for Westminster. It shews how light is the weight of popular applause, when compared in the balance of the heart with its own sufferings.

'Lamented Romilly! though low thou'rt laid,
In the dark tomb amongst the mighty dead;
Yet, not forgotten do thine ashes sleep,
There friendship lingers long and loves to weep;
There gratitude and pity oft attend,
And sad misfortune mourns her truest friend.
Fair freedom to thy memory drops a tear,
And sainted honour weeps "a pilgrim there;"
Their sacred sympathy embalms thy name,
And consecrates thy worth to deathless fame.'

The sketch which the author gives of Mr. Scarlett is exceedingly labored, yet just in every part of it. A due measure of praise is given to his superior talents, his persuasive manner, his subtlety, and his cool conversational method of addressing a jury. We agree with the author that the gentlemen of the bar are too apt to be censorious on those who have not an opportunity of defending themselves. Of this disposition Mr. Scarlett is an eminent example.

'Behind his brief-bag — an enormous pile —
Lo! Scarlett, blooming with perennial smile,
A bold ambitious candidate for fame,
Who early on her list enroll'd his name,

And

And from that moment made his passions bend,
And all his powers to compass one great end.
' Ardent of mind, and conscious of his force,
He join'd his rivals in the arduous course,
Yet far too wise to waste his strength too soon,
For mightier toils he stored the precious boon,
His fiery spirit, fretted by delay,
Discreetly curb'd, and for a time gave way;
With eye observant mark'd the " vantage ground,"
Where best a certain footing could be found,
And when the lucky moment came at last,
Whole ranks of lazy, lagging loiterers pass'd,
And, while he left them all upon the stare,
Shot by, and took his seat " within the bar." '—
' O'er rough or smooth he glides, or *pro* or *con*,
And though not shallow, still runs dimpling on;
Yet, as the subject swells, the interest grows,
His eloquence with greater volume flows,
" Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,"
Sweeping before him, with resistless force,
All that obstructs his proud triumphant course.
' Clear-sighted, eloquent, acute, refined,
No point escapes his penetrating mind,
And while his rival from the broad highway,
The wavering judgment strives to lead away,
And like a will-o-wisp, now in, now out,
Involves the light of truth in mist and doubt,
Moving the mind's all powerful lens at will,
To one bright focus, with consummate skill,
And matchless art, he draws the scatter'd rays,
Before the jury in one brilliant blaze,
Who, as the clouds and fogs all disappear,
Fancy they see their way as day-light clear.
He sees the flattering dream, and ere they wake,
Lulls and confirms them in the fond mistake.—
' Yet, trust me, Scarlett's not in fact or law,
" That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,"
But has, partaking of the common lot,
His failings and his faults,—as who has not?
Keen and astute, to biting satire prone,
His spirit oft assumes a hostile tone,
And while you study for the cause in vain,
Inflicts a wound regardless of the pain.
But should some luckless scrivener — hapless wight!
Incur his high displeasure, wrong or right,
Then on the trembling slave's devoted head,
With double vengeance, falls his anger dread.'

The contrast of Mr. Scarlett in many — perhaps, for his professional reputation, *too* many,—respects, is Mr. Brougham.

' With

'With meagre form, and face so wondrous thin,
That it resembles Milton's "death and sin,"
Long arms that saw the air like windmill sails,
And tongue that in its duty never fails,
Behold the hero of the North! make room,
For Scotia's "babe of grace"— great Harry Brougham.
A chieftain he of strong elastic mind,
That covets all the knowledge of mankind,
And though elusive as the subtle air,
Grasps and retains a more than common share.
To the huge wonder of each brainless dunce,
He's critic — statesman — lawyer — all at once.
Yet if (as sings or says the immortal wit)*
"One science only will one genius fit" —
Far better had his passion never stray'd
From that to which his early vows were paid,
For he who nobly dares aspire, her mind
And its vast treasures to possess, will find
A mistress that will "not unsought be won,"
Nor tamely bear a rival near her throne.'—
'Yet, while his venial errors to descry,
We look with keen and microscopic eye,
Let equal justice, with impartial view,
Give to his sterling merit all its due;
And own his faults, though scann'd with truth severe,
But like dark spots upon the sun appear,
Which not a moment cloud its brilliant rays,
Lost and extinguish'd in the general blaze.
'Behold him, then, with large and liberal mind,
Of richest, rarest, qualities combined,
Bottom'd in solid judgment and sound sense,
Adorn'd by chaste, yet powerful eloquence,
Where strength unites with eloquence and ease,
A classic union that must ever please.
'Thus form'd, when courts of law demand his care,
You see at once *his* province is not there.
He labours hard, 'tis true, takes endless pains,
And all his subject to the bottom drains,
And when some latent fraud he would descry,
Darts from his keen and penetrating eye,
A burning glance that makes the witness start,
Piercing the inmost secret of his heart;
And, like the touch of great Ithuriel's spear,
Compels the "lurking" devil to appear.
'Yet, spite of all his zeal, his boundless pains,
A deficit, a want of tact remains,
A certain nameless something, more or less,
Far better to imagine than express,
And which, beyond the art of man to reach,
Nothing but vast experience can teach.

* 'Pope.'

'But, break the fetters that enthrall his mind,
And leave his genius free and unconfined,
Then in his proper sphere, the senate, placed,
Give him some subject in which stands embraced
Topics of interest and vast magnitude,
But little canvassed, and less understood,
Which moot the dearest interests of a state,
A people's welfare, or an empire's fate;
Such mighty questions, with momentous sway,
Brings his transcendent talents into play,
And as into its hidden depths they wind,
Draw from the vast resources of his mind,
A mass of varied knowledge, bright and sound,
With views now luminous, and now profound,
Resistless arguments brought forth at will,
Enforced with vigour, and wound up with skill,
Which put all trivial cavils to the rout,
And leave the captious mind no room to doubt.'

The peculiarities of Messrs. Starkie, Tindal, Pollock, Holt, Alderson, and Blackburn, are boldly and very correctly struck off in the following lines:

'Starkie, than whom, none with a quicker eye
A slip, or lurking nonsuit, can espy,
Or should he fail to creep out by the flaw,
Suggest a doubt, or raise "a point of law;"
And if his client in despair appears,
To save his pocket and assuage his fears,
None with more judgment, or with less pretence,
Knows when to make a well-timed reference;
Thus to put of awhile "the evil day,"
And give him, for another chance, fair play.
'Tindal, beneath whose sleepy lurking eye
A fertile mind Lavater would descry,
A treasury, fill'd with intellectual store,
From which, the more he takes, it grows the more,
A thing unheard of in historic fame,
Would the King's treasury always did the same!'—
'Pale Pollock who consumes the "midnight oil,"
And plies his task with unremitting toil,
Till, as the life-drops from his cheeks retreat,
He looks as though he had forgot — to eat,
'Holt, who in every thing he says or writes,
Sagacity with sound good sense unites.
'Aspiring Alderson — a sessions "star,"
Already "cuts a figure" at the bar,
Maintains his academic honours past,
And every subject wrangles to the last.
'Broad Blackburn of a strong and sturdy mind,
By nature for conflicting war design'd,

A grap-

A grappler of the genuine bull-dog breed,
Must fight, not fawn his way, if he succeed,
For, trust me, come what will — fees or no fees —
He'll never study Chesterfield to please.'

We might justify our complaint of the frequent irregularities, which are to be met in the measure of this poem, by several examples. But the specimens which we have given will have been sufficient to shew, that harmony and propriety of versification are by no means the author's forte. On the truth of his sketches must rest his fame; and though it may not be brilliant, it will be sufficient to rescue him for a while from the abyss of obscurity.

ART. XII. *The Works of Matthew Baillie*, M.D.; to which is prefixed, An Account of his Life, collected from authentic Sources. By James Wardrop, Surgeon Extraordinary to the King. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* Boards. London. Longman and Co. 1825.

THE claims of Dr. Baillie to posthumous notice are various and uncommon. Himself a physician, the most eminent of his day, he was the nephew of the Hunters, the brothers, whose names are rendered illustrious by their interesting labors and their benefactions to medical science; and he was the brother of Joanna Baillie, whose genius is sufficient to shed a lustre on all her race. Dr. Baillie was a native of the county of Lanark, in Scotland; and losing his father, who was a Scottish clergyman and professor, while he was yet young, he was destined by his mother for the medical profession, her choice being no doubt directed by the opportunity of placing her son under the care of her two brothers in London. After passing through the usual course of studies at Glasgow, Dr. Baillie obtained an Oxford "exhibition," and at eighteen years of age became a member of that University. The following letter was written by him to his uncle William a short time before he quitted his native country:

"Dear Sir, — I have now got every thing prepared for my journey in the most expeditious manner I could. My friends in the College think that the sooner I set off it is the better; I therefore intend (since you have not disapproved of it) to set off about the beginning of next week by the way of London. I am told, that upon the whole this is as ready a method of conveyance to Oxford; but besides this, I would wish to receive your advice as my parent about that plan of study you would wish me to pursue at Oxford. I would wish likewise to talk over with you the manners of the place, that I may not go unguarded, or unprepared to it.

I am told that there is a great deal of dissipation in it, I would therefore wish your warmest advice with regard to my behaviour.

'"I have prevailed with my mother and sisters to stay two or three days at Glasgow, about the time of my departure, that they may be diverted from reflecting too much upon it; they are all of them very susceptible of impression. I would wish to make it as light as possible. I hope, that the consideration that I am going to a person who will protect me as long as I deserve it, will render this far easier than otherwise it might have been. My mother gives you thanks for having been so exact in ordering the payment of the annual settlement you have been pleased to fix upon her. Accept of every thing a grateful heart can give. I must confess I am in some measure afraid to appear before you, lest my progress should seem much inferior to what might have been expected; but I trust much in your goodness, that you will make every reasonable allowance for these deficiencies which may appear. My mother and sisters have their love to you.

'"I remain affectionately yours, MATTHEW BAILLIE.

'"Glasgow, March 18th, 1779.

'"*To Dr. Hunter, Windmill-Street.*"'

He arrived in London on his way to Oxford, and presented the following letter from his mother to the same person:

'"Dear Brother,—I beg leave to introduce to you my son, who is now on his way to Oxford, by London.

'"I have furnished him out in the best manner my situation could afford. I now give him over entirely to you. Be a father to him—you are the only father he has alive. I hope you shall never be ashamed of his conduct, but that he shall obey your directions in every thing.

'"My daughters present their love to you.

'"I am your affectionate sister, DOROTHY BAILLIE.

'"Glasgow, March 21st, 1779.

'"*Dr. Hunter, Windmill-Street.*"'

Young Baillie began his medical studies under William Hunter, one of the best teachers of anatomy that the profession has known; and by his diligence and capacity made such progress, that, in two years after the commencement of his studies, he became himself an assistant teacher in anatomy. He had not filled this situation above a year when his uncle and patron died, leaving him the use of his celebrated museum, which was afterwards deposited in the University of Glasgow, and also bequeathing to him his anatomical theatre and house in Windmill-Street. He also left him one hundred a year, saying, that he had derived too much pleasure in making his own fortune to deprive his nephew of a similar enjoyment. But a small family-estate which was repurchased by William Hunter, and bequeathed to Baillie, was, with characteristic generosity,

generosity, surrendered to his surviving uncle John.* Dr. Baillie succeeded to the lectureship in Windmill-Street; and though he was then only of the age of twenty-two, yet the fame and attractions of the establishment were not in the least impaired. He married Sophia, the daughter of Dr. Denman, and sister of the present learned Common Serjeant. In the progress of time he fell gradually into a course of practice, which, though it enabled him to amass a considerable fortune, yet embarrassed and fatigued him, and eventually contributed to abridge a very valuable life. In the year 1810 he was commanded by the late King to attend, with other physicians, the Princess Amelia, and during his stay at Windsor had frequent opportunities of intercourse with his late Majesty.

'He has sometimes been heard to mention with pleasure the amiable and manly traits of his Majesty's character, and also the acuteness of his mind. He once observed, "If I knew any thing that I wished to conceal, I would rather be cross-questioned regarding it by any barrister in England than by the King; for his questions bear so directly on those points most important for discovery, and are put in such a manner that they cannot be evaded." Amongst some memoranda left behind him is the following anecdote, which cannot be read without interest: — "One day when I waited on the King, with the other medical attendants, in order to give an account of the Princess Amelia, his Majesty said to me, 'Dr. Baillie, I have a favour to ask of you, which I hope you will not refuse me, it is that you will become my Physician Extraordinary.' I bowed and made the best acknowledgements in words that I could. His Majesty added, 'I thought you would not refuse me, and therefore I have given directions that your appointment shall be made out.' A few days afterwards, when we again waited on the King, he said to the other medical men in my presence, 'I have made Dr. Baillie my Physician Extraordinary against his will, but not against his heart.'" On one occasion the King was advised to go to Bath, and Dr. Baillie recommended him to consult there a medical gentleman whom he named: the King immediately conjectured the country from whence he came, and after listening to all Dr. Baillie had to say of him, his Majesty jocosely observed, "I suppose, Dr. Baillie, he is not a Scotchman!"

'Dr. Baillie was afterwards called to attend his Majesty himself in his last illness, which attendance was protracted during a period of ten years, and his professional duties at Windsor, which he at

* A letter to William Hunter from his brother John, which is introduced in this memoir, is too curious to be omitted:

'"Dear Brother, — The bearer is very desirous of having your opinion. I do not know his case. He has no money, and you don't want any, so that you are well met. — Ever yours,

"*Jermyn-Street, Saturday.* JOHN HUNTER."'

first found irksome, by subverting all his former habits of business, soon turned out to be a great relaxation.

'Whilst he was thus in attendance at Windsor, a circumstance occurred which marked the candour of his character. There was much canvassing for a representative in Parliament for the county of Gloucester, where he had purchased an estate, and a nobleman zealous in the support of the ministers then in office, applied to him by letter for his vote. He wrote for answer that he was so very much engaged in business as to make it impossible to take a journey to Gloucester to vote for any candidate; but, at the same time, he thought it right to inform his Lordship, that he had always voted for the Whig interest, and should continue to do so.'

The toil and excitement of his professional life at length began to manifest their effects on his frame, and even on his faculties. In the summer of 1823 he contracted a sore throat, which brought on fits of fever and a cough. He retired to his residence in Gloucestershire, where he died on the 23d of September of the same year.

The works of Dr. Baillie consist of detached papers, chiefly singular cases, which appeared from time to time in the Transactions of the Society for the Improvement of Medical and Surgical Knowledge, of the College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society; — and of his invaluable Treatise on Morbid Anatomy. This work soon attracted the admiration of the profession throughout Europe; and it is still regarded as being the most accurate, complete, and intelligible account which can be placed in the hands of the student, of those alterations in the structure of the more important parts of the body which are produced by morbid actions. The first edition was published in 1795, and the second, the only one that has received additions, in 1797, — periods of Dr. Baillie's life which preceded that of his extensive practice. It is to be lamented that no succeeding work has conferred upon science the results of the vast experience of such a man; and, when we consider the example which was left him by the Hunters, and also his own disinterested character, we are surprised that he should have allowed the benefits of that knowlege to exhaust themselves in the chamber of the patient. To Dr. Baillie, therefore, we cannot assign the distinction of a great man in his art, of one who philosophically left the business of worldly gains to promote the public store of science. Yet, as a practical physician, he was a model to his profession. He laid the sure foundations of his knowlege in a minute acquaintance with anatomy and pathology; and he was indebted to this acquisition for the facility which he enjoyed above all his contemporaries in discriminating diseases. As he was acute and accurate in detecting the disorder, so

was

was he clear and precise in stating his opinions. He was simple, sympathizing, and generous; and, among other instances of delicate benevolence, it is stated that 'a lady, whose rank in life was far above her pecuniary resources, had an illness, when his attendance became important, and during which he regularly took his usual fee, until it was no longer necessary; he then left in a bag the whole amount of what he had received, offering to the lady as an apology, that he knew that had he once refused to take his fee during his attendance, she would not have permitted him to continue it.'

Sir Humphry Davy, who lived in friendship with Dr. Baillie, concludes an eloquent panegyric on his character, delivered at a meeting of the Royal Society, in these words:

'"An honour to his profession in public life, he was most amiable in his intimate social relations and domestic habits. No man was ever freer from any taint of vanity or affectation. He encouraged and admired every kind of talent, and rejoiced in the success of his contemporaries. He maintained amidst courts the simplicity and dignity of his character. His greatest ambition was to be considered as an enlightened and honourable physician. His greatest pleasure appeared to be in promoting the happiness and welfare of others."'

ART. XIII. *Moderation;* a Tale: by Mrs. Hofland. 12mo. pp. 253. 6s. Boards. London. Longman and Co. 1825.

MRS. HOFLAND is known and esteemed as one of those fair missionaries of literature, who have chosen the amiable task of giving council to those of their own sex, who are in a state of preparation for entering society. The undertaking is as important as it is laudable; and when we recollect what rare endowments must concur to render it successful, we are astonished and gratified to see the number and the zeal of the persons who volunteer in its execution. Mrs. Hofland yields scarcely to any of her rivals in the qualifications that fit them for such a national ministry. Her mind is highly endowed, and it has lost nothing for want of cultivation. She possesses good sense, strengthened by an enlarged acquaintance with the world, and a faculty of keen and correct observation. If she be not conversant with those emotions of strong passion, which are capable of giving energy to thought and expression, neither does she affect the exalted strains of such a mood, or betray any sort of ambition unbecoming a woman. With unerring instinct she perceives, and with contented wisdom acknowleges, that the natural climate of her sex is the domestic world; and that wherever else the feminine plant may

take root, it is either stunted in its growth, or spreads with corrupt rapidity to an unfruitful luxuriance. 'Moderation,' like the former productions of this lady, is a pleasing little artifice, fabricated by no mean power of ingenuity, with a view to infer and strongly enforce a precept in morals of great practical utility. The advantages of moderation in the indulgence of even the most harmless, nay, indeed, virtuous inclinations, are strikingly illustrated, not only by the exhibition of an example of the happiness which it produces to one, but by instances of the embarrassments, and even calamities, which the want of it entails upon others. Religion is shewn to be moderation; fanaticism, its extreme, is impressively displayed as the source of a train of evils. Sophia, one of the sisters of this tale, is depicted as a pious enthusiast, whose excessive charity and spiritual activity render her at once unprofitable to those whom she should serve, and a nuisance to every body else. She degenerates into the partizan of a village-sect, and in the heat of a factious spirit, she suppresses the voice of nature speaking to her heart, as well as the dictates of duty addressing itself to her understanding. But our author, with characteristic tenderness, inspires her at last with compunction, and Sophia, before the end of the volume, is restored to reason, and the long suspended confidence of her friends. Harriet, another sister, the uncontrollable follower of fashion, is exhibited with the usual quantity of folly and selfishness which signalize her caste. All her movements, the least significant as well as the most solemn, are controlled by the spurious ambition which is gratified by producing what is called an effect. It is this ruling principle that guides her with equal caution to the choice of a habit or a husband; and to attain such an end she is prepared to witness the wreck of fortune, friends, and the dearest ties of kindred. Emma, the third daughter, shewn by nature to be tractable and sensible, acquires, by repeated trials, the regulation of her own heart, so far that, in whatever relation she is called on to act or to suffer, she is entire mistress over her feelings. She is the positive instance, as her sisters were given as the negative examples, of the benefits of moderation in life. She is therefore a useful member of society. She is a model of filial piety, and answers the various claims of duty, as well as of affection, with scrupulous care. And when love at last assails her bosom, she admits the intruder only upon a just calculation of his merits, and a well founded expectation of a prosperous and extended relation. Indeed the philosophic maxim of Horace, "Virtus est *medium* vitiorum, et utrimque reductum," is expounded in this volume with

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a force and a simplicity of illustration, which render irresistible the impressions of its justness. In the mean time this is not a dull monitory allegory. It is an interesting and occasionally pathetic tale, diversified with a variety of characters, scenes, and incidents. If we were to find fault, we might complain perhaps of the unmerciful multiplication of the personages of the drama, and we might express our disappointment that Frank Wilmington had been transferred to Harriet from Emma. We might also avow, that his successor in her affections, Charles Melville, is not much to our taste. But it would be uncandid to urge these objections against such a mass of talent, good sense, and virtuous instruction, as 'Moderation' contains. We must afford room for a short specimen of the general style in which this tale is written.

'The disposition of the father was well known to both his daughters, indeed, it might be said to be known to every person, almost every child, in his parish, for if he had tried he would not have had the faculty of concealing his joys, sorrows, perplexities, or reliefs. There was a sunshine of countenance in his general aspect, an overflowing of connubial love in his common mode of speech, when he answered the most homely enquirer about Madam, which told his general felicity, and by the same rule, if sickness visited his little ones, if the beloved mother was in a state of suffering, or himself in one of apprehension on her account, there was a shade on his brow, a character of despondency on his expressive features, that could not be mistaken, "he walked softly as one that mourneth for his mother," and there were times also, when a threadbare coat, an anxious attention to some petty saving, and a magnanimous resolution not to look at a print or a catalogue, took place. These the Baronet called "the Rector's silver threepenny days;" and observed truly, "that they were points soon played with him."

'To Harriet, whose residence with her aunt had nurtured pride and the love of show, this disposition presented temptation to encroach upon her father; to Emma, whose mind had been better informed, it offered a sense of increased duty, a species of guardianship, which, without impairing reverence, actually increased her love for her father. Such was the nature of this affection, that if her mind had not been from principle, as well as habit and good humour, gentle and moderate, she must have spent her life in perpetual bickerings with her sisters, for she regarded Harriet's impositions on her father's yielding temper as almost cruel and wicked; and the opposition of Sophia to so liberal and conciliating a spirit as ridiculous and rebellious.

'But moderating her resentments, her desires, her sorrows, and her affections, Emma from day to day sought to render her father happy, and every branch of her family, amiable and respectable, to become resigned to the past and prepared for the future; without affecting either extraordinary knowledge, wisdom, or piety,

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she yet endeavoured constantly to cultivate her mind, regulate her conduct by good sense, and find, in the exercise of Christian duties, consolation and delight. In consequence, Harriet and Sophia were, each in their own circle, much more talked of and thought of than Emma, but she was more approved of than either, and therefore had a quiet influence for good in the hearts of all who knew her. This influence had perhaps been less felt by her father previous to his voyage than might have been expected; for though he loved Emma as a dear and most unoffending child, he was not conscious how much her constant but unobtrusive cares had soothed his corrosive grief, diverted his melancholy, and led him to the due contemplation of his duty to God and man. He now found that the relief which he had imputed to *all* his children by a sweeping conclusion, belonged to Emma, for she supplied all to him; and he therefore willingly agreed to her suggestion and admitted of her management, gladly listened to her excuses for one child, her comforts in another, and in doing so, gave himself the best chance for recovery, and his daughter the greatest satisfaction his state admitted.

'But the "still small shaft" of death was sped — the quiet, insinuating disease, which baffles skill whilst it nurses hope, was calmly feeding on the springs of life; and at the very time when Emma trusted that every breeze "brought healing on its wings," slowly but surely was confirmed consumption securing its unresisting victim.'

ART. XIV. *Observations on Italy.* By the late John Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, &c. 4to. pp. 356. Edinburgh, Blackwood; and London, T. Cadell. 1825.

REMEMBERING the numerous volumes on Italy which, for the last twenty years, have vexed the world in every shape and size, from the neat duodecimo to the exuberant quarto, we candidly confess that we took up this work with feelings bordering on despair. The subject, we imagined, had been thoroughly exhausted; and eminent as were the talents which distinguished the professional career of Mr. Bell, we were prepared to expect little from his pen beyond a few critical remarks on the anatomical perfections and defects, which he might have discovered in the statues and paintings that, in the course of his journey, presented themselves to his notice. On turning over the preface our anticipations were not at all improved, when we found that these 'Observations' consisted of the notes of a valetudinarian, who travelled in Italy under the pressure of a malady, which terminated in his death before he could reduce them to order. Written, too, so long ago as the year 1817, how was novelty or interest to be expected from such fragments? What energy of thought

or diction was to be looked for in the work of a traveller, who said of himself, shortly before he left Paris, 'I have seen much of the disappointments of life: I shall not feel them long. Sickness, in an awful and sudden form; loss of blood, in which I lay sinking for many hours, with the feeling of death long protracted, when I felt how painful it was not to come quite to life, yet not to die,— a clamorous dream! tell that in no long time that must happen, which was lately so near.'

We know not how it was, but this preface, so modestly, so touchingly written by his editor, his widow, drew us insensibly on. The ill health, the unhappy circumstances, the melancholic disposition of the author, excited more than an ordinary degree of curiosity, and we were anxious to see how he commenced his tour.

'We began our journey into Italy in the beginning of June, 1817, and left Paris on our way to Fontainebleau. It was a beautiful morning. The air had been rendered peculiarly mellow and refreshing by a severe storm the preceding evening; and a bright sunshine cheered us on our way, shedding its pleasing influence on the mind, and dispelling that undefined dejection of spirit which, with such powerful influence, affects us at the outset of a long journey. Even in the brilliant hour of youthful hope and gay anticipation, such a moment is not unclouded by some mixture of pain: the mind insensibly revolves the days that are past, and looks forward, with a feeling of anxiety, to those which are yet to come: but the spirit soon finds relief in the pleasing images and the new stores of knowledge presented in travelling.'

The justness of thought, the sensibility, and the philosophic spirit of this exordium, promised an itinerary of no mediocre description. The first requisite in a traveller who would interest our feelings, is a vigilant attention, not alone to the character of the inns and villages through which he hastens, but to the scenery which surrounds him, and to every hue of the heavens above him. We can at once place ourselves beside the tourist, who paints the varying landscape as he moves along, who watches the rising and descending day, and faithfully delineates the feelings which every new prospect kindles in his bosom. We rejoice with him in the sunshine, we listen with him to the music of those rural sounds, which emanate from woods and mountains and rushing waters, and keenly feel all the vicissitudes of pleasure or disappointment by which he is affected. Something of this sympathy attaches a reader at once to the fragments before us, and though the route which they describe, from Paris to Rome, be as common as any other that could be mentioned, yet it is impossible not

not to feel that they impart to it an extraordinary degree of freshness and beauty. In many passages they remind one of the fascinating pencil of Mrs. Radcliffe, which invested every scene it touched with the splendor and the mystery of romance. The descent from Mount Cenis is painted exactly in her style.

'Having reached the summit of the mountain, and paused a moment in contemplation, we began our descent, which was every way delightful. We rolled down a smooth gravelly road, passing through a narrow gorge, or gully, resembling a quarry, backed on the left by enormous mountains, towering high and perpendicular, and terminating in many forms of fantastic grandeur; while at the angles of the road we sometimes caught glimpses of dells far beneath, with their villages and churches, presenting, in perspective, the beautiful scenery we were soon to approach. As the road expands, the slopes of the mountains are covered with green and flourishing brushwood, interspersed with trees, and enlivened by the domestic aspect of cottages: the children of each hamlet tending their little flocks of goats, sheep, or cows, formed a picturesque and rustic scene, which contrasted pleasingly with the dreary grandeur of the country we had left. The descent of this rapid precipice, in which the most faint-hearted lady feels no insecurity, gives great delight. The interest still increases as you advance; for, although equally smooth and safe, it is more perpendicular, and at each turning you see, at a vast distance below, the little villages, churches, and spires. As you descend from the mountain, the prospect becomes comparatively bounded. Hills, with sweet valleys between; streams, with their indented banks; tufted trees, raised into groupes by the shape of the ground, form a pleasing landscape; while the mountains rising behind in boundless majesty, and the light passing clouds coursing along the horizon, or streaming from the lesser hills, add greatly to the picturesque effect. From hence we looked up to the singular pass above Suza, a gully, whence the waters of the Doria Riparia pour with the impetuous fury of a vast cataract into the stream below.'

Those who have travelled over the same route will recognize the features of the following picture. They will also find, in the comparison of the Italian with the French sky, ideas which will appear familiar to them, although, perhaps, they never took the trouble to analyze them like Mr. Bell.

'Rivoli, which we reached early in the afternoon, is finely situated on a hill, at the opening of the great valley of the Po, commanding a most beautiful and magnificent prospect. The eye runs along the vast range of Alps, forming a long blue line in the distance; and the gigantic mountains you have just passed, where Mont Cenis presides, are seen towering, dark and massive, against the light. From the gully above Suza you see the Doria bursting forth, and trace its resplendent waters, pursuing their course through the arches of the long and slender bridges which span its tide; while the evening sun flames over the mountains, shooting down through the narrow valley, and touching

touching with vivid tints the great monastery of St. Michael, which stands solitary and majestic on its lofty hill. Leaving these sublime objects, and looking in the opposite direction, we distinguished the highest points of the numerous steeples and spires of Turin, tipped with the reddening rays of the setting sun. No smoke ascends, as in northern countries, indicating the spot on which the city stands; but a light transparent haze seemed to hang over it in the pure still air, while magnificent and lofty trees marked its boundaries with a dusky line. The whole of this fine scenery receives an added charm in the softening features of the rich fields, and woody plains, which, reaching far to the west, spread out below, enlivened by innumerable white dwellings, giving life and animation to the picture. While thus, after a sultry day, inhaling the refreshing breeze of the evening, and contemplating the varied beauty of the surrounding landscape, we were naturally led to compare it with the climate and aspect of the country we had left; and could not hesitate to prefer Italy, with its splendid sun, its soft, balmy, and clear atmosphere, vast mountains, and noble rivers.

'France is like a maritime country, broad, flat, and unprotected; the soil is comparatively barren, the sky cloudless, and there are no mountains to have effect on the landscape, or influence on the air. Susceptible as I have ever been of tranquil or perturbed landscape, of the beauties of opening or declining day, I never remember, during my residence in France, to have been charmed with the morning or evening sun; I never recollect any difference of light but in intensity; the sky is ever uniform, like that of Coleridge, in his enchanted ship, — the sun rises in the east, mounts to noontide, and descends in the west, without producing any other variation than that of length of shadow. That which has been praised by the ignorant, a sky ever clear and transparent, distinctly marking the outline of every building, is to the painter's eye destructive of all richness and grandeur.'

There is no sort of writing more dangerous for the mind of an enthusiast, than that which is employed in describing superb scenery. It is exceedingly difficult to be distinct, and still preserve the picturesque; to convey the shade and aspect of the mountain, the windings of the river, and the undulating beauties of the valley to the eye of the reader. The very sense of admiration which kindles the fancy of the observer, is apt to lead him into confusion, to give a vagueness, and often a false splendor, to his language, which is intended to embellish the scene, but which in truth deforms or altogether destroys it. There is nothing of this bad taste in Mr. Bell's descriptions. His language is vigorous, terse, and pure; his lights and shadows are disposed with a masterly hand; his page, like a mirror, reflects the scene in its natural order and colors. He looked around him with the eye of a poet, and seemed to forget all his infirmities, when revelling in those romantic

romantic dreams, which, when duly chastened, and touched with a spirit of devotion, shed such a charm over existence. Take, as an instance, his first evening-visit to the cathedral of Milan:

'Acquainted with its site only from the general impression received on approaching the city, I passed on hastily, without knowing exactly how to direct my steps: when, entering from a narrow street into a great square, I suddenly and unexpectedly turned upon this noble edifice, which, in this my first view, I beheld, not in the usual form, standing flat and monotonous, with a broad and wide-spread front, but presenting itself obliquely, its pure white marble, its dazzling spiry fret-work, rising high and bright in light, elegant, and indistinct forms.

'In the shade of night the effect was superb, and for a moment I was indeed astonished. The vivid and powerful sensations, arising from first impressions, on beholding a building so beautiful and singular, cannot return a second time. There are moments when recollections of past ages crowd upon the mind — Gothic structures forcibly bring to memory images of holy rites, recalling the period when crusades and pilgrimages animated the spirit, and filled the souls of kings, warriors, and priests — when to offer relics at the sacred shrine, to adorn altars with the gorgeous spoil taken in war, was at once the means to make peace with Heaven, and obtain power over man. I stood long gazing on this splendid edifice, which, as night closed in, I distinguished only by the lustre of its own white marble.'

There is a bridge at Pavia, which is used as a public walk. It is roofed over as a protection against the heat of noon. In itself, the structure is an unpicturesque object, but the arches which support the roof, open upon scenery whose aspect is peculiarly delicious in the evening of a summer-day. The impression which it produces at night is like that of a dream.

'In entering Pavia, I had observed a ruined, although modern gate, situated close to a castle of great extent, with four vast brick towers, once guarding the ramparts. I had marked the solitude and melancholy aspect of the spot, and wishing to view it more nearly, proceeded now, in the decline of day, through the dusky and dismal streets of the city, in pursuit of this object. It was growing dark, the shops were shut, no light appeared in any quarter, nor was any footstep heard save that of the sentinel. I perceived that I had missed my way to the old castle, but I found myself opposite to a structure, which (at least when seen in this dim light) seemed worthy of examination. The effect presented was that of the entrance into a deep cave; on proceeding a few steps, however, into the interior, I perceived, from the rushing sound of water underneath, that I was traversing a covered bridge-way, the canopy overhead being supported by low pillars, placed at distant intervals. Through these arches I paused to view a prospect

prospect in itself most striking, but rendered still more so from the obscurity of the spot on which I stood. Several vessels lay in deep shade, dark and gloomy below; the moon was just risen, so as to throw a soft tempered light over the landscape, yet leaving the heavens and the milky way in all their starry splendour; not a breath was stirring, the heat was intense, and from time to time the forked lightning coursed along the horizon, passing from one light cloud to another, without approaching the earth; while in its short transit the electric fluid for a moment dimmed the stars, leaving them again glowing and bright. The broad river, pure and lucid as a mirror, lay stretched out as far as the eye could reach, and the rush of its deep waters added to the grandeur and solitude of a scene, the beauty of which I shall never forget.'

This is the only description we have ever met, which realizes the impressions of that enchanting prospect. In order to appreciate it fully, the reader should understand the peculiar character of an Italian evening.

'The serenity of the approach of night in these fine climates is most soothing; yet, so sudden is the fall of evening, that while we are just beginning to trace the rising stars, day is gone. But how beautiful, how grand, is the contemplation of nature at this hour! how splendid the spangled sky, how soft the milky way, clearly defined in its long course, as it lies spread out in the heavens! while, perhaps, from light clouds in the distant horizon, the harmless lightning plays, as if to mock the fire-fly, which rising from every spot deepened by foliage, soars and plies its busy wings, filling the air with incessant bright alternations of light and shade, and seeming to give life to the silence and stillness of night.'

Led by such a guide as Mr. Bell, we traverse the beaten roads of Italy with new delight. His observations on the architecture of the public buildings of Florence, and on the statues and paintings which fill its galleries, are in general original and judicious, and often touched with that tinge of romance, which seems to have exercised a powerful influence over his genius. Those scenes capable of exciting the highest emotions, found in him a diligent and a delighted observer. We know of no work to which we could refer, for such fascinating descriptions of landscapes and manners as are to be found in this volume. They are, it is true, little more than fragments, but they are for that reason much more agreeable than if they embellished a connected narrative. We can easily supply from other authors those things which Mr. Bell has omitted: but where might we find such an affecting account of the profession of a nun, as that which he has left us? We regret that this episode is too long for quotation. The least diminution would disturb its beauty, and in a great measure spoil its wonderful effect. We must substitute for it one

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of his nights in Florence, which, we venture to say, is without a parallel in any composition of prose or poetry.

'Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I passed along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream, as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementos of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard, when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene.

'At that moment the tower-bell of the prison struck loud and long, tolling with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day this bell is distinguished from any I ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence, recalling to my mind the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened oft-repeated note, which still came floating on the air like a light sleep. Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal pace, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall.

'I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene, till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night, seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world.'

The simile of the 'oft-repeated note' of the nightingale, 'which still came floating on the air like a light sleep,' is singularly

gularly poetic and touching. The procession was no invention: it is one of the few national traits of Florence which still remain to it. The figures to which the author alludes were those of the Brethren of the Misericordia, an institution the origin of which is traced to the great plague of 1348, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They impose upon themselves the duty of attending the poor sick and dying. They have medical aid and spiritual consolation always ready: they remove the sick to the hospital, and for the dead they provide biers, palls, torches, dresses, and burial. They also visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. There is a certain number of them, in rotation, ready, night and day, for the 'call of sudden calamity;' and the order consists of individuals who dedicate themselves to it for life, or for a limited period, as they think fit.

Mr. Bell's observations on Rome are inspired by all the choicest associations of classical antiquity. The pompous ceremonies of the Holy Week seem to have kindled his imagination to enthusiasm. The chanting of the "Miserere" on that occasion has long been celebrated, and a thousand times described by tourists. The following magical representation of the scene is worth the whole of them put together.

'The service opens by a portion of the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung by the choristers, after which the Pope recites the Paternoster in a low voice; then being seated on the throne, and crowned with the mitre, the theme is continued, sung loud and sweet by the first soprano, in a tone so long sustained, so high, so pure, so silvery and mellifluous, as to produce the most exquisite effect, in contrast with the deep choruses, answering in rich harmony at the conclusion of every strophe; and then again the lamenting voice is heard, tender and pathetic, repeating one sweet prolonged tone, sounding clear and high in the distance, till brought down again by the chorus. The exquisite notes of the soprano almost charmed away criticism; but yet we could not help being conscious of the difficulties attending a composition of this nature, even in the hands of so great a master as Allegri, whose music it was; nor of perceiving that, after a time, the continued strain and measured answering chorus becomes monotonous, and the mind insensibly sinks into languor. Yet the whole is very fine: it is as if a being of another world were heard lamenting over a ruined city, with the responses of a dejected people, and forms a grand and mournful preparation for the Miserere.

'The last light being extinguished, the chorus, in hurried sounds, proclaims that our Saviour is betrayed; then, for a moment, as a symbol of the darkness in which the moral world is left, the deepest obscurity prevails; when at the words "Christus est mortuus," the Pope, the whole body of clergy and the people, knelt, (in former times, they fell down on the earth,) and all was

silent, when the solemn pause was broken by the commencing of the Miserere, in low, rich, exquisite strains, rising softly on the ear, and gently swelling into powerful sounds of seraphic harmony.

'The effect produced by this music is finer and greater than that of any admired art; no painting, statue, or poem, no imagination of man, can equal its wonderful power on the mind. The silent solemnity of the scene, the touching import of the words, "Take pity on me, O God," passes through to the inmost soul, with a thrill of the deepest sensation, unconsciously moistening the eye, and paling the cheek. The music is composed of two choruses of four voices; the strain begins low and solemn, rising gradually to the clear tones of the first soprano, which at times are heard alone; at the conclusion of the verse, the second chorus joins, and then by degrees the voices fade and die away. The soft and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding, as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb. A solemn silence ensues, and not a breath is heard, while the inaudible prayer of the kneeling Pope continues. When he rises, slight sounds are heard, by degrees breaking on the stillness, which has a pleasing effect, restoring, as it were, the rapt mind to the existence and feelings of the present life. The effect of those slow, prolonged, varied, and truly heavenly strains, will not easily pass from the memory.'

The description of the ceremonies of Easter Sunday is still more magnificent: but we must refer the reader for it to the volume itself; and we feel the less difficulty in doing so, because it is a book which every person of taste and feeling will hasten to add to his library. We observe that it is dedicated to his Majesty, by his permission.

We apprehend, from some circumstances which the editor rather insinuates than discloses, that the author's imagination held too unrestricted a sway over the closing years of his life, and, deluding him into those day-dreams which are so delicious to cultivated minds, gave him a distaste for business, that proved injurious to his family. It has been, unfortunately, the fate of too many men of genius to neglect the realities of life, for those visionary enjoyments which are found in the world of meditation. We cannot but admire their enthusiasm, though one must lament its consequences to those whom it may have practically affected. It is, therefore, peculiarly creditable to the editor that she has occupied her time in revising and perfecting this beautiful monument to the author's memory.

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ART. XV. *The English Flora.* By Sir James E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society. Vol. III. Longman and Co. 1825.

THIS number of the third volume of the English Flora comprizes the British plants of the seven classes in the Linnæan system — Polyandria, Didynamia, Tetradynamia, Monodelphia, Diadelphia, Polyadelphia, and Syngenesia. It is almost needless to say, that the botanic characters both of the genera and species are clearly and definitely traced, and are sufficiently copious, without being redundant. The known localities of the more rare species are given, and where doubts occur with respect to the classification of any species the best authorities are quoted, and the reasons for placing it in the present arrangement assigned. The work, when completed, cannot fail to add to the reputation the author has attained, and to be regarded as a valuable addition to the library of the botanist. The English Flora, we will however venture to suggest, is not free from a defect common to almost all botanical works: utility is too much overlooked; and the natural history of those plants which are eminently serviceable to man, is given as briefly as that of the most useless weed. The discoveries which have been recently made in vegetable chemistry, are not noticed where we might naturally have expected to find them: thus, under the genus Papaver, Poppy, we have six species, of which the fifth species, the White Poppy, Papaver somniferum, yields the milky juice that forms opium: but of this important vegetable substance we are briefly told, 'The milky juice, when dried, becomes opium, which, as Haller observes, is far more potent and dangerous in hot countries than in our cooler climates. The capsules boiled afford a gently narcotic infusion, and used to be kept in the shops: but the foreign opium is more certain, and more manageable, in proper hands, such as alone should direct its use.' Surely some notice might have been taken of the recent discovery of the narcotic principle existing in opium, to which alone it owes its power: this substance, called by the French chemists *Morphine*, when separated from all the other vegetable matter in opium, is one of the most powerful and concentrated poisons hitherto discovered, but, when properly combined and diluted, is now extensively used in medicine. Some account of the preparation of opium, or a reference to the best account of it elsewhere, would have added value to the article. It may be said, perhaps, that to have enlarged on the uses and properties of plants, could not be done without greatly increasing the size and price of the work: to this we reply, that a judicious curtailment of the letter-

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press in some of the less important species, would have left space sufficient for more valuable matter: for instance, under the genus *Hieracium*, Hawkweed, we have nearly sixteen pages devoted to eighteen species of a plant, none of which have either use or beauty to recommend them to particular attention: part of the space is occupied in stating the merits or demerits of former classifications of these species. The author concludes his account of this genus with recommending an accurate examination of it on its native mountains: but he adds, 'Whoever wishes to render himself master of this subject should have abundant leisure and patience to investigate each wild species in different soils and situations, and to cultivate each under his own actual inspection. They might then, by a good botanist, be probably cleared up without much uncertainty.' We may ask, what would the botanist gain by this long and patient investigation? Perhaps he might divide one of the present species into two, to one of which he might give his own name, and thus become identified with a useless weed. In other departments of natural history, we also frequently see utility too much disregarded, and classification and arrangement considered as the main objects of science, instead of occupying their due places as her hand-maids. An antient fabulist relates, that the celestials once upon a time became botanists, each god and goddess selecting a favorite tree; and when the Goddess of Wisdom was censured for having chosen a plant possessing so little beauty as the olive, she replied, "*Nisi utile quod facimus stulta est gloria.*" The reply is well worth the deep attention of modern botanists and naturalists: for no true or permanent glory can be derived from their pursuits, except they be founded on utility; this, which ought to be the main object, should never be degraded to hold a secondary place, or, as is sometimes the case, be entirely lost sight of.

The genus *Tilia*, the Lime-tree, and its three species, are described in our author's happiest manner: to the characters are added some interesting particulars in their natural history. We shall select as an example Tilia Europæa; Common smooth Lime-tree; — Linden-tree. After the generic character, we have the following character of the species: 'Nectaries none. Leaves twice the length of the footstalks, quite smooth, except a woolly tuft at the origin of each vein beneath. Cymes many-flowered. Capsule coriaceous, downy.' Then follow the names given by other botanists and references.

'In woods and hedges, or upon grassy declivities.

'Tree. *July*.

'A tall and handsome, hardy *tree*, with smooth, round, brown, leafy, spreading *branches*, green while tender. *Leaves* 3 or 4 inches broad,'

broad, and rather more in length, undivided; unequal and somewhat heart-shaped, as well as entire, at the base; the margin acutely and rather unequally serrated; the point elongated, acute, serrated at its base: upper surface quite smooth, of a bright pleasant green; under paler, or slightly glaucous, likewise smooth, except small depressed tufts of brown woolly hairs, where the lateral ribs branch off from the five principal ones. *Stipulæ* oval, smooth, in pairs at the base of each footstalk, soon deciduous. *Footstalks* cylindrical, slender, smooth, not half so long as the leaves. *Flower-stalks* axillary, cymose, or imperfectly umbellate, smooth, hardly so long as the leaves, drooping, with from 6 to 10 flowers; each bearing an oblong, smooth, pale, flat, entire, veiny, membranous *bractea*, originating above the base of the flower-stalk, and for about half its length firmly united therewith, its blunt point nearly on a level with the flowers, or longer. *Fl.* greenish, delightfully fragrant, especially in an evening. *Pet.* obovate, pale, lemon-coloured, destitute, like all our European species, of the scales, or *nectaries*, attached to the petals of the American ones. *Stam.* spreading, shorter than the corolla. *Anth.* yellow. *Germen* densely hairy. *Stigma* 5-lobed. *Capsule* downy, leathery, not woody, uncertain in the number of perfect cells and *seeds*.

'This is certainly the Common Lime-tree of the north of Europe, which Linnæus understood by *T. Europæa*, in his *Species Plantarum*, and, I presume, in his *Flora Suecica*. The Swedish writers quoted by De Candolle confirm this point, but the plate of *Fl. Dan. t. 553.* seems to be our *parvifolia*. *T. Europæa* is cultivated all over England, and in many parts of Scotland, and though Ray could not meet with it indubitably wild, no one can doubt its being perfectly naturalized. The French "growing tired of the Horse Chesnut," as Du Hamel reports, adopted this tree, for ornamental plantations, in the time of Louis XIV. It generally composes the avenues about the residencies of the French as well as English gentry of that date, and Fenelon, in conformity to this taste, decorates with "flowery Lime-trees" his enchanted Isle of Calypso. The bark of this, and perhaps some other species, makes the Russia garden-mats called *Bast*. Bees collect much honey from the flowers. The smooth, light, delicately white, and uniform wood, useful for some domestic purposes, served Gibbons for his inimitable carvings of flowers, dead game, &c., so often seen in old English houses. An antient Lime of great magnitude, which grew where the ancestors of Linnæus had long resided, is said to have given them their family-name, *Linn* being Swedish for a Lime-tree.'

ART. XVI. *Dublin University Prize Poems:* with Spanish and German Ballads, &c. By George Downes, A.M., Author of "Letters from Mecklenburg, Holstein," &c. 8vo. pp. 91. Baldwin and Co.

IT is not often in this poetical age, when the versifying part of our population is so rapidly increasing, that any among the countless progeny of Apollo are able to surpass the com-

positions contained in this volume. The larger pieces have much merit: but our preference is strong in favor of the Spanish ballads. The German ballads and miscellaneous poems evince considerable ability. There is also something spirited and lofty in the following passage from a poem in blank verse on 'The Expedition to the North Pole.'

'There is a region where the Cloud-King holds
His elemental sway 'mid night and storms,
Unchecked by aught which in soft southern climes
Limits his empire. There no fervid beam
Dispels the mist; no sportive summer-breeze
Chases the vapour from the mountain's brow:
Within those vallies drear was never heard
The pipe of pastoral swain; the bleating flock
Within those vallies — never! but the howl
Of famished bears re-echoes fearfully.
No Naiad, hiding in the sedgy stream,
Carols her lay by mortal ear misdeemed
The music of the waters — but hoarse floods
From peaks of ice precipitously dash.'

'Roderick's Lament in Solitude' is a charming ballad: but we think still better of 'The Lover on the Banks of the Ebro,' of which the two last stanzas will give some notion.

'Leafy poplars tall;
Sands of dazzling white;
Where my capricious fair one loves to stray,
Holding her gladsome way.
Ask her — the nymph with footstep light,
The nymph that holds my heart in thrall —
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!

Birds with tuneful tongue,
That chaunt triumphantly at morning hour
Sweet welcome to Aurora fair and young,
Ask her — on Ebro's bank the sweetest flower —
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!'

The following are the concluding stanzas of 'The Minstrel,' from Goëthe, with which we must conclude our extracts and remarks:

'I warble as the little bird,
That perches on the spray, —
The song itself is all I ask
My warbling to repay:
But, please it you to grant a boon,
That boon is lightly told —
A beaker of the goodliest wine
Foaming in virgin gold.

'The

'The cup was set — the minstrel drank: —
"O beverage divine!
How blest who trivial deem the gift
Of such a cup of wine!
Enjoy your bliss and think of me,
And thank the powers on high,
As I now thank the hand, that thus
Rewards my minstrelsy."'

We commended Mr. Downes's Travels in a former volume.

ART. XVII. *A Voyage towards the South Pole, performed in the Years* 1822–24. Containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea, to the seventy-fourth Degree of Latitude: and a Visit to Tierra del Fuego, with a particular Account of the Inhabitants. To which is added, much useful Information on the Coasting Navigation of Cape Horn, and the adjacent Lands. With Charts of Harbours, &c. By James Weddell, Esq. Master in the Royal Navy. 8vo. pp. 276. 18*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of curiosity was excited, it may be recollected, in 1819, by the discovery of several islands, which was accidentally made by Mr. Smith of Blyth, in his passage from Monte Video to Valparaiso. In going round Cape Horn navigators had frequently reached the same degree of latitude as Mr. Smith, but they had uniformly shaped their courses too far westward to fall within the range of those islands. They were called the Islands of South Shetland; and, upon a superficial survey, it was concluded that a large promontory in their neighbourhood, which received the name of Sandwich Land, was part of a southern continent. The expectations which were raised by this conjecture are shewn by Mr. Weddell to be without foundation; and if his voyage had accomplished no other object, he would still have been intitled to our thanks for solving so interesting a problem.

But if Mr. Weddell has disappointed our curiosity upon one point, he has provoked it on another, of at least equal importance. It has been his good fortune to have reached a higher degree of southern latitude than any other navigator of whom we have any knowledge. The highest degree of latitude attained by Captain Cook was 71° 10′: he was prevented from penetrating farther by dense fogs and islands of ice. Mr. Weddell states that he sailed to the latitude of of 74° 15′ within the Antarctic circle, and that after passing through several masses of ice he reached a fine open sea. The weather, too, was 'mild and serene;' and nothing prevented him from sailing farther southward except the insufficiency of

his preparation for such a voyage, and the apprehension that on his return the advancement of the season and the accumulation of ice might produce obstacles, against which his vessels were not adapted to contend.

The discovery of this open sea beyond the islands, or rather the dense barrier of ice, which stopped the progress of Captain Cook, is of great importance. The extent and value of all its consequences cannot, indeed, be estimated until this new sea shall be completely explored. Mr. Weddell has done a great deal by discovering it; and we have too high an opinion of the spirit which presides over the Admiralty, to fear that the opportunity which is now pointed out for extending our knowlege of the globe, and probably for enlarging the bounds of science in some valuable particulars, shall be lost sight of, or left to the enterprize of other nations.

Mr. Weddell's details of his voyage are more interesting to nautical men than to general readers. To the former, his observations on the perils which he escaped, and on the coasts and harbours which he examined, will prove highly engaging and instructive. His narrative is, however, by no means devoid of attractions for landsmen, particularly when they attend to the signal result in which it terminates. He sailed from the Downs in September, 1822, in command of the brig Jane of Leith, of 160 tons, and accompanied by the cutter Beaufoy of London, of 65 tons. The vessels were provisioned only for two years, and fitted out in the ordinary way for procuring fur seal-skins in the South Seas. On the 11th of January they arrived, without any remarkable occurrence, in the south latitude of 59° 37′, where they found the temperature of the water reduced, and saw in the distance several islands of ice. The weather was frequently foggy, and the winds light. They touched at the South Orkney islands, whence some of the officers, who ascended a hill, reported that they saw a range of land lying S. E. The vessels immediately stood in that direction: but on reaching the supposed land, they discovered it to be a chain of immense islands of ice. They made, however, various courses to the southward, and soon arrived at comparatively clear water, in latitude 61° 50′, and longitude 43°. The weather became very foggy, and it was only during clear intervals, which were short, that they could bear up to the southward; a circumstance which rendered their navigation through clusters of ice-islands slow and dangerous. They were constantly accompanied 'by all the birds common in these latitudes; great numbers of finned and hump-backed whales were also seen, and penguins in large shoals.' On the 4th of February they again imagined that land was in sight:

but as they approached the spot to which their hopes directed them, the illusive shore sunk below the horizon. The object which had deceived them was a fog-bank. On the 14th they reached the latitude 68° 28′, and the ice-islands were so numerous as almost to prevent their further progress: no fewer than sixty-six were counted around them. On the 16th their latitude was 70° 26′; the wind moderate; the sea tolerably smooth: ice islands had almost disappeared, and the weather became very pleasant. As they advanced to the southward, the weather still improved: the temperature of the water was not colder than it had been found in summer in latitude 61°. 'In the evening of the 18th,' says Mr. Weddell, 'we had many whales about the ship, and the sea was literally covered with birds of the blue peterel kind. *Not a particle of ice of any description was to be seen.* The evening was mild and serene; and had it not been for the reflection, that probably we should have obstacles to contend with in our passage northward, through the ice, our situation might be envied.'

Mr. Weddell had attained by this time the latitude of 72° 24′. On the morning of the 20th, seeing a clouded horizon, and a great number of birds in the S.E., the two vessels stood in that direction. 'The atmosphere now became very clear, and nothing like land was to be seen. Three ice-islands were in sight from the deck, and one other from the mast-head. Our latitude at this time was 74° 15′, and longitude 34° 16′ 45″. The wind blowing fresh at south, prevented, what I most desired, our making farther progress in that direction.' The lateness of the season, the consideration that they had to pass homewards through 1000 miles of sea, strewed with ice-islands, with long nights, attended probably by fogs, properly enough induced Mr. Weddell to take advantage of this favorable wind for returning. It is perhaps of much more importance that he should have returned to relate his discovery, than that he should have lingered in those dangerous seas, particularly as he was not provided with instruments for examining their phænomena, or supplied with the means of conveniently extending his navigation in that quarter.

The fact, therefore, is ascertained, that an open sea exists beyond the ice-islands, which opposed a barrier to Captain Cook,—a circumstance, which, it may be remarked, is highly favorable to the expectations which are entertained of finding a clear basin at the north; for the two poles most probably resemble each other in many respects.

As to the phænomena which Mr. Weddell had the means of examining, he found that the magnetic energy of the earth upon the needle, was much diminished when far to the southward.

ward. He did not observe the Aurora Australis, which Mr. Foster saw in his voyage round the world with Captain Cook in 1773. As the twilight, however, was never out of the sky during the season Mr. Weddell was in those seas, that circumstance might account for this aurora not being visible to him. He observed those distorted appearances which objects and the horizon itself assumed by refraction in high northern latitudes: 'but,' he adds, 'they occurred here little more than in an ordinary way;' owing, most probably, to this sea being clear of field-ice. Mr. Weddell's observations led him to agree in an opinion, once entertained by Captain Cook, though afterwards altered, that field-ice is formed near, and proceeds from, land. Perhaps the most inexplicable phænomenon of all is that in latitude 74° 15′ Mr. Weddell found a sea perfectly clear of ice, whereas in the latitude 61° 30′, about 100 miles from the land, he was 'beset in heavy packed ice.' Although we may admit the received opinion of navigators, that the southern hemisphere is proportionably colder by 10 degrees of latitude than the northern, yet the South Pole, in truth, seems more attainable than the North, if we may depend on Mr. Weddell's report, which we see no reason whatever to question.

In order to account for the excessive cold of the southern hemisphere, Saint Pierre fancifully supposed it to proceed from a cupola of ice surrounding the South Pole, and stretching far northward. Mr. Weddell thinks he may safely conjecture that the east end of South Shetland, stretches to the W. S.W. beyond the longitude in which Captain Cook penetrated to the latitude of 71° 10′. He further supposes that it is this land that ought to be looked upon as the source from which the extreme cold of these regions proceeds. 'It is,' he says, 'an earthless country, bordered by immense ice-islands, which are continually separating in the summer, and are made, by prevailing westerly winds, almost to girdle the earth, and thus to cause the very low temperature which prevails.' That part of the country which he saw was reared in columns of impenetrable rock, inclosing and producing large masses of ice, even in a low latitude.

'It is certain,' Mr. Weddell observes, 'that ice-islands are formed only in openings or recesses of land; and field-ice, I think, is not readily formed in a deep sea. On soundings, the water is soon cooled down to the freezing point; hence field-ice is found at the distance of many miles from any shore. These considerations induce me to conclude, that from having but three ice-islands in sight, in latitude 74 degrees, the range of land, of which I have spoken, does not extend more southerly than the 73d degree. If this be true, and if

if there be no more land to the southward, the antarctic polar sea may be found less icy than is imagined, and a clear field of discovery, even to the South Pole, may therefore be anticipated.'

We repeat it, that the discovery of this open sea cannot be too highly appreciated, or too speedily taken advantage of by the Admiralty.

On the 20th of February, the two vessels commenced their return northward, and after effecting their passage, though not without being exposed to danger, through the ice-islands, both arrived safe at the island of South Georgia, whence they proceeded to the Falkland Islands, which are now claimed by the state of Buenos Ayres. It is a remarkable fact, that the climate of these islands is said to be much more temperate at present than it was forty years ago, which seems to justify the inference, that great changes must have taken place within that period in the south polar ice. From these islands the two ships sailed to Tierra del Fuego, of the natives of which Mr. Weddell gives many interesting particulars. He touched also on the coast of Patagonia; and ridicules the notion that the inhabitants of that country are such enormous giants as they have been represented by our earlier navigators. From the best accounts that he received, they differed in nothing from the Fuegians, whose stature was of the ordinary height, from five feet five inches to six feet. On the banks of the river Ledger, he discovered the finest trees he ever saw: they were of a great height, and more than eight feet in diameter. Four men, joining hand in hand, could not compass them. 'They would supply the British navy with the finest masts in the world.'

In the course of his narrative, Mr. Weddell introduces a detailed memoir of the South Shetland islands, of which little has been hitherto known. They are wholly without vegetation; they are therefore without terrestrial animals: but they are visited by an abundance of amphibious creatures, the largest of which are the sea-elephants. These were in vast numbers, but the fur-seals, which appear to be found only in the South Seas, were still more plentiful.

'It is curious to remark, that the sea-elephant, when lying on the shore, and threatened with death, will often make no effort to escape into the water, but lie still and shed tears, merely raising the head to look at the assailant; and, though very timid, will wait with composure the club or the lance which takes its life. In close contact, every human effort would be of little avail for the destruction of this animal, unwieldy as it is, were it to rush forward, and exert the power of its jaws; for this, indeed, is so enormous, that, in the agony of death, stones are ground to powder between its teeth.'

A strange

A strange circumstance occurred at Hull Island, which should not be left unnoticed, and which, if it be true, gives great countenance to the popular belief in the existence of mermaids. A sailor had been left on one side of the island, to take care of some produce, while the officers and the rest of the crew were engaged on the other side.

'The sailor had gone to bed, and about 10 o'clock he heard a noise resembling human cries, and as day-light, in these latitudes, never disappears at this season, he rose, and looked around, but on seeing no person, he returned to bed; presently he heard the noise again, and rose a second time, but still saw nothing. Conceiving, however, the possibility of a boat being upset, and that some of the crew might be clinging to some detached rocks, he walked along the beach a few steps, and heard the noise more distinctly, but in a musical strain.

'On searching around he saw an object lying on a rock, a dozen yards from the shore, at which he was somewhat frightened. The face and shoulders appeared of human form, and of a reddish colour; over the shoulders hung long green hair; the tail resembled that of the seal, but the extremities of the arms he could not see distinctly. The creature continued to make a musical noise while he gazed about two minutes, and on perceiving him it disappeared in an instant. Immediately when the man saw his officer, he told this wild tale, the truth of which was, of course, doubted; but to add weight to his testimony, (being a Catholic,) he made a cross on the sand, which he kissed in form of making oath to the truth of his statement.

'When the story was told me, I ridiculed it; but by way of diversion, I sent for the sailor who saw this non-descript into the cabin, and questioned him respecting it. He told me the story as I have related it, and in so clear and positive a manner, making oath as to the truth, that I concluded he must really have seen the animal he described, or that it must have been the effect of a disturbed imagination.'

We cannot take leave of Mr. Weddell, without observing that his narrative is uniformly characterized by sound sense, cautious reasoning, and great apparent correctness in his statement of facts. Many of his observations will be found useful in correcting charts; and to nautical men, traversing the South Seas, his information will be invaluable.

ART. XVIII. *The Roman Nights at the Tomb of the Scipios*; translated from the Italian of Verri. 2 Vols. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst and Co. London. 1825.

IT is singular, that until the present volumes made their appearance, we were without a complete English version of the "Notte Romani" of Count Verri. The first volume (about

(about half) of the original work was published at Rome in the year 1792; and it was not until the fate of this experiment had been decided by a degree of popularity, which had not exhausted itself upon seven editions, that the author was provoked to supply the succeeding portion. The second volume was produced in 1804. In the year 1798 appeared an English translation of the first part, which was then known to France, Spain, Germany, and even Poland, in the respective languages of those countries. A notice of the English version of that part, with copious extracts, will be found in the Appendix to this Review, published in September, 1798.

The 'Roman Nights' has obtained, almost since the date of its publication, a high and deserved rank among the standard works of European literature. It is the legitimate produce of patriot enthusiasm, of early and long cherished passion for the wonders of Roman story. Count Verri was a native of that land, which, in its day of fortune, gave birth to the master-spirits of mankind, — a compatriot (though generations stood between them,) of the heroes of the elder time. He was a man of genius and refinement, who found it necessary to vent, in some formal act of commemoration, the excitement which the antient history of his country generated in his mind. The discovery of the tomb of the Scipios, which occurred in the year 1780, seems to have supplied him with a plan. He descended into the ruined monument through a difficult cavern. It was the close of autumn, the season sacred to melancholy thought, when nature begins to sicken at the approach of winter, and puts off the complexion of health and activity. This is the sepulchre of the illustrious men "who cannot die." His mind is intoxicated by the air of such a spot, his senses lose their faculty of perception, and busy fancy conjures around the tomb the shades of the foremost of those who, by mind or by action, made the glory of intellectual and martial Rome. Night after night conferences are renewed, in which the spectres of departed legislators, heroes, orators, or poets, converse freely together on the prominent institutions, the events or characters, that occur in the pages of Roman history. In the article to which we have above alluded, some of those instructive discussions are honorably mentioned.

At the opening of the second volume, which has only been recently translated, we are led by the author to the Palatine Hill in company with some of the most celebrated shades; and there we are met by Romulus, who is recognized by his rude costume, his majestic form, and imperious tone. He inquires about the history of Rome, and attends to its details with

with alternate indignation and pride. We listen to miscellaneous disputes, all most characteristically conducted, on Roman politics. We follow the inquisitive troop of spectres to the ruins of those illustrious structures dedicated to worship, to amusement, or secular affairs, which Rome was wont to spread about her city, and there watch them with interest, while they tell of the time when they passed their youths under those magnificent domes, and unite in their sorrow for the destruction of those edifices. The obligations and the severity of the order of the vestal virgins are portrayed in a beautiful episode, in which the lineaments of tragedy are deepened by the fine coloring of the diction. The tombs of the Appian way, the sacred grotto of Egeria, and the Pantheon, offer successively interesting materials for describing and illustrating the religion and manners of antient Rome. The curiosity of the spectres is awakened continually by some circumstance peculiar to modern times; and our author, who acts with all the civility of a guide, never fails to yield the fullest explanation to each inquiry. They find cause of wonder, and often, too, of just ground of wrath, in the changes which the revolutions of ages have wrought in the outward aspect of their country, as well as in the moral frame of its inhabitants; and it requires all the subtlety and all the eloquence of their mortal companions to allay the perturbation of their souls, and restore them to the tranquillity of the grave.

The translator has performed his task in a manner that reflects credit on his taste. In order to justify this praise, we shall give a single extract relating to the description of the punishment to which the vestal virgin was condemned, for having violated her vow of continence. It may be necessary to premise, that the narrative is given by the shade of an unhappy victim, who appears to our author and his spectre-companions during a visit to the Campo Scellerato, which was the place set apart for the execution of the awful penalty incurred by those virgins who betrayed their vows.

" " The dreadful executioners of the sentence then confined me still more straitly in my chains, which were now rusted with my tears, and fetched a seat closed all around, in order that when I was placed in it, my groans might not be overheard by the pitying multitude. But that tyrannical invention was useless in suppressing my sighs, because oppressed by grief, and more than half dead, I had not sufficient breath left to put the air in motion by my cries. Then having in a short time arrived at this accursed spot, I was conducted into a subterranean prison, where (being buried alive) I was compelled to suffer many deaths in slow agony.

" " Here

" Here stood the menacing Pontifex, who covered me with a black veil, the dreadful emblem of death; then stretching forth to my breast, in an angry attitude, his sacerdotal right hand, repulsed me from him, like an execrable victim. The lictors thereafter undid my fetters, so that I was not now free, but left a prey to maddening impulses of desperation. Then, according to the melancholy ceremony, they lighted a lamp, and left me a little oil to feed its flame, some straw to lie upon, and bread, water, and milk to support me. Every one thereafter went out, and the opening of the cell was closed with a heavy block of marble, as if it had been a tomb. Ah me! what a dreadful noise was that which I heard at that lamentable moment. Several stones fell down in a heap at the entrance, thrown, as I conjectured, in order that every outlet might be closed to my last groans.

" Meanwhile a deadly blindness covered my eyes, and my trembling limbs giving way beneath me, I sunk upon the straw. Oh that I had then died suddenly! But after that I had recovered my scattered senses, I uttered imprecations against the barbarous punishment, the tyrannic office, the useless fire, and the complaints of outraged nature, and my unwary vows; but the idle air was alone conscious of my last expressions. Alas! even now, art thou resounding with them, thou abyss of death, — cave of mortal agonies, — thou gulf inaccessible to pity, — thou tomb of living desperation! — Sure am I that, if with you there still remains any feeling for the misfortunes of humanity, you must bewail my deplorable end; for what other comfort do the wretched request, except to have their miseries listened to with pity. And what agony can be greater than neither to have nor to hope ever to behold a human countenance, or any one to hear the tale of your mortal desolation. But at length the force of my body having become too feeble to give expression to my anguish, I began gradually to sink away to my desired end. Wherefore instead of food did they not leave me in pity a friendly dagger, or some deadly poison? For as nature ever prompts even the wretched to support themselves, I observing near the pallid flame the nourishment destined to lengthen out my agonies, sipped a little water, as my throat was parched up with the sobs of death. I also fed the flickering flame with oil; for anxious as I was to descend into the abysses of death, yet I was afraid of remaining alive in that tomb without light: — when, behold, on a sudden, there was excited in my breast a raging fit of madness; I leaped from that infamous spot, so vainly bathed with my tears, and with such a deliberation, as even now I approve, I dashed my forehead, with all the strength which remained in my limbs, against the wall — and fell. The darkness of eternity covered my eyes, and my soul lighted up with an inextinguishable flame, fled with a groan from my mortal body. But how many days I spent in agonies in my tomb I know not, for tedious are the moments of pain, and when deprived of the light of the sun, hours pass away untold. Ah me! if any one amongst you all, in this ocean of eternity, have encountered that adored youth,

youth, for whose love I suffered death, for pity's sake reveal to me what was his destiny, and relate to me the manner of his death."

'While the sorrowing damsel thus exclaimed, she, with the corner of her veil, wiped away the tears from her eyes, while upon her beautiful countenance pity was depicted in so sweet a manner, that it excited the compassion of every by-stander. The air resounded with a deep lamentation, and, at the same time, there came forth from the crowd a spectre, which, turning itself towards the damsel, said,

'"Since thou wishest so much, O unfortunate young lady, to hear the sad intelligence, I, who lived at that period, can reveal it to thee, piteous as it is."

'She then lifted her veil, wherein she had concealed her sorrowing countenance, and mournfully exclaimed,

'"Narrate whatever thou knowest, cruel as may be the story, because it is impossible to make me more wretched than I now am."

'The other answered; "After that the priest had fulfilled towards thee his cruel office, he suddenly dragged forth into the Comitia the ill-fated youth, where, according to the atrocious custom, he himself, with his sacerdotal right arm, the inexorable minister of celestial wrath, struck him with rods, until he expired under the blows."

'At these tidings Floronia fled away; and as she withdrew, she shook her head wildly, and the breeze agitated her scarf, and her cheeks, and dishevelled locks.'

*** *The Appendix to the last Volume is published with this Number.*

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For OCTOBER, 1825.

ART. I. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods,* &c. Performed in the Year 1823, by Order of the Honourable J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the Command of Stephen H. Long, U. S. T. E. Compiled from the Notes of Major Long, Messrs. Say, Keating, and Colhoun, by William H. Keating, A. M., &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* Boards. pp. 450. and 404. Whittaker. 1825.

THE objects which the government of the United States had principally in view in ordering the expedition, of which a narrative is given in these volumes, were to explore the country, and ascertain its resources, as far west as the river St. Peter, and the Red River, which empties itself into Lake Winnepeek, and also to enquire into the present state, manners, and customs of the Indian nations. The region described extends from the fifty-first to the fortieth degree of north latitude, and from the ninety-seventh to the seventy-fourth degree of west longitude. 'The figure may be conceived to be rhomboidal, and is about thirteen hundred miles in length from E. S. E. to W. S. W., and has an average width of between four and five hundred miles.' All the large rivers which flow southward, and fall into the Mississippi, rise within the above parallels of latitude and longitude, and near to the sources of these rivers also rise most of the great rivers which flow northwards into the lakes, and are finally poured into the Gulf of St. Lawrence: hence it becomes highly important to determine what facilities exist for establishing an inland navigation, extending from Quebec to New Orleans.

The information respecting the physical geography, and the river-courses of the United States, which was obtained during the expedition, forms a very valuable, though not the most entertaining part of the present volumes. Near the latitude 40°, the greatest elevation of the Alleghany mountains above the tide-level is about three thousand feet. Maize, which grows in great perfection in the valleys, cannot be raised where the altitude exceeds twelve hundred feet;

wheat grown on these mountains, at a considerable elevation, is better and heavier than what is grown below. Frosts occur on some of the ridges in every month of the year. Between the Ohio river and Lake Michigan the general elevation of the country is from six hundred to one thousand feet above the tide-level: many of the rivers which rise in this district and flow into the Ohio nearly interlock with rivers that flow into Lake Erie. In regard to the facility for artificial water-communication, through this part of the country, between the Lakes and the Mississippi, the only doubt which can exist is the possibility of a failure of water on the summits, in dry seasons. Major Long says, that a connection will doubtless soon be attempted between the southern extremity of Lake Michigan and the west end of Lake Erie, and the abundance and size of the water-courses between the two points will afford a sufficient supply of water for the purpose. The country between the Lake Michigan and the Mississippi affords many facilities for a water-communication. The fertility of this country is great, and capable, with culture, of supporting a dense population; indeed it is stated to be one of the most valuable districts within the basin of the Mississippi. So nearly do some of the sources of the rivers which flow north and south approach and interlock, that 'there are three different routes through which loaded canoes have passed from one to the other, in times of inundation, without the intervention of *portages*.' The great tributaries to the Mississippi in this district are, the Illinois river, the Rock river, and the Wisconsan. The branches from the first of these rivers join in two places, during floods, with the rivers that flow into Lake Michigan, and the route is frequently traversed by boats. The Illinois is navigable for two hundred and fifty miles with great ease, the current being gentle and almost imperceptible. The Wisconsan (written in Arrowsmith's map Ooisconnsan, and in other maps Onisonsan,) is navigable for large vessels for more than one hundred and eighty miles: one of its branches also nearly unites with the Fox river, which flows into Green Bay, an arm of Lake Michigan. The political philosopher, who contemplates the advantages which this amazing chain of water-communication must confer on the interior territory of the United States, in connection with the facilities of navigation by steam, can scarcely hesitate to admit the probability, that before the close of the next century the great basin of the Mississippi, and of the Missouri, which is, at present, almost an untenanted wilderness, will be covered with farms, villages, and towns, and contain a larger population than that of Europe.

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The St. Peter's river joins the Mississippi below the falls of St. Anthony, near the intersection of the forty-fifth degree of latitude, with the ninety-third degree of west longitude: it may be regarded as one of the largest branches of the latter river, being nearly six hundred miles in length, from its source to the place where it is poured into the Mississippi. The source of the St. Peter's river, and that of the Red river, which flows into Lake Winnepeek, are so near to each other that in rainy seasons they unite; and as the waters of Lake Winnepeek flow into Hudson's Bay, an actual junction is formed between rivers that flow into the three distant outlets, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hudson's Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico. What is still more remarkable, there are no lofty mountains or extensive mountain-ranges where these vast rivers rise, nor is the country any where elevated more than from five hundred to ten or twelve hundred feet above the tide-level, an elevation altogether inconsiderable, when compared with the immense distance between the sources of these rivers and the ocean, in every direction. St. Peter's river was explored by Carver, whose account of it the writer of the 'Narrative' appears to us to censure, for no better reason, than that the English traveller has deprived the Americans of the merit of original discovery. Carver may have been led into errors, by relying sometimes on the information of others, but we do not consider his general credit to be weakened by the subsequent observations of Major Long's party. The Red river rises in Lake Travers, and pursues a tortuous course northward, beyond the forty-ninth degree of latitude, which is the boundary of the United States: its length (taking in its windings) is more than five hundred miles, and it is navigable for boats of considerable size from its source to Lake Winnepeek. Our travellers were compelled to descend by this river, and deviate, in some degree, from their instructions. About twenty or thirty miles west of their route rises a considerable swell of ground, called the *Coteau de Prairie*, which has nothing of a mountainous character, but it divides the waters that flow into the Missouri, from those which fall into the Red river, and also from those which fall into the Mississippi. The country which lies between Lake Winnepeek and Lake Superior 'is literally a wilderness of lakes, islands, and peninsulas, a mazy waste, so inhospitable and irreclaimable as to mock the art and enterprize of man, and bid defiance to his industry.'

The Dog river, along which our travellers passed, runs into Lake Superior at Fort William. On this river there is a fall, which rivals in grandeur that of Niagara. The

climate of the western part of the United States, visited by our travellers, varies in many respects from that of the eastern states in the same parallels of latitude. The winters are colder and the summers hotter in the western country, the difference being about six degrees of Fahrenheit; but notwithstanding this, the annual mean temperature of the year is nearly the same in both. The climate of the eastern states, before the ground had been cleared and cultivated, was much the same as that of the north-western frontier at the present time.

The most important part of this 'Narrative' is that which relates to the Indian population, in the countries through which the expedition passed. The once powerful tribes of the Delawares, Shawnees, Potawatomis, and Kickatoos, which, a few years since, were spread over the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, have now nearly disappeared, with the exception of a few remains scattered through the northern and western parts of those countries. The most powerful nations at present existing in the vicinity of the settled parts of the United States, are the Dacota or Sioux nation, and the Algonquins or Chippewas. Of these two nations, the Chippewas and the Dacotas, many interesting details are given, collected partly from natives of those countries, who were associated with our travellers, as companions or interpreters, and partly from actual observations. In the course of a few years, it will become more and more difficult to ascertain the original opinions and practices of Indian nations, and to discover what changes may have been introduced by a more frequent intermixture with white men, on which account the information contained in these volumes will become a valuable record, as it appears to have been selected with much diligence, and a scrupulous attention to truth.

The first Indian nation described is the Potawatomis, now residing near the shores of Lake Michigan. One of the principal chiefs of that nation, called Metea, remained with the expedition two days, and afforded them much information. The appearance of this chief is thus described: 'His hair is black, and indicates a slight tendency to curl; his cheek-bones are remarkably high and prominent; they are not angular, but present distinctly the rounded appearance which distinguishes the aboriginal American from the Asiatic; his mouth is large, and the upper lip prominent. On first inspection, his countenance would be considered as expressive of defiance and impetuous daring, but on closer inspection, it is found to announce rather obstinate constancy of purpose, and sullen fortitude. We behold in him all the characteristics of

an Indian warrior to perfection. If ever an expression of pity or of the kinder affections belonged to his countenance it has been driven away by the scenes of bloodshed and cruelty through which he has passed.' The Potawatomis appear to be connected by language, manners, and opinions, with the Chippewas. All these Indian nations believe in one Great Spirit, the Maker of Life, who is good; and in an independent but inferior spirit, the author of evil: to the latter the Potawatomis principally address their worship, the Good Spirit needing no prayers to induce him to assist and protect them. There are certain cases, as when afflicted by disease, or impelled by a dream, which require them to offer a sacrifice of living animals to the Kashamaneto, or Good Spirit; they also endeavour to propitiate his favour by fasting; of which ceremony the following curious account is given:

'Their fasts are marked by the ceremony of smearing their faces, hands, &c. with charcoal. To effect this, they take a piece of wood of the length of the finger, and suspend it to their necks; they char one end of it, and rub themselves with the coal every morning, keeping it on until after sunset. No person, whose face is blackened, dare eat or drink any thing during that time; whatever may be the cravings of his appetite, he must restrict them until the evening arrives, when he may wash off his black paint, and indulge, moderately, in the use of food. The next morning he repeats the ceremony of blackening his face, and continues it from day to day, until the whole of his piece of wood be consumed, which generally takes place in the course of from ten to twelve days.

'After this term, they either suspend their mortifications, or continue them according as the exigencies of the case seem to require. From the information which was communicated by the interpreter and others, it does not appear that, in any one instance, have the Indians ever been known to break their fasts, whatever may have been the temptation to which they were exposed; so powerful, indeed, is their superstitious dread of that ill luck, which would attach to a transgression of their rules, that even children have been, in vain, tempted to take food when at the houses of traders, and beyond the control of their parents; in all cases they have declined it; neither does it appear that, during those seasons of mortification, they indulge after sunset in any unreasonable gratification of their appetite; in this respect, therefore, they prove themselves more consistent than the Mahometans, who are said, while their Ramadam or lent lasts, to make up by the debaucheries in which they indulge in the night-time, for the painful restrictions imposed upon them during the day, by the precepts of their prophet. The same apprehensions which will prevent an Indian, whether man or boy, from tasting food, while covered with this coating of charcoal, will not allow him to shorten the term of his penance by consuming the piece of wood

too hastily. If he does not use it sparingly he is certain that the charm or virtue with which he invests it will be dispelled. In addition to these mortifications, the Indian attempts to impress upon his offspring a permanent and unshaken belief in the existence of a Great Spirit, Ruler of the universe, whose attributes are kindness to men, and a desire of relieving them from all their afflictions: the necessity of doing all that may be grateful to him is often recurred to, in those exhortations by which every Indian parent instructs his sons, both morning and evening. It does not appear that the same care is extended to the religious principles of females. We never heard of their joining in fasts or mortifications: they are not allowed to take a part in the public sacrifices; and as they have no concern in the noble occupations of war or the chace, it probably matters but little whether or not they are agreeable in the sight of the Great Spirit. The only inducement which they have to pray is, that they may continue to hold a place in the affections of their husbands; but the men, being quite indifferent upon this point, would deem it unworthy of their superior rank in the creation to bestow a thought upon the subject.'

Metea informed our travellers, that the Potawatomis thought they had always existed in the neighbourhood of Lake Michigan, and that the first man and woman had been made by the Great Spirit: "God sowed the seed, and the men sprung up." When called 'upon to explain what he meant by this expression, he wished it to be understood that he had used the language in a figurative point of view, and as a parable.' He was resolutely incredulous as to a future state, and when told that the generality of Indians acknowledge a belief that the spirits of the dead return to the Master of life, he made use of the following strong expression: "As a dog dies, so man dies: — the dog rots after death, so does man decay after he has ceased to live."

Notwithstanding all that could be urged to Metea, respecting the general belief of his own nation, their customs relating to the dead, and even his own expressions at the funeral of a nephew, he still persisted in his opinion. Major Long and his companions, however, incline to the belief, that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, is generally entertained by the Potawatomis, and that it existed among them previously to their intercourse with white men: such also was the opinion of all who were most conversant with Indian manners, and had enjoyed the best opportunities of ascertaining their religious opinions. But the time for gaining correct information, they say, has passed away; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine what notions the Indians

Indians may have received from the Missionaries, and what are the original doctrines of the different nations. With respect to their customs and ceremonies, though some have fallen into disuse, those which remain must be derived from the practices of their forefathers. There is no question relating to the North American Indians which has been more involved in doubt, than whether they are now, or have been formerly, cannibals, and whether the practice of devouring human flesh is partial or general. The enquiry on this point was conducted with much apparent diligence and fairness; and it appears from the evidence of Indians who had themselves feasted on human flesh, and from the reports of traders and interpreters, who had resided long among them, and from a variety of corroborating facts, that several of the Indian nations are now, and have been from remote ages, cannibals.

'We are far however from asserting, that this practice has prevailed universally among the Indians; the evidences on the subject of the cannibalism of the Dacota or Sioux Indians (Nandowessies of Carver) are too few and too suspicious; they are refuted by too many contradictory facts to permit us to place any confidence in them; but the case is otherwise with the Chippewas, the Miamis, the Potawatomis, and all the other Indian nations, which are known to be of Algonquin origin.

'The motives which impel them to cannibalism are various: in some cases it is produced by a famine over the country, and of this we shall be able to cite a number of well attested instances, some of which carry with them very horrible features, when we treat of the Chippewa tribes, west of Lake Superior. Another, and a more frequent cause, is the desire of venting their rage upon a defeated enemy, or a belief that, by so doing, they acquire a charm that will make them irresistible. It is a common superstition with them, that he that tastes of the body of a brave man acquires a part of his valour, and that if he can eat of his heart, which by them is considered as the seat of all courage, the share of bravery which he derives from it is still greater. It matters not whether the foe be a white man or an Indian; provided he be an enemy, it is all that is required. Mr. Barron has seen the Potawatomis with the hands and limbs both of white men and Cherokees, which they were about to devour.

'It is well attested, that one of the officers attached to General Harmer's command was taken prisoner by the Miamis previously to the defeat of the whole army, and tortured by them in the most cruel and unrelenting manner for three days, on the west bank of the Maumee. The Indians declared that he had behaved with a remarkable degree of fortitude. Pieces of flesh were cut off from his body, roasted, and eaten by them in the presence of the agonized victim.'

The remaining part of the catastrophe is too horrible to transcribe. Among some tribes, the practice of devouring their enemies is universal; but among the Potawatomis it is generally restricted to a particular fraternity, whose duty, or privilege, it is to eat of the enemies' flesh: the members of this fraternity are supposed to possess great virtues, which they can impart, by means of spells, to others. The Sauk nation, residing between the Mississippi and the Rock rivers, in latitude forty-two degrees, appear to be the most humane of all the Indian tribes, treating their prisoners with kindness, and possessing a practical form of ethics, which might do honour, in many respects, to Christian nations. A chief of this nation, called Wennebea, accompanied our travellers many days, and gave them much valuable information respecting the customs and opinions of the Sauks: he defended them with zeal against the charge of cannibalism, which he admitted was practised by other nations, but he denied that it ever occurred among the Sauks, except in a few instances: persons that were very lean and thin would eat a small piece of the human heart, together with other medicines, to fatten themselves. When asked whether this must not be considered as offensive to the Deity, he replied that he knew not: he had never held converse with the Great Spirit. The cannibalism of the Chippewas is attended with more revolting circumstances than in any of the other nations our travellers visited. The Dacotas, a powerful Indian nation, occupying the territory between 42° and 49° of latitude, and from 90° 30′ to 99° 30′ of longitude, appear to be clear from the charge of cannibalism. A very full account is given of their manners and opinions, and of Wanotan, one of their chiefs. They gave a public entertainment to Major Long and his party. A pavilion was erected by the union of several large skin-lodges, fine buffalo-robes were spread around, and the air was perfumed by the odour of sweet-scented grass, which had been burned for the purpose. Besides the buffalo-meat, three of the Indian dogs were killed to do honour to the guests; and, strange as it may appear to our notions, these dogs formed the best dish at the festival, tasting very like the finest Welch mutton!

Polygamy is general among the Indian nations; but the practice of offering their wives to strangers, as related by some travellers, does not appear to be common among the nations east of the Missouri. Some degraded individuals, and a few tribes that are sunk below the common level of Indian virtue, do not hesitate to prostitute their wives; but these men, our travellers say, were always to be feared, being

being destitute of honesty and veracity in all their dealings. The following account of the ideas of moral excellence among the Sauks, as given by the respectable chief Wennebea, is particularly interesting. In answer to the enquiry what constituted a good man, he immediately replied;

'That in order to be entitled to this appellation, an Indian ought to be mild in his manners, affable to all, and particularly so to his squaw. His hospitality ought to be boundless; his cabin, as well as all that he can procure, should be at the disposal of any one who visits him. Should he receive presents, he ought to divide them among the young men of his tribe, reserving no share for himself. But what he chiefly considered as characteristic of a good man, was to be mild and not quarrelsome when intoxicated. A good man should keep as many wives as he can support, for this will enable him to extend his hospitality more freely than if he had but one wife. Being asked whether by this he meant that an Indian should offer his squaw to strangers, as is practised by the Missouri nations, he replied, that no man of any feeling could do such a thing: he thought there was no man so base as to be guilty of this. Adultery is strictly prohibited; so also is an indiscriminate intercourse of sexes. No good man would encourage it, or partake in it; for men were not made like dogs for promiscuous intercourse; but there are some women, whose passions are not controlled by reason, and these will always find men disposed to share in their shame: no good man would, however, do so. Neither would a virtuous man always put away his wife for adultery; he ought to admonish and reprove her. Should she continue in her evil practices, then he will be justifiable in discarding, or punishing her. There are among the Sauks some men so base that they will throw off their male garments, assume those of females, and perform all the drudgery allotted to the latter sex, becoming real *cinædi*. They are always held in contempt, though by some they are pitied, as labouring under an unfortunate destiny which they cannot avoid, being supposed to be impelled to this course by a vision from the female spirit that resides in the moon. Upon the subject of intoxication, Wennebea spoke with much feeling and philosophy. "Intoxication," said he, "is a bad thing; the Indian has been seduced to it by the white man: when our forefathers were first offered liquor they declined it; for they had seen its evil effects upon white men. At last two old men were bribed to taste it; they liked it and took more; they were then affected by it; their language became more voluble; they were merry in their wine. Pleased with the experiment, they repeated it, and induced two others to join them; thus did the evil spread gradually. To drink a little is not improper, but to drink to intoxication is not right; our ancestors have forbidden us to do it. You white men can take a little and refrain from more, while the red man follows but the impulse of his feelings; if he takes a little, he requires more, and will have it if he can get at it in any way. You encourage

courage us in this practice; your agents, your traders, instead of withholding it, offer it to us, make us take it, and when we have had a little we lose all control over ourselves. We had no intoxicating draughts before the white man came among us, and we were better men; this has been the ruin of us; all our broils and our quarrels spring from intoxication; some of our women take to liquor; they lose all shame, and become common."'

Besides the demoralisation occasioned by the introduction of ardent spirits, which is diminishing the numbers of the Indians, the decrease in the supply of provisions is annually and rapidly driving them westward, and depopulating the districts where they were once numerous.

How long the Indian tribes have inhabited the land they now occupy is uncertain. There are numerous artificial mounds of earth and parapets scattered over the country, of which the Indians can give no account, except an obscure tradition, that they were constructed by a race of white men, who have long since disappeared. These extensive works prove, that in a former period the inhabitants of part of North America were farther advanced in civilisation than any of the tribes who existed there, when it was first explored by Europeans. The last of these ancient works which our travellers saw, was near Lake Travers: they had traced them they say ' from Irville, in the state of Ohio, to the head of the Red river, upon a distance of eight hundred miles in a direct line, and nearly double that amount according to our devious route. We have occasionally met with them very abundantly, bearing evidence of the most consummate design, and yet we are as unable to form a correct estimate of the authors of these extensive works, of the periods at which they were executed, and of the objects for which they were erected, as any of the travellers who preceded us.'

At the end of the second volume there is a vocabulary, comprising the leading nouns in the Sauk, the Chippewa, the Cree, and the Dacota languages. A considerable analogy exists between the three former. In this vocabulary only a single verb is given; and the observations which occur on language in other parts of these volumes throw no light whatever on the structure of the Indian dialects. Information of this kind can only be expected from persons thoroughly acquainted with one of the principal Indian languages, and well versed in the philosophy of grammar; but as these qualifications will probably never be united in the backwoodsman or fur-trader, our knowledge of those languages must remain imperfect. In looking over the vocabulary, we were

were struck with the polysyllabic character of the Sauk and Chippewa dialects, but a little attention soon convinced us that many of the words of eight or nine syllables are not names, but definitions or descriptions, composed of several words: — thus finger, in the Sauk language, is *ekwenenanesi-kenetche:* that this is a definition is clear, for the thumb, forefinger, and little finger are all expressed by long words ending, as the above, with *netche;* hence we may infer that netche is the word for finger, and the other syllables prefixed designate either the form, position, or office of each of the fingers. It is well for Indian conversation that the general habit of the natives is taciturn; how could a Parisian or a London belle shine in a company, where all were equally disposed to talk, if every part of her dress or person required the utterance of eight syllables to give it a name. The word steam-boat in the Sauk language rolls over the ear like the revolutions of the machinery that move the paddles, being written thus in the vocabulary: *Eskwatahepamohonmikoi.* For a farther account of the mythology and customs of the Indian nations we must refer our readers to the 'Narrative:' it contains, we think, the best and most authentic information respecting them which we have any where read.

An account is given of Lord Selkirk's settlements near the Red river, and also of the Hudson's Bay and Colombian fur-establishments: the latter deserve the attention of our statesmen, who would do well to consider how far the benefit of such trading monopolies outweighs the evils which accompany them. If the statements here given are correct, we are compelled to admit that, next to the slave-trade, the fur-trade with the Indians is the most demoralising and unjust occupation in which Europeans are engaged.

The part of these volumes which describes the geology of the country is the least satisfactory of any, as it adds little to the scanty information we before possessed. The gentleman who undertook this department appears much better qualified to examine mineral specimens in a cabinet, than to explore the geological character of an extensive region; and all the most interesting objects of enquiry are left in a state of uncertainty, after he has crossed the Alleghany mountains, which had been before described. The coal-formation, which extends from Cumberland to Wheeling, consists of alternating strata of slate-clay, (shale,) sandstone, limestone, and coal. The sandstone is the most abundant; and in the general arrangement of the strata, which are nearly horizontal, the sandstone is the lowest member of the formation: above is the coal, covered by shale; over this is another sandstone, which

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is covered by limestone-strata. The coal-strata, of which there are several at different depths, vary in thickness from a few inches to ten feet. At the mouth of the pit, coal sells for five dollars the hundred bushels: in the town of Cumberland it usually sells for ten dollars the hundred bushels.

In the vast expanse of country extending from the Ohio to the St. Peter's river, our travellers met with nothing except horizontal strata of sandstone or limestone; but we have no information which can enable us to determine to what formation the limestone belongs, or whether it lies above or below the coal-formation; a question which, at a future period, it will become highly important to ascertain. In the northern part of their route, and round Lake Superior, many of the rocks are of the class called primitive, consisting of granite, slate, and hornblende; but on the northern side of this lake there appears a large basaltic formation: some of the islands in the lake are also composed of basalt and basaltic amygdaloid, which has a tendency to assume a columnar form. Among the objects our travellers were expected to explore were the mines of copper and lead that are supposed to occur in the western territory; but though they occasionally saw lumps of ore, they do not appear to have seen any where metallic veins *in situ*. Immense quantities of blue and green earth, supposed to be carbonate of copper, have been observed by former travellers near the Blue Earth river, which empties itself into the St. Peter; and we are somewhat surprised that Major Long's party should have omitted to examine the country in the vicinity of this river, as it was formerly an object of great interest to the French. The writer of the 'Narrative,' who was the geologist of the party, denies that the lead-mines worked in the western territory are properly metallic veins or beds; because those who describe them assert that the ore occurs in detached pieces, and solid masses, in veins and beds, in red clay, and that the ore is not found in the limestone, but in the clay. Now, every one acquainted with the principal lead-mines in England, and elsewhere, that occur in limestone, know, that the ore is generally separated from the limestone by a lining of clay, sometimes of considerable thickness; and if it be a *flat work*, or bed, the limestone lies under the ore, in the same way as described in the American mines. In the zoological department, no addition is made to our knowledge of the mammalia class, nor of the habitudes of those species already known, but some useful reflections occur on the advantages that might result from domesticating the buffalo. Our travellers mention having passed over a space of 300 miles,

miles, without seeing more than four quadrupeds. Some new species of insects and moluscous animals are described.

Two plates are given, representing helices, fresh-water shells, supposed to be new species; but if the vast territory passed over could only furnish a few snail-shells to delineate, we think these plates had better have been omitted. It is now ascertained, that the shells of moluscous animals of the same species, collected in distant situations, often present a slight difference of form, which has induced those who delight in the puerilities of science to class them as new species, and give them a new name: the North American naturalists seem too well disposed to follow the example of cabinet-philosophers in Europe.

Though the present expedition has added little to our knowledge of natural history, in other respects the narrative is replete with valuable and interesting information. In some instances the style is idiomatic, and words are also introduced which are foreign to the English language: the word bluff is of frequent occurrence; it imports a perpendicular range or escarpment of rock, rising above the general level of the country, or of the rivers or lakes which intersect it. An excellent map of the country is prefixed; there are also plates representing some of the Indian chiefs.

ART. II. 1. *Traditions of Edinburgh*; or, Sketches and Anecdotes of the City in former Times. By Robert Chambers. 12mo. Chambers, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1825.

2. *Walks in Edinburgh*, by Robert Chambers. 12mo. Hunter, Edinburgh; and Duncan, London. 1825.

WE all know that Edinburgh is the nonpareil of the cities of the world. It is the most splendid capital in the universe. Its learned men are the greatest philosophers, its soldiers the greatest heroes, its ladies the greatest *Blues*, its lawyers (*in their own tongue*) the most eloquent advocates that exist, or ever have existed, in this or in any other nation. All these things were known several centuries ago; and of course we feel much indebted to Mr. Chambers for reminding us of them. Nobody, we calculate, will deny that Holyrood-house is the palace of palaces, that Nelson's monument is the most elegant *lighthouse* on the Firth of Forth, and that the *flesh*-market, and the *slaughter*-house, are *perfect* models of such places. Neither will it be gainsaid that St. George's Church is superior to our St. Paul's, the Register-Office

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to Somerset-House, and the Earthen Mound to Waterloo-Bridge; or that the *Hie Kirk*, the Castle, and the Heart o' Mid Lothian, are, by a thousand degrees, more grand than Westminster-Abbey, the Tower, or Newgate.

We will give our Edinburgh friends all the praise they can desire, if they will only cease blowing their own trumpet so loudly. It is, however, a little too much to see the city of the Parthenon and of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus insulted in her ruins, and her name and her fame pilfered, to give celebrity to a place which has started into existence only within the last forty years, and the grandeur and boasted wealth of which owe their origin to the introduction of the English arts and manufactures by an union*, which is still condemned, and by the overthrow of feudal and barbarous institutions which are still the object of the most tasteless eulogy.

It is to feed this appetite for vulgar predilections that these two productions are given to the world; and as a proof of the prevalence of this vanity among the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and how correctly the compiler estimated the ruling passion of his countrymen, it is a fact that the first of these two works has already reached the fourth edition. *Attic* indeed must be that taste and wit which can be amused with an account of how the Duchess of Gordon, when a young woman, used to 'ride upon a *sow*,' while her sister 'thumped it with a stick behind;' and how that these quadrupeds claimed the privilege of the *pavé* in former years, and even disputed it with the best bailie or burgess of the city, — perhaps upon the old Jacobite principle, the *jure divino!* How edifying it must be to learn that 'Misses Ramsay *the milliners* had their shop at the *east* of *Old* Lyon Close, *north* side of the High-Street, opposite the *upper* end of the City Guard-house;' that 'Mrs. *Sellers*, in the same line,' died '*nearly* forty years ago;' that the 'Misses *Gedd* kept a boarding school in Paterson's Court, Lawn-Market;' that the *first* Sir William Forbes, like other old women, 'wore a muff, which hung round his neck by a string, out of which he eat penny-pies while walking *up* the High-Street;' that 'the *stomacher* was a triangular piece of rich silk;' that '*stays* were made *so long*, sixty years ago, that they touched the chair both in *front* and in *rear* when a lady sat;' that 'garters were worn fine *for exhibition*,' and that the '*rumple*

* Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a clergyman in the south of Scotland, who confessed that for fifty years he never preached without indulging himself in what he called "*a hit at the Union.*"

knot

knot was a large bunch of ribbons worn at the *peak* of the waist behind;' and, as if for the purpose of commending these qualities, diversions, and accomplishments, to the Athenian modern fair, they are politely told:

'We fear there shall never again be seen a generation of such *clever* eccentric old women, as that which we have just endeavoured *by examples* to delineate. The Scottish female character is now undergoing a great and decisive revolution, being reduced by a *fatal* process of *over*-cultivation to a sort of *dead* level, which is much to be lamented when we consider the *graceful* and *picturesque* varieties into which it was formerly permitted to luxuriate. The genius — perhaps we might say the *demon*, or, at least, the *imp* — of modern education goes like a *roller*, over the female mind, and breaks down all its once animated and interesting features into a plain undistinguished superficies, not more "flat" we are assured than "unprofitable." In our early days *we* knew women who, though born in a *respectable* rank of society, had never been at school in their lives, yet wrote the *cleverest* letters, said the *most amusing* things, made *shrewd* observations, and *did not want* refinement of taste. Education was in the last age limited, but it was in almost every respect *superior* to the series of *tricksy* and artificial accomplishments with which, like painted statuary, the beautiful natural lineaments of the female mind are now *polluted* and *impaired*.'

What inimitable elegance of style! what delicacy of criticism! Are there no stones in the north? are there no Amazons among the unsandalled lasses of Athens, to rise up and lapidate the author, and burn his book at the Market Cross?

Of those 'clever, eccentric, graceful, and respectable' old ladies, who 'never were at school,' and who were so 'superior' to modern dames, we are further favoured with the following particulars. Lady Wallace was so accomplished that she 'used to go with the *tea-kettle* to the Fountain-well *across the street* to be filled.' Lady Eglintoune was so learned in *essences* and *cosmetics*, for preserving beauty, 'that she washed her face with *sow*'s milk,' and 'amused herself with taming and *patronising* rats, a vast number of which she *kept* in her pay at Auchans.' Lady Stair, who was 'the *first* person of quality in Edinburgh,' and who called Lord Dundonald a 'damned villain,' was 'subject to hysterical ailments, and used to be screaming and fainting in one room while her *daughters*, Miss Primrose and Lady Mary, were *dancing* in the next.' We are further told, that in those pristine days, those days of innocence and superior refinement, when the female mind was *not* 'polluted' — in those days, 'the ladies used to make *likenesses* of their friends in the *shape* of dolls;' and that it would

would be 'a curious task to enquire when the gentlemen left off swearing, and ladies *talking*, *listening to*, and *writing obscenity!*' Oh, happy, artless, *clever* age!

If the *ladies* of those days, of whom Mr. Chambers writes so enrapturedly, be deserving of his praises, the *gentlemen* whom he introduces are equally entitled to his panegyric. How instructive is it to learn that no less a personage than Lord *Eskgrove* 'lived in a house, at the *head* of the Old Assembly Close, *first* entry, *right* hand, *second* door *up* stairs;' and 'that Mister Archie Mac-Coul' was an 'eccentric tobacconist' who had a 'veln of poetry,' and in his shop exhibited the following *poetic* lines, 'painted upon one of his snuff-canisters:

> '"It's food, and it's physic, and cheers you when *dull*;
> And the best sort is sold by Archie Mac-*Coul*."'

Then, again, there was the '*Daft Laird*,' who was 'wittily' called the 'Laird o' *Totums*,' besides another genius of the same description, who was called 'Bailie Duff, *alias Daft* Jamie,' who preceded the *sadies* at all funeral processions. To complete the list of illustrious names we are most quaintly informed that the 'great Dr. Blair' used to walk to the '*Hie Kirk*' in a 'small wig, rusty black clothes made very tight, and a pair of boots *resembling* those of the parson in the first print of the *Harlot's* Progress.'

We presume our readers will be satisfied with the antiquarian abilities of Mr. Chambers, and that they have seen enough of the illustrious personages of Edinburgh in the "olden time." Of the city of palaces itself, in those days, we have only to inform them, in the author's own words, that before any procession could take place, 'proclamation had to be made by the magistrates *ordaining* the *middinis* * and the *swine* to be removed from the *public* streets!' We do not wish to intrude our advice unnecessarily, but with great submission we beg to hint that a similar edict might be occasionally issued to some advantage in the present times!

To show, however, that we can appreciate talent wherever it appears, we transcribe the following song from the pen, it is said, of Lady Dick, wife of Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, and daughter of Lord Roystoun:

> 'I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'll sell the ladle,
> If he winna buy to me a new side-saddle,—

* This is a Scotch term which, we fear, we must not translate into *modern* English, but the reader will understand what is meant by *fumier* in the French.

To

To ride to the kirk, and frae the kirk, and round about the toun,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!

'I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'll tak the fling-strings,
If he winna buy to me twelve bonnie goud rings,
Ane for ilka finger, and twa for ilka thoom,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!

'I'll gar our gudeman trow that I'm gaun to dee,
If he winna fee to me twa valets or three,
To beir my tail up frae the dirt and ush me through the toun,—
Stand about, ye fisher jauds, and gie my goun room!'

A somewhat scandalous ballad, written about sixty years ago, on the occasion of a *ridotto* in Holyrood-house, and which we do not remember to have seen before in print, may be looked upon as a curiosity.

'I sing the ridotto in Holyrood-house,
Where Cochrane and Squire Eccles the ladies did souce.
And welcome, all of you, all of you, all of you,
Welcome, all of you, to Holyrood-house.

'There was Duke Hamilton, with his turned coat—
Why wore you't, my Lord, ere the ribbon you got?
Welcome, &c.

'And there was his Duchess, whose beauty excels,
Who dazzles the beaux, and darkens the belles.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was our General *, with his young wife,
The pride of his heart, and joy of his life.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was Beau Seton, the quality squire,
Who's sure to catch cold if he misses a chair.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was Glenorchy, that delicate youth,
Who ventures abroad when the wind's in the south.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was fine Johnstone †, retired to a nook,
Despising the fair ones, he read on a book.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was Bob Murray, who's married, alas!
But still rivals Johnstone in beauty and grace.
Welcome, &c.

'And there was a lady, well known by her airs,
Who ne'er goes to revel but after her prayers.
Welcome, &c.

'And there were the Stuarts of every degree,
As braw and as comely as lasses could be.
Welcome, &c.

'* Bland.' '† Coll.'

' Miss Wedderburn there was doubly armed —
Who sees her or hears her are doubly charmed.
Welcome, &c.

' Seven virgins laid hold of one man, woes me!
Alas for the ladies, Monboddo was he!
Welcome, &c.'

The volume intitled ' Walks in Edinburgh' is little more than a duplicate of the ' Traditions;' and few, if any, of the descriptive pieces will be read with interest beyond the precincts of " Auld Reekie."

ART. III. *An Exposition of the First Principles of grand Military Combinations and Movements*, compiled from the Treatise upon great Military Operations by the Baron de Jomini, Aide-de-Camp General to H. M. the Emperor of all the Russias, &c. With Remarks on the leading Principles of the efficient Constitution of Armies, from the same Author. By J. A. Gilbert, Lieutenant, Royal Artillery. 8vo. pp. 160. Egerton. 1825.

" YOU Russians," — said Bonaparte, in the midst of a torrent of invective, which he addressed to an envoy of the Emperor Alexander, — " You Russians all think yourselves Generals, because you have read Jomini: but if *he* could have taught you any thing, do you suppose I would have suffered him to write?"

A single such expression of contempt, the sarcasm of a splenetic moment, uttered merely for its sting, is too seriously remembered, as proceeding from so great a man; and it goes forth to the world with all the imposing authority of a mighty name. Yet every individual about Bonaparte's person well knew that, in an hour of less irritation or more candour, he would have been himself the first to acknowledge the merits of Jomini's famous treatise. That work had offered, in fact, only the able exposition of those simple principles of military science, upon which Napoleon himself had built up the fabric of his glory. That " war is nothing more than the art of throwing upon any given point, a greater force than your enemy can there oppose to you," was his favourite aphorism; and we learn from Segur that, during his invasion of Russia, as probably in all his former campaigns, he was fond of repeating it upon every occasion. It was that axiom in which consisted the secret of all his successes: former Generals had sometimes caught an accidental and fortunate glimpse of the principle; the great Frederic of Prussia had partially understood it in practice; but it had remained for his own daring,

ing, and fertile, and original genius to render it the primary and systematic foundation, and the main-spring of all his operations. If it was his transcendant glory as a General to be the first to discover fully and to put into practice the true principles of military science, it is at least the merit of Jomini to have been the earliest among writers to exhibit those principles to demonstration and proof. His treatise may be considered as an elaborate piece of reasoning, and a lucid commentary, upon that great and fundamental maxim of Napoleon to which we have referred.

This principle, in itself, is so palpably simple, that it may excite a smile how it should have been reserved for the great captains and the tactical writers of the nineteenth century to discover and proclaim it. But the fact itself, and the truth of the principle, no scientific soldier will, we believe, in these times, be found hardy enough to deny; and the critical study of the campaigns, both of antiquity and of modern ages, will abundantly show, that the great events of warfare have ever been — as they must ever be — materially dependant upon the influence of one unchangeable cause. That the application of this cause had been, until the days of Frederic and Napoleon, altogether blind and fortuitous is true, but the cause itself had, nevertheless, always been in action; and, in every struggle, that party will be found to have prevailed who had presented a greater force, moral and physical, upon the decisive point of contest, than his adversary had been able there to oppose to him. This deduction is of course subject to be modified by the unforeseen occurrence of political causes, by the relative courage and discipline of armies, and by those general accidents and vicissitudes of fortune upon which it is impossible to calculate; but such is the condition of all human affairs, and the fate of all human sagacity. To discover where the decisive point of contest is seated, how to direct the combinations of strength upon it with precision and secrecy, and then to strike and pour upon an enemy, to confound and overwhelm him with the rapidity of lightning and the violence of a torrent: — all this it is, which is still left to the penetration, the creative faculty, and the energetic fire of genius to perform. The peculiarities of a contest may vary infinitely, but the laws of military science are immutable: the just application of them to circumstances must depend upon the degree in which original talent, scientific knowledge, and practical experience, have been blended in the mind of the actor. The natural force of a rare and stupendous genius may of itself form a great captain, and surprise the world by happy achievements made in ignorance of general

rules, and without the aid of instruction and experience. But very few in the world, and "far between," are the master-spirits, who seize by intuition the great principles of any science; and the soldier, like the member of any other profession, who aspires to success and real eminence, will not lightly neglect every occasion either of studying the theory or witnessing the practice of his vocation.

Assuredly, for thus studying the theory of military science, the work of Jomini — *Traité des Grandes Operations Militaires* — is one of the most valuable aids which has ever been written. It is composed of a narrative and a critical examination of the campaigns of Frederic of Prussia, of those of the early war of the French Revolution, and, lastly, of the Italian campaigns of Bonaparte. From the first and third of these parts it is, by comparing the operations of Frederic and Napoleon, that the author has chiefly deduced the fundamental principles of scientific warfare. From the second part he has drawn his negative proofs and inferences of error. As he himself (a Swiss by birth) long served in the French armies under Napoleon, his personal experience has been great; but the admirable reflections, which he deduces from his historical text, form the chief excellence of the treatise, and their worth is too generally recognised among military men to need exposition here.

Mr. Gilbert, the intelligent young officer, whose little volume is before us, appears to be deeply impressed with the extensive utility of M. de Jomini's profound and original deductions. But he has justly seen that, while the size and expense of a work of eight volumes with plates 'are sufficient to render it a stranger to the private libraries of most military men,' the duties of their active profession are likely to interfere in many cases with the detailed study of its contents. In fact, there are many circumstances in the nature of the original work, which must necessarily prevent it from becoming a manual of universal instruction. Its closely woven narrative of the events of some twenty campaigns, its minute and tedious details, and its gradual developement of abstract principles through a long train of experimental facts and elaborate reasoning: — all these are appalling obstacles in the way of the youthful military student, who has for the first time to seek acquaintance with the great elements of the science which he is about to profess. Jomini's treatise, in short, is not a book of elementary instruction. It is an argumentative course of inductive philosophy, illustrated by a long series of celebrated experiments, and intended to explain and establish the truth of certain scientific principles.

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Those principles it has clearly established; and they are no longer to be questioned, but have been received as the undisputed elements of the science. Mr. Gilbert, therefore, has only modestly proposed to himself to compile and collect, from Jomini's scattered reasoning, a compendium of these universal principles and general rules; to disencumber this exposition of the experimental proofs from which Jomini had deduced them; and, taking their correctness for granted, merely to give a few examples explanatory of their application. All this he has done with clearness, precision, and energetic brevity.

After opening his volume with a short introduction, Mr. Gilbert proceeds, in his two first chapters, to give 'definitions of the terms peculiar to what may justly be called the Science of War.' The third chapter enumerates the general combinations or branches of the science. These, according to Jomini, are of three kinds; and on their due application alone depends the whole problem of attaining the single end of every war, — a decisive superiority on the vital point of contest. The first of these great combinations is styled 'the art of *embracing* the lines of operation.' We are aware that this definition is copied exactly from Jomini; but would it not be advisable to simplify the form of the expression? In itself it means nothing more than the art of selecting the most favourable lines of operation. In all sciences it is desirable to adopt the most familiar terms in which definitions can be embodied with accuracy, and in no science more than in that of war, which is one rather of action than nice disquisition.

We cannot follow Mr. Gilbert through the able dissertation which occupies chapters v. and vi., on the principles of this *first* great combination. The *second* — the art of bringing, with rapidity, concentrated forces upon the decisive point of the line of operations, — engages, with its dependant laws, the four next chapters of the volume. And the *third* great branch of war — the art of combats, or of combining the simultaneous action of the great mass of an army upon the decisive point of a field of battle, — is treated in the tenth chapter. This branch of the science, which is more shortly defined by the old writers as "the order of battle," is naturally followed by two chapters, wherein the merits of the different orders of attack — the parallel, the perpendicular, and the oblique, — are explained and discussed. Chapter xiii. treats of the disposition of troops on the ground; and the fourteenth and last chapter is devoted to illustrate the

general precepts of the art of combats by reference to several great examples.

These examples, selected at much length from Jomini, consist chiefly of three of the battles of the great Frederic: — Rosbach, Leuthen, and Prague. But here we cannot help regretting that Mr. Gilbert has not rather preferred to select his illustrations from the seven years' war of *our* times, — the glorious and scientific contest, which developed the transcendant genius of our own great captain, and which, under his auspices, has covered our gallant army with unfading laurels. From Colonel Jones's admirable account of the Peninsular War Mr. Gilbert might have gleaned as authentic, instructive, and scientific delineations to illustrate the great combinations of the art of combats, as Jomini has any where been able to accumulate from the records of modern warfare. For instance, why should not Mr. Gilbert have substituted the battle of Salamanca for that of Rosbach, which it closely and curiously resembled in many beautiful points of tactical interest: — in the demonstrations of retreat by which both Frederic and Wellington provoked the overweening confidence of their adversaries, — in the common error of Soubise and Marmont in extending their lines to encircle the flank and intercept the communications of the Prussians and British, — and in the rapid, masterly, and overwhelming movement, by which the two heroes of Prussia and England suddenly threw their forces across the heads of the hostile lines of march, assumed the offensive, and seized their brilliant victory.

We propose this general suggestion for Mr. Gilbert's consideration, because, as his volume can scarcely fail of success, he will be enabled, in a future edition, both to increase its national interest, and to animate military students by the examples of our national glories. As it is, Mr. Gilbert's work has higher claims to praise than as a mere ordinary compilation or abridgment: it will be seen, indeed, from our outline of its contents, that it is a complete grammar of the elementary principles of warfare; and it offers, in a condensed and perspicuous form, all the spirit of the most profound and original treatise on military science which has appeared in our times.

ART. IV. *Phantasmagoria;* or, Sketches of Life and Literature. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. 1825.

WE look upon titles to books with an eye of concern. They are really important with the world. The title of Phantasmagoria is an unlucky selection in the abstract:

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as the denomination of the present volumes it is unsuitable, and is even disavowed in the second or explanatory name of the book. The work consists of short papers, disquisitions, narratives, or sketches, in the manner of Geoffrey Crayon, together with some passages of poetry. Repute gives the authorship of the book to Miss Jewsbury of Manchester; and to this impression the officious vindication of the female character, and the authority with which some new readings of that inexplicable volume of humanity are rendered, bear internal evidence. Of the prose compositions we should not select the serious portion for any favourable remark. We cannot at this day expect to see much additional light thrown upon the operations of the passions on human life, or any great discovery take place with respect to its vicissitudes. There is, however, in the language a vigour and propriety of expression that make even old sentiments and well-known feelings appear in a striking view. The following passage from an essay on 'Human Sorrow and Sympathy' will exhibit the character which belongs to the papers of the serious class:

'It is not that which is apparent, not that which may be known and told, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering, — which plants the deepest furrow in the brow, and sprinkles the hair with its earliest gray! They are the griefs which lie fathom deep in the soul and never pass the lip, — those which devour the heart in secret, and then send their victim into public with the wild laugh and troubled eye, — those which spring from crushed affections, and annihilated hopes, — from remembrance, and remorse, and despair, — from the misconduct or neglect of those we love, — from changes in others, and changes in ourselves. Has sympathy power to cure wounds like these? Could the whole world's weeping with us lighten our agony, when the hand of one dear to us as our own soul has given its last pressure, and cold and stiffening in our grasp? Or when the child we had most fondly cherished proves unworthy; — or the friend trusted above all others deceives or disowns us? — Oh no! Strip sympathy of the false charms with which weakness and romance have adorned it, and what is its real worth! Taken at its altitude, when it operates as a practical principle, manifesting itself in a thousand unasked and unobtrusive kindnesses, it is still a vain thing. It can merely excite gratitude, and produce momentary exertion, and afford momentary consolation. What then is the nature of that *common* sympathy which common minds love to receive and impart upon all occasions? It is pity — in other words it is contempt — for the world never imparts one without a mixture of the other. It is that "broken reed upon which if a man lean it shall go into his hand and pierce it."'

In the lighter articles we have comic spirit, buoyancy, observations of life and dramatic arrangement, that make them

highly amusing. 'The Complaint of a Schoolmistress' is an example of the union of those qualities which would bear a comparison with any composition of the same class to which even celebrated names have given currency in our periodical literature. The unhappy preceptress exposes to the world many of the peculiar miseries that persons of her calling are condemned to: she exhibits the letters of complaint, of suggestion, of crimination, and dissatisfaction in its thousand forms, with which she has been visited, from time to time, by the mothers or guardians of her pupils. We shall, however, content ourselves with a passage from an article entitled 'The Military Spectacle,' of which the colouring (though somewhat overcharged) will be acknowledged by all who have ever had the good fortune to witness the holyday evolutions of a county volunteer corps.

'I believe I am admirably fitted to be the historian of the ——shire Cavalry, because their evolutions are, in point of order and discipline, pretty much upon a par with my own; and, in the next place, I think that the very circumstance of understanding military tactics would prevent the possibility of comprehending theirs. They entered the street with the order and regularity of a flock of geese making for a barn-door: — true, they had music, but that signified little, as the movements of both men and horses practically exemplified the very various ways there are of moving the same bodies. Some came in quick time, others in slow time, but the generality came in no time at all; — the riders sat as upright as they are accustomed to do in the counting-house, and the horses held up their heads to the full as well as when they wear the cart-collar. Not a few riders seemed frightened at their steeds, many of the steeds appeared equally alarmed at their riders, and, to my thinking, the spectators had a very reasonable dread of both. I cannot describe the numerous and peculiar movements which they went through on the august occasion; for it struck me as doubtful, whether they were taken from any military system at present existing, — or whether they were invented for the special use of the ——shire Cavalry, — or whether they were not the special invention of the ——shire Cavalry themselves.

'At length, however, they succeeded in forming a straight line, *i. e.* one not entirely crooked; and in standing still, *i. e.* they were not in constant motion. There were servants, children, and underlings, on the house-tops and in the attics; in the next stories were placed shop-girls and professional ladies and gentlemen of all kinds: this class had been indulged with a little holiday to look at the soldiers, and they further indulged themselves with the hope that the soldiers would look at them. There were, I must admit, some really genteel sensible people (like my own party) who came for a lounge, for a laugh, but from no vulgar motive whatsoever. Others there were, who came from the pure, downright, determined love of sight-seeing; matrons, neither few

nor

nor small, who stared, and shouldered, and sucked oranges at the windows, very much like children at a puppet-show; — and they thought the sight very fine — and they themselves were very fine — but it struck me there was a sad want of refinement altogether. The spectators, however, were too full of curiosity, and the cavalry too full of themselves, to have any attention to spare for the ladies.

'I now hasten to the last, the panic-striking, soul-subduing, moment of letting the pistols off! Really, in this age of inventions, it is a shame, that some little natty contrivance cannot be discovered for discharging by proxy all the pistols and muskets of all volunteer corps and yeomanry troops on public occasions; what an expense of nervous feeling would be spared, alike to the heroes and equally heroic spectators! Up the rank rode the captain, down the other side dashed the cornet, as much anxiety on one face, and as great confusion on the other, as if they had been schoolboys on a reciting day. Up and down, and down and up they rode, charging the men before they charged, and doubtless giving them all the information they possessed themselves; but as the two officers were frequently lecturing the same man, one in his right ear, the other in his left, it is not surprising, that coming thus in opposite directions, the directions themselves should frequently be opposite. Orders were rapidly succeeded by counter-orders, but the previous habits of the corps led them to understand the *counter* ones best.

'I could not hear the captain's "last words" as he rode up the rank, but his face was expressive, and I flatter myself I have guessed them pretty accurately, when I give the following as a specimen: "My good fellow, when you fire take both hands." "B. mind that lady's eye-glass." "C. my boy, the pistol in your *right* hand." "F. hold your handkerchief to your eyes when you perceive the smoke, and here's my Vinaigrette." "Surgeon, have you lint and bandages?" "Cornet, bid the tailor, the tanner, the tea-dealer, and the tinman, fire *up* in the air, and not *across* the street." — "Gentlemen of all denominations! remember our fame — bright eyes are on you — bid faint heart farewell — if any of you tremble, drop the bridle and cling to your horse's mane — (sergeant, keep fast hold of my leg). Gentlemen, again — courage — honor — glory and — fire!"

'How shall I describe that awful moment! The men sighed — the horses panted — and at last with an internal "Now for it" — pop — pop — pop — went the pistols of as many as could pull their triggers — the horses reared, and pranced, and plunged, and ran forwards, and fell backwards, and reeled sideways —

> '* The pell-mell thickens! On ye brave,
> Sit firmly, and your saddles save!

'"* The combat deepens. On ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave,
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!" HOHENLINDEN.'

Wave,

Wave, Cornets, all your banners wave!
And halt with all your Cavalry!'

Alas! this was for some time impossible! Off went helmets, and down went pistols! one hero got a foot out of his own stirrup, while a neighbour's intruded into it; some strayed to the vicinity of their horses' necks — and not a few wandered to the less honorable neighbourhood of the tail! But at last all was right, and then they enjoyed the shouting, and helped to shout too, but whether from having liked the spectacle, or being rejoiced at its conclusion, seemed a little uncertain: — then, the ladies swung their handkerchiefs, which were as white as those articles generally are on public occasions; — then, the soldiers bowed and looked pleased — for they had done their duty, as His Majesty's soldiers — and they were sound in "lith and limb" — and their swords were in their scabbards (rattling like knives in a knife-box) and they were going to have a good dinner, and hear long speeches after it.

'So I came home, and I thought their not having injured themselves was one good thing, but their not having injured any one else was a better. And every body who had seen them thought so too.'

ART. V. *The History of the Conquest of England by the Normans:* with its Causes from the earliest Period, and its Consequences to the present Time. Translated from the French of A. Thierry. 3 Vols. 8vo. Whittaker. 1825.

OF Mr. Hume's History we have always some reluctance to speak with the severity which it deserves; for such is the fascinating elegance of its composition, that it must ever be read with admiration and delight. But that its meagre and defective information — particularly on our early annals — could longer satisfy the inquisitive spirit of these times was impossible; and not even the incomparable graces of Mr. Hume's easy diction, and the occasional felicity of his reflections, could blind a studious and enlightened age to his indolent negligence in consulting original authority, his unworthy support of arbitrary principles, and his unfair perversion of fact and argument to political prejudice. Among other writers who had preceded or followed him in the same track, Carte was chargeable with his worst defects, without any of his beauties of style; Rapin, with more honest diligence, was only rivalled by Carte in dulness and wearisome verbosity; and Dr. Henry, whose peculiar arrangement of materials has been so often praised, and whose historical fidelity and diligence really deserve praise, had cast his information into a shape which was fitted rather for occasional reference than continuous perusal.

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The defects and wants of our Anglo-Norman history have been, within the last few years, generally felt, and to repair them several laudable efforts have been made. Mr. Sharon Turner, continuing the connection of his labours, though in a course less difficult and novel, has given to the world a History of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Close of the Middle Ages, which emulates his first work in learning, care, and fidelity. So also Dr. Lingard has, in the first volume of his History of England, traversed the same ground with the same original research, and with a temperate spirit which does him honour. And, lastly, Mr. Hallam has traced our constitution, from its Saxon origin, and through its Anglo-Norman progress, with the skill, the lucid felicity, the philosophical spirit, and the manly attachment to freedom, which so eminently distinguish his View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.

After this enumeration of the valuable improvements which our native historical literature has lately received, there may appear to have been little necessity for the work of the industrious Frenchman before us. Nor, in truth, can the student of English history now be reduced to consult the pages of any foreign writer to supply the insufficiency of our own authorities. Moreover, considering M. Thierry's work merely as a view of the Norman conquest, its causes and consequences, we should not hesitate to conclude, that the particulars of that great event itself, the circumstances that prepared it, and the whole train of its effects, must be much more clearly displayed and easily comprehended in the regular course of English history, than they can possibly be in any detached and isolated essay. For in such an essay the due proportions of history must often be violated; the links of chronological narration must be imperfectly preserved, and even sometimes broken in their series; and, while a few facts are enlarged far beyond their natural scale and importance, the general features of the historical picture must be curtailed, and sacrificed to a single object. To all these objections against the selection of particular portions of history for prominent exhibition, M. Thierry's work is especially open. For example, forgetting his own assertion that 'it is in this age no longer allowable to write history for the sake of a single idea,' his sole care after the Conquest is to observe the relation in which the Anglo-Norman and the Anglo-Saxon populations, the victors and the vanquished, stood with each other. For this purpose he gives the reigns of our first six Norman monarchs pretty fully, but avowedly to show, not the

the general history of the kingdom, political, civil, and military, but merely the condition of one portion of its population, the conquered Anglo-Saxons. He considers that their authentic fortunes as a distinct people cease with the execution of the Saxon Londoner, William Longbeard, in the reign of Richard I., and therefore he closes the regular history of the Conquest with this inconsequential occurrence. But in the subsequent portion of his work, we are presented with 'a rapid sketch' of the ulterior destiny of the Anglo-Saxons, until their complete amalgamation with their Norman conquerors; and thus we have an abstract of English history for three centuries more, wholly devoted to a single point of enquiry to the exclusion of all collateral information.

But in doubting the extensive utility of the historical fragment which M. Thierry has composed, we are very far from denying him considerable merit. He is evidently a man of some learning and of extraordinary patience and research. He appears to have examined, in the originals, most of the monkish, Saxon, and Norman chroniclers with scrupulous care; and we can even discover some instances in which, by refraining from consulting lest he should be thought to copy our modern historians, he has fallen into palpable errors and encountered useless labour. As a foreigner, M. Thierry deserves more unqualified praise for his very singular and accurate acquaintance with the minute geography of England, not only in its present divisions and localities, but in connection with all our antiquities. As a curious proof of this we may observe that, throughout his three volumes, we have discovered only one solitary inaccuracy even in the orthography of proper names, that most fruitful of all sources of mistake to a foreigner. The instance of error is in itself so trivial, that we should be ashamed to notice it, but for its singularity as being the only one of the kind which we could detect. In vol. i. p. 222., he has mis-spelt Suthwerk for Southwark, as 'the modern name of the suburb of London, which was the Sathweorc of the Saxons.' The style of M. Thierry's work deserves equal commendation: it is simple, terse, and energetic, and altogether free from the meretricious ornament and extravagant rhapsody, in which his countrymen are too often fond of disfiguring their meaning. How much of all this praise M. Thierry must divide with his English editor we know not; but in any case the work must have been admirably translated.

These recommendations of style would, however, confer little value upon M. Thierry's researches, regarding his book merely, as we said before, as a narrative of the Norman con-

quest. But the peculiar plan upon which the author has constructed his work renders it very distinct from all previous views of the subject; and he has thrown a novelty and originality into his enquiries, which will give them a curious interest, not so much, perhaps, for the general reader, as for the more laborious student who desires to contemplate history in all its bearings.

The work opens with the settlement of the Keltic tribes in Britain; and M. Thierry rapidly conducts the narrative of his first book from this obscure source to the end of the ninth century. In this period, of course, are shortly comprised the Roman dominion over the Britons to its close, — the Saxon conquest of the island, — the foundation of the octarchy, — and the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Of all this book we have only two remarks to make: that the reader who is familiar with Mr. Turner's researches will find nothing new in so meagre an abridgment; and that M. Thierry has far too implicitly relied on the apocryphal traditions of the Welsh. Forgetting that an immeasurable belief in all their antiquarian questions is a point of honour with that people, and that an extravagant passion for verifying their wildest legends is the strongest national characteristic of the "ancient Britons" of our days, M. Thierry bows to the authority of the triads in the Archæology of Wales, and to all the farrago of absurdities in the Cambro-Briton and the Cambrian Register, with the same unsuspicious confidence that he might repose on the Annals of Thucydides, or the Commentaries of Cæsar. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to mistake these wild Welsh traditions for authentic history. When they stand alone, they are utterly worthless as historical records, and in no degree to be depended upon: it is only when they happen to coincide with better documents that we may be permitted to remember them.

The second book continues the Anglo-Saxon history to the middle of the eleventh century; that is, to the accession of Edward the Confessor. This period, therefore, describes the first invasion of the Danes, or North-men, their continued ravages, and, finally, their evanescent supremacy in our island; and, contemporary with this course of events, the gradual union of the octarchy into a single kingdom, and the reigns of the intermingled Saxon and Danish monarchs of England. The third book continues the Anglo-Saxon annals to the battle of Hastings inclusively, and embraces the reigns of Edward the Confessor and Harold. This is beyond all question the best executed portion of the narrative; and the transactions of the whole of its interesting period are given

given from the old chroniclers with more falness than in any other modern work. M. Thierry's version of its circumstances is, however, open to one serious objection. Anticipating his hatred of Norman oppression, and his sympathy with the Saxon cause after its fall, he has related all the events of the reign of the Confessor with the zeal of a partisan. Because Earl Godwin and his family were opposed to the Norman favourites of the Confessor, the character of that ambitious nobleman here appears in far other colours than those in which former historians have seen cause to invest it. Godwin and all his party are painted white: the foreign favourites and their adherents black.

As Mr. Turner has justly remarked, there is no great event in all our annals in which the truth is more difficult to be elucidated than in this transaction between William and Harold. Even the partisans of Harold are not agreed in their two accounts of it; and that of his enemies is absolutely at variance with both. M. Thierry has followed principally the Chronicle of Eadmer, which only partially coincides with the story delineated on the Bayeux tapestry, and with the version of Matthew Paris, Matthew of Westminster, and William of Malmsbury; while it differs most materially from the account of the contemporary Ingulf of Croyland, and from that of William of Poitiers, and a host of later MS. Norman chroniclers. For all these last contend, that Harold was sent expressly by the Confessor to announce his intention of appointing William his successor. That the testimony of these men against Harold — of his voluntary oath of fidelity to William, his treacherous ambition, and his wilful perjury, — is at least not impartial, we are ready to allow; and we know that the aspersions with which the creatures of a conquering chieftain are ever ready to assail a fallen cause, should always be received with suspicion and distrust. But M. Thierry is not contented with weighing the probabilities between the opposite versions of this remarkable and perplexing transaction. He relates it throughout in the manner most favourable to Harold; and he never even breathes a hint that his narrative is directly at variance with that of the majority of the original chroniclers. This is not performing the highest duty of the historian.

M. Thierry's fourth book is devoted to the details of what he calls the *territorial* conquest of England, from the battle of Hastings to the submission of the whole Saxon kingdom to the Normans in the year 1070. The fifth book proceeds to describe what M. Thierry denominates the *political* conquest: — the successful measures of William to disorganise,

crush, and degrade the conquered population, which were terminated in 1076 by the execution of Earl Waltheof, the last powerful chieftain of Saxon birth. The next book extends to the year 1086, and embraces the secure and permanent settlement of the victorious feudatories in their new lands, the great inquest of Domesday, and the moral completion of the Conquest. These three books exhibit throughout that violent and overwrought bias for the oppressed and conquered Saxon population, of which we before complained. Sympathy for the unfortunate, and stern reprobation of tyranny, are feelings natural to every generous spirit, and as becoming to the general office of the historian as to the ordinary principles of the citizen. But we would have the historian remember that he has also the paramount and impartial duties of the judge to perform; and if these be forgotten, how shall we arrest any of the grosser obliquities of prejudice?

The error, resulting from this extravagant picture of the Norman conquest, is not merely one of opinion. It tends to falsify many of the facts of the subsequent history of England, and to distort our view of the progress of our matchless constitution. The condition of the country, after the battle of Hastings, was for some time sufficiently miserable; and he who pores in his study over the simple and touching lamentations of the contemporary chronicles, will not easily avoid being moved to indignation and pity at the sufferings of the Saxon population. But, at the distance of seven centuries from the event, it should rather behove the philosophic historian calmly to contemplate, not the temporary miseries but all the permanent consequences of this momentous revolution. He will then see—what M. Thierry has altogether overlooked — the beneficial effects of the Norman Conquest upon the energies and civilisation not only of England but of the whole world. Through it our country gradually acquired that connection with, and influence upon, the affairs of the rest of Europe which have been nobly and successfully exerted in the cause of human virtue, freedom, and happiness. Nor even was the Conquest adverse to the growth of those native liberties of our island, of which the seeds had been planted by the Saxon mind. A large part of the laws, political customs, and institutions which we still most love and venerate, is derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and was not (as every legal antiquary knows) at all destroyed by the Conquest. That moral convulsion swept before it the leaders, not the mass, of the Saxon people: the towering oak was riven and prostrated by the tempest;

tempest; the more lowly plants of the forest bent before its fury, only to rise again with native elasticity and increasing hardihood. From M. Thierry's picture the uninformed reader must infallibly conclude, that the whole Saxon population was crushed under the iron mace of the Norman, in one indiscriminate slavery and bondage to the soil. Yet the Conqueror's book of Domesday remains to give the lasting and broad contradiction to this opinion. That invaluable record distinctly enumerates, in the different counties, many thousand Anglo-Saxon *sochmanni*, *liberi homines*, or tenants in free soccage. Upon the subject of these remaining freemen of the Saxon population, it is not a little singular, that a writer of so much accurate reflection as Mr. Sharon Turner should have fallen also into an error, the opposite to that of M. Thierry. He argues (Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. iii. p. 213.) that at least two-thirds of the Anglo-Saxon population were *originally* in a state of bondage, because this is the proportion which the villeins in Domesday-book bear to the freemen. But who shall tell us the number of the Saxon freemen who had been, and must have been, reduced to the condition of serfs by the violent convulsion of the Conquest? That even so great a proportion of *sochmanni* was suffered to survive is surprising; and the preservation of this order has been the glory of our realm. For it was from these tenants in free soccage that were derived the free, bold, and vigorous yeomen of England, who drew the long-bow at Crecy and Agincourt; and it is from the same race of progenitors that we may trace the existence of the middle orders of our times: — the nerve of our state, the firmest guardians of our liberties, the best support of the virtue, happiness, and grandeur of our land.

M. Thierry's five next books, from the seventh to the eleventh inclusive, occupy the period between the survey of Domesday and the close of the reign of Richard I., in which the conspiracy and execution of William Longbeard, the Saxon Londoner, is considered by our author as the last recorded proof of national enmity between the Normans and Saxons. It is principally, indeed almost wholly, for the purpose of elucidating the continued separation between the two races, and the contest between tyranny and oppression on the one side, and obstinate disaffection and silent hatred on the other, that M. Thierry has written this part of our history, from the end of the eleventh to that of the twelfth century. Among the many real proofs which he adduces of this continued and mutual feeling of enmity, which required full a hundred years to subside, our author has endeavoured

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to enrol the great quarrel between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket. Because the Archbishop was a Saxon, and his monarch a Norman, M. Thierry has no hesitation in resolving their struggle for power into a national contest between the two races. It is absurd to ascribe the popular affection which Becket attracted to a political, instead of a religious cause; history really does not justify such a conclusion, and M. Thierry has altogether failed in the attempt to establish it.

With the close of his eleventh book, M. Thierry concludes the strictly historical portion of his work; and the remaining half of his last volume is filled with a dissertation on the ulterior destiny of the various races of population connected not only with the Norman Conquest of England but with the Norman dynasty of France. Of this dissertation, the section which refers to the amalgamation of the Anglo-Normans and the native English, is the only portion which strictly appertains to M. Thierry's declared subject; and here we have frequent occasion to observe, that it might have profited him to have studied a class of authorities, which he seems to have overlooked or despised, — our modern writers, whose researches have illustrated the progress of our constitution. He might have referred the division of our parliament into two chambers, to an epoch at least as early as the reign of the second Edward, (see Rot. Parliament, vol. i. p. 289.) instead of mistaking the middle of the fifteenth century (vol. iii. p. 532.) for the *probable* era of the separation. And farther he would not have declared (p. 527.) that 'it is not known what share the deputies of the towns had' in the parliament which followed the insurrection headed by Wat Tyler, nor 'even whether they were present at it.' This ignorance is the more remarkable, because it was in that same parliament that the Commons, in the bold and energetic remonstrance which is still extant on the rolls of parliament (5 Ric. II. p. 100.), charged all the public disorders upon the abuses of the royal administration.

On the remainder of M. Thierry's dissertation upon the fate of the various races of population in Great Britain, Ireland, and France, it is not our intention to dwell. There certainly is some ingenuity and much curious research applied to his idea of examining 'the different masses of population that may be found lying in a sort of strata, according to the direction in which the stream of national conquest and emigration has flowed.' To the inquisitive student, whose previous information has fortified him against the danger of

M. Thierry's errors and prejudices, the perusal of these volumes altogether may suggest many new ideas, and yield both amusement and instruction: but the work is little suited for the general reader.

ART. VI. *Hymns*. By John Bowring. 18mo. pp. 143. London. Hunter. 1825.

WE had expected from Mr. Bowring's acquaintance with Spanish poetry, that he might have drawn from its sacred lays, a higher and a more devotional tone of inspiration than we find in the generality of English hymns. He has disappointed us. These verses, which he is modest enough to hope may be 'hereafter blended with the exercises of domestic and social worship,' and may be the attendants of 'meditative solitude,' are unfit for either purpose. Their pretensions to poetical merit are of the most insignificant description; but the defect that frustrates the purpose, for which no doubt they were well intended, is their want of unction, fervour, and simplicity, which constitute the charm of such aspirations.

It must, indeed, be owned, that the difficulty of combining melody with forms of prayer, is one of no ordinary kind, which some of our most distinguished lyrical poets have in vain endeavoured to overcome. We are all prepossessed from early years, with the beauty of the Scripture dialect, and we feel that every effort to imitate it, tends only to mark still more strongly the difference between divine and human inspiration. Dr. Watts's Hymns alone have succeeded in filling the mind as well as the ear, because they adhere as closely as possible to the language of the sacred writers. Mr. Bowring has unfortunately taken for his models some vapid German and Swedish parodies of the old monkish rhymes, and, accordingly, he has produced a volume of cold, dull, and inharmonious hymns, which Handel himself, were he living, could scarcely mould to his immortal music.

Did the author understand Peter of Dresden's Bethlehem Hymn, when he translated the following verses?

'*Sine serpentis vulnere, vulnere,*
De nostro venit sanguine, Hallelujah.
He's placed beyond the serpent's pow'rs;
His blood is ours — his blood is ours.

'*In carne nobis similis, similis,*
Peccato sed dissimilis, Hallelujah.
A brother's blood doth flow within, —
Yet he is pure from fault and sin.'

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The *serpentis vulnere* assuredly refers to original sin, from the stain of which Peter properly says the Saviour was born pure, although his veins were filled with human blood. The translation is not only erroneous but absurd. The point of the contrast in the second verse, as here quoted, is laboriously weakened, if, indeed, not wholly lost, in Mr. Bowring's lines.

Honest Peter of Dresden is in truth as fatal to the muse of Mr. Bowring, as Peter Bell was to that of Wordsworth. We might search ineffectually among the records of verse for any thing so exquisitely silly as the following hymn:

'*In dulci jubilo* — to the house of God we'll go —
Singing him who slumbering lies — *in præsepio*.
Brightly as the Sun he lights, *Matris in gremio*,
Alpha es et O, Alpha es et O.

'*O Jesu parvule* — fondly do I turn to thee,
And in thee I put my trust, *O puer optime*,
Lead me on my pilgrimage, *O princeps gloriæ*,
Trahe me post te, trahe me post te.

'*O patris caritas! O nati lenitas*,
All were on the brink of death — *per nostra crimina*,
But we were saved by thee — *Cælorum gaudia* —
Thither lead the way! thither lead the way.

'*Ubi sunt gaudia* — glory's sublime display,
And thousand angels sing *Nova cantica*;
Thousands of harps are heard, *In regis curiâ*.
Thither lead the way, thither lead the way.'

Of course our observations refer only to the versification of Mr. Bowring, and must be understood with a due reserve for the reverence which belongs to the sacredness of the theme. It cannot, however, but strike the reader as one of the most material blemishes of these Hymns, that though they are, perhaps, very sincerely devoted to the purposes of religion, they tend rather to degrade than ennoble it, by the familiarity of tone which occasionally pervades them. This, perhaps, to some of his readers, might seem rather ornamental than otherwise, but we cannot suppose that even a charity-boy is to be found who would deliberately chant such solemn nonsense as the following lines:

'O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer flow'ret flowing,
Scattered by the breezes, blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.' —

'O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is all earthly pleasure!

'Tis an air-suspended bubble,
Blown about in tears and trouble,
Broken soon by flying stubble.'—
'O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is all mortal wisdom!
He who with poetic fiction
Sway'd and silenced contradiction,
Soon is still'd by death's infliction.'

We confess that we have never before heard of a flow'ret *flowing*: the phrase is new, and the alliteration irresistible. The image, too, of a bubble suspended in the air, blown about in *tears* and *trouble*, — a bubble in tears! — a bubble in trouble! — and broken by a flying *stubble!* may, perhaps, in Mr. Bowring's taste, be very correct and felicitous. But we take leave to say that, to us, it appears to be of that class of writing which is usually called bombast. We are incapable of understanding the three last lines above quoted. For the sake of illustrating them, we have, for a moment, supposed them to be carved as an epitaph on some poetaster's tomb, — thus:

He who with poetic fiction
Sway'd and silenced contradiction,
Now is still'd by death's infliction!

And for a poetaster, be it said, a good epitaph these lines would make; but they are in a hymn! and preceded by other lines, which render them the most ludicrous nonsense in whatever way they are taken. The author exclaims:

'O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is all mortal wisdom!'

Therefore, he concludes that the man who has so little wisdom as to use 'poetic fiction' in 'silencing contradiction' must soon go off to the other world. This is one way of understanding the lines. Another mode is to suppose that the author meant 'all mortal wisdom' to be 'poetic fiction,' but that it is a perfectly harmless thing, until it is used for the purpose of 'silencing contradiction,' and then instantly it is followed by 'death's infliction.' The commentators leave the unfortunate reader in doubt as to which of these constructions should be preferred; for our own parts we are inclined to the belief that neither is very intelligible.

We must do Mr. Bowring, however, the justice to say, that the whole of this hymn is a translation from the German, and although we have not the original before us, we are willing to hope that he is not wholly answerable for this *bêtise*. And in order

order to prove that our remarks have not been framed in a spirit of ill will towards him, we gladly subjoin the following stanzas on the Rest of the Righteous, which are marked by simplicity and tenderness. It is to be regretted that his volume contains so very few other compositions of this description.

'O sweet and sacred is the rest
Round the departed Christian's breast;
Serene the pillow of his head,
And sanctified his funeral bed.

'Upon his grave the moonlight-beam
Shines smiling — and the dews on him
Fall soft as on the loveliest flow'r
That decks the field or crowns the bow'r.

'And if the sad and sorrowing tear
Be sometimes shed in silence there,
Religion's ray that tear shall light,
And make it as a dew-drop bright.

'Then on the earth's maternal breast
In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest;
And yield us to death's slumber deep,
As infants calmly sink to sleep.'

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* By Thomas Moore. 4to. pp. 719. London. Longman and Co. 1825.

OF all the public men who flourished about the time of the American war, there is not one whose character has descended to us, clouded by so many shades of doubt, as that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Those who were best acquainted with his principles, while he lived, scarcely knew whether in the latter part of his career he ought to have been ranked among the Whigs or the Tories, for he occasionally lent his assistance to either party, and was distrusted by both. He seldom omitted any opportunity of advocating the popular cause in the House of Commons, yet we suppose that it would be impossible to find in the whole series of courtly memoirs an instance of more parasitical conduct towards a Prince, than that which was pursued by Sheridan in his intercourse with the present Sovereign. He applied all the instrumentality of adulation, and of his remarkable convivial talents, in order to insinuate himself into the good graces of that illustrious person, and as soon as he established his influence, he exerted it entirely for selfish purposes. With

every outward appearance of the most unsuspicious candour and integrity, he was fond of manœuvre, and not very scrupulous in his transactions, whether of a political or a pecuniary nature.

Yet we believe there is no name, among those that have recently floated away to the past ages, which is surrounded with a greater portion of interest than that of Mr. Sheridan. The splendid talents which he displayed in dramatic literature and in oratory, would of themselves have been sufficient to confer upon him an extraordinary degree of renown. We are not indeed inclined to admit the truth of that enthusiastic but inconsiderate eulogy of Lord Byron, which crowned the genius of Sheridan as outstripping competition in every thing that he attempted. But The School for Scandal and The Duenna remain to attest his superiority on the stage, and the praises of his contemporaries, though unfortunately unsupported by any other evidence, bear witness to his matchless triumphs in the senate. The vicissitudes, however, which he experienced in the decline of his life, more perhaps than any other circumstance attending his career, render it peculiarly attractive. He who was once the boon companion of princes, the ornament of the House of Commons, the light of private society, "the observed of all observers" wherever he appeared, was seen abandoned by almost every friend in the world, subjected to the profanation of a prison, and even in his dying hour dependent on the hand of charity for the scanty maintenance which he required. This sad termination of so brilliant a life it is which, in the words of his able biographer, renders his history 'a lesson as useful in its warnings as ever genius and its errors have bequeathed to mankind.'

So important and absorbing is the interest of that portion of these Memoirs, which relates to Sheridan's political career, and to the last scenes of his existence, that most readers will inevitably look back upon the early pages of the work, embracing his literary and dramatic progress, as a sort of penalty which they were called upon to pay for their subsequent enjoyment. In truth, the first ten chapters of this volume, four of which we are told were written seven years ago, are distinguished for their prolixity, although it cannot be denied that they contain many things that are curious in a "psychological" point of view. We may be permitted, however, to doubt the utility of filling many sheets with mere school-boy sketches of scenes which never were followed up, of thoughts which were never matured, of poetic exercises which not one in five hundred will think of examining, and which, indeed, will

will not repay the trouble of perusal. Mr. Moore having the MSS. before him, and knowing that they had never been published, might naturally enough have conceived an editorial affection for these novelties, which as naturally induced him to give them to the world. But if we except the fact, that some two or three ideas, which appear in embryo in these rude *brouillons*, afterwards found their way through many transmutations into The School for Scandal, and some of Mr. Sheridan's orations, these 'curiosities' are really of no sort of value. They do not afford any tangible traces of the progress of Sheridan's mind. Mr. Moore himself concedes, from the beginning, that the track of that mind was impossible to be discovered. 'How or when,' observes the biographer, 'his stock of knowledge was laid in nobody knew: it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read, as the existence of the chameleon has been to those who fancied it never eat.'

But besides their prolixity, the chapters which we have mentioned, are disfigured by a redundancy of conceits, which in verse, perhaps,—particularly in Moore's verse,—might escape censure, if they were clothed in harmonious numbers, but which in narrative-prose are offensive to good taste. It is evident that, while engaged in writing this volume, the author had by him a common-place book, in which he had noted down every new simile that had occurred to him, in the course of that extensive oriental reading by which he had prepared and imbued his mind for the composition of Lalla Rookh. The metaphors which he could not apply in that poem, he has carefully introduced into these chapters, imagining, no doubt, that from the inferior interest of the matter he could not embellish it too profusely. It is remarkable that in the latter portion of the Memoirs, in which the mind of the author is deeply wrapped in his subject, and the interest of the theme thickens upon him, he discards all these exotic ornaments, and pours forth his valuable details in language at once simple, picturesque, and eloquent.

That we may not be charged with dealing in loose assertions, we shall here present to the reader, a few of the tinsel decorations to which we have invited his attention. Speaking of The Duenna, after saying that 'the wit of the dialogue is of that accessible kind which lies near the *surface*,' the author follows up the little glimpse of a metaphor which the word 'surface' afforded him, by adding that Sheridan 'had not yet *searched his fancy for those curious fossils of thought*, which make The School for Scandal such *a rich museum of wit*.' Here we have the whole course of the mineralogist

from the surface to the fossil, and the arrangement of the latter in the museum. The simile is not in good taste: it is too elaborate; and it is, besides, incorrect and inelegant to compare, so closely at least, a material substance with an immaterial faculty.

Readers in the least degree acquainted with Moore's writings, would at once recognize his erudite imagination in his account of Sheridan's alteration of Vanbrugh's comedy entiled The Relapse. 'In reading the original play,' he observes, 'we are struck with surprise, that Sheridan should ever have hoped to be able to *defecate* such dialogue, and yet leave any of the wit, *whose whole spirit is in the lees*, behind. The very life of such characters as Berinthia is their licentiousness, and it is with them, as with objects that are *luminous from putrescence, to remove their taint is to extinguish their light.*' This prettiness comes doubtless from the commonplace book. The facility with which we recognise it as Moore's, shows that it is a specimen of *mannerism*, — a charge to which no classical writer of English should, or indeed could, expose himself.

The following passages are of much the same character as the last, and probably are all derived from the same store of ready-finished ornaments. The author apologises for the prolixity of his details concerning The School for Scandal, and gives the first sketches of its plan and dialogue, 'which,' he thinks, 'cannot fail to interest deeply all those who take delight in tracing the *alchemy* of genius, and in watching the first slow workings of the *menstruum*, out of which its finest *transmutations* arise.' — '*Patience* must first explore the depths where the *pearl* lies hid, before *genius* boldly *dives and brings it up full into light.*' Again; 'Nothing great and durable has been produced with ease, and *labour* is the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world, whether in *verse* or *stone*, whether *poetry* or *pyramids.*' This pair of antitheses here, improved as the latter is by the aid of alliteration, are by no means in Mr. Moore's happiest style. Several pages after the first metaphor derived from alchemy, above quoted, we find it taken up again, and continued thus upon the same subject: 'I shall now give a scene or two from the second sketch, which shows, perhaps, even more strikingly than the other, the *volatilising* and *condensing process* which his wit must have gone through, before it attained its present *proof* and *flavour.*' The author soon after changes to a new, and certainly a very odd image. 'His chief objects in correcting were to condense and simplify; to get rid of unnecessary phrases and epithets, and, in short, to strip away from the *thyrsus* of his wit

every *leaf that could render it less light and portable.*' We were aware from Horace that a heavy thyrsus was certainly a formidable weapon:

—— "Evœ! parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi, metuende thyrso."

But we must confess that Mr. Moore's use of the bacchanalian spear as an instrument allied with wit, seems to us new and questionable. The writers of antiquity uniformly speak of it as connected with those orgies, which were celebrated in honour of the god of wine, and to such ceremonies it exclusively appertained from their commencement.

"Instituit Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi,
Et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas."

Comparing the characters of Joseph and Charles in The School for Scandal, the author observes, that 'though both these characters are such as the moralist must visit with his censure, there can be little doubt to which we should in real life give the preference.' But it would not be worthy of Mr. Moore, at least in his own judgment, to make this common remark without illustrating it by a simile: 'The levities and errors of the one, arising from warmth of heart and of youth, may be merely like those *mists that exhale from summer-streams, obscuring them awhile to the eye, without affecting the native purity of their waters;* while the *hypocrisy* of the other is like the *mirage of the desert, shining with promise on the surface, but all false and barren beneath.*' This simile may be just in itself, and elegantly laboured out, but these qualities do not reconcile us to the use of such a poetical and flowery style in a composition of this nature.

We shall notice but one specimen more of these ornaments, which is perhaps the most glaring instance of affectation that is to be found in any modern work. After drawing a very accurate and discriminating comparison between Sir Fretful Plagiary and Bayes, the author says that the latter is 'a caricature, made up of little more than personal peculiarities, which may amuse, as long as reference can be had to the prototype, but *like those supplemental features furnished from the living subject by Taliacotius, fall lifeless the moment the individual that supplied them is defunct.*' Now who was Taliacotius? He was an Italian surgeon, who taught, though he did not invent, the art of engrafting noses. Mr. Moore, therefore, in his fanciful vein, imagined that Bayes was like an engrafted nose; but the image was too ridiculous to be mentioned

mentioned plainly, and accordingly it is circuitously described as a '*supplemental feature!!*'

We might produce several other examples of the vicious style of writing which Mr. Moore has too often adopted on this occasion, but we have given a sufficient number to show that, however graceful and melodious the author's poetical style may be, his Life of Sheridan is by no means a model of pure English prose. It is so ambitious in diction, particularly in the first half of it, that it approaches to that *euphuism* which was affected by some of the lordlings of Elizabeth's court, more than any other production which has lately come under our notice. Had the author not been among the master-spirits of his time, we should not have thought it necessary to indicate these defects. But from the influence which his name possesses, and very justly possesses, in our literature, the peculiarities which we have pointed out, might mislead unripened taste, or attract imitation, if they had not been exposed as apocryphal.

Another equally serious, and more disagreeable, defect of this work is the number of laboured flatteries which are forced into it, of noblemen and commoners who are still living. The incense which Mr. Moore offers to the Devonshire family, to Lords Grey, Grenville, Holland, and almost every living person whom he mentions, may be very pleasing to them, rising as it does from the hand of a contemporary, who has every prospect of being esteemed by posterity. But readers who have no personal interest in those eulogies, will set them down as models of adulation, not surpassed by any thing that Horace ever sung, or Pliny wrote.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, it would be unjust to deny that, in every other respect, Mr. Moore has executed his task in a manly and creditable manner. Although as an Irishman, a poet, and a Whig, he might be fairly suspected of leaning with partiality towards Sheridan, yet we do not find him in any part of his work yielding to any undue bias in his favour. He speaks of his moral failings in a tone of just but temperate censure, and of his public conduct with a severe regard for historical truth, which no private feelings seem for a moment to have influenced. By far the most interesting portion of the volume is that which treats of Sheridan's political career, particularly after that extraordinary person began to exercise an influence upon the resolutions and conduct of the Prince of Wales. In this part of his work Mr. Moore has given several documents of importance to history, the greater number of which have been hitherto unknown to the public. But perhaps the most precious

precious pages of this Life of Sheridan are those which reveal the history of the connection of the Whig party with the heir apparent to the throne, the hopes and negotiations to which it gave birth, and the gradual dissolution of that connection until at last it ceased altogether. Mr. Moore, we think, shows pretty clearly that the censures which, at the time, frequently pointed to Sheridan as the cause of the Prince's abandonment of his old political friends, were substantially just; and that to Sheridan's personal efforts in underplotting against Earl Grey and Lord Grenville, we must now ascribe their exclusion from office.

The history of these transactions affords a most instructive lesson to public men. It will teach them great caution, if not indeed distrust, in forming political relations with princes; it will warn them against allowing personal sensibilities to interfere too largely with their acceptance or refusal of power, and to postpone, in all cases, their own private feelings to the welfare of the community, provided that they be not called upon to sacrifice any essential principle. It will teach individuals, who happen to gather around them the smiles of a court, to look upon those smiles as evanescent and barren. It will teach men, who have to depend on their talents for fortune and station in life, that their surest prospects of success will certainly be marred if they neglect those talents, and will as certainly be defeated if they ever deviate into low intrigue, or betray their early connections.

In these points of view, the latter portion of Mr. Sheridan's career is eminently instructive, admirably developed as it is, with a true perception of its utility, by his biographer. The circumstances connected with Sheridan's family and education, his early disappointments in literature, his romantic passion for Miss Linley, his savage duels with Mr. Mathews, which were the consequence of that passion, and his dramatic productions, are all detailed by Mr. Moore at great length, and occasionally with vivacity. He shows that the story which attributed the merit of The School for Scandal to a young lady is perfectly ridiculous. Among his unfinished plays, Sheridan left a sketch of a comedy entitled "Affectation," which promised to be a match for The School for Scandal. The dramatic world must regret that it was not perfected.

It is a curious fact, that of Sheridan's best play, and his best oration, we have no copy from his own hand. With respect to the former, however, little remains to be desired; but the loss of the speech in which he brought forward, in the House of Commons, the charge against Warren Hastings,

ings,' relative to the Begum Princesses of Oude, forms a lamentable hiatus in our rhetorical literature. Yet, although we are told that 'the effect produced on its hearers has no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern eloquence,' we doubt whether the most correct report of it would now be read with any thing like the interest which its delivery inspired. It is the misfortune of oratory, that its noblest exertions are allied with events which the lapse of a few years reduces into history, while the passions that inflamed those harangues, and the emergencies which raised them into high relief, glide away with the season to which they belonged. In tracing the story of past years, we look for the most comprehensive, concise, and true account of them, and are seldom disposed to mingle, even in imagination, in the party-strifes and personal feelings to which they gave birth. Speeches destined to be read must be revised and polished with excessive care; for as they will be read not so much for their matter as their style, unless they are models of rhetoric, they will be consigned to oblivion.

Upon the occurrence of the formidable mutiny at the Nore, Mr. Sheridan gave an illustrious example of his zeal for the public welfare. The inactivity of his party in that important crisis we are not disposed to examine with severity: we leave that duty to history; and shall only observe, that the modern Whigs, much to their credit, have generally merged the partisan in the patriot, as often as they have found a fit opportunity. It were much to be wished that some of their rivals would emulate them in this respect.

There are some mysterious circumstances in the career of Sheridan, which, though Mr. Moore touches them, he leaves as obscure as they were before. Such, for instance, is the still undiscovered source whence he derived the funds which enabled him to purchase from Garrick a considerable share in Drury-Lane theatre. Watkins, that Zoilus of biography, says that Ford supplied them, but his mere assertion deserves no weight. Another anecdote, apparently countenanced by Sheridan's remarkable inattention to the question of the American war, remains equally inexplicable. It is said that, towards the close of that unhappy contest, he was offered a sum of twenty thousand pounds by a leading member of the republican government, "as a mark of the value which the American people attached to his services in the cause of liberty," but that he refused it. *Credat Judæus Apella!*

Our space prevents us from extracting the very interesting letters in which Admiral Payne daily informed Sheridan of the progress of the late King's first illness, in 1788. On one occasion

occasion His Majesty is represented as having awoke 'without any extraordinary degree of fever, but with all the gestures and ravings of the most confirmed maniac, and *a new noise, in imitation of the howling of a dog.*' His conversation seems to have been frequently 'on the subject of religion and of his being inspired.' For some time previous to any severe attack of illness, His Majesty's distemper had been palpable to all those around him. On each of the two days preceding his confinement to his chamber, he had been out five hours on horseback 'in a confirmed frenzy.' On the second of these days, 'at his return he burst out into tears to the Duke of York, and said, "He wished to God he might die, for he was going to be mad."' A few days afterwards he attempted to jump out of the window, and was very turbulent and incoherent.

We have already alluded to Sheridan's perfidious conduct towards his own party at the commencement of the Regency, in 1811. Mr. Moore's details of this part of his life are copious and important, and clearly establish the charge that the continuation of Mr. Perceval's ministry in office was owing entirely to Sheridan's undermining influence, exerted against Lords Grey and Grenville. At the same time it must be owned that these noble lords evinced but a small share of worldly wisdom in their communications with the Prince, and that, by taking too high a tone, they exposed themselves to the insidious manœuvres which were so successfully put into operation against them.

That part of Sheridan's political career, however, which has fixed the deepest stain upon his memory, was his conduct on the death of Mr. Perceval, when propositions were again made to Lords Grey and Grenville to form a ministry. It is well known that the only obstacle which delayed their acceptance of office, arose out of the state of the household, and that, in order to remove that impediment, the household offered to resign. Their intention was communicated to Sheridan for the purpose of its being conveyed, through him, to the two noble lords, and he had the baseness *to suppress it.* The result was the formation of Lord Liverpool's ministry, which, until the last accession of Mr. Canning and his friends to the cabinet, was distinguished for its tendency to undermine the constitutional freedom of the country.

Sheridan's total dereliction of public principle, aided very considerably by the scandalous sottishness in which he too often sought the oblivion of his embarrassments, at length rendered him unpopular, and excluded him from Parliament.

Mr. Moore's

Mr. Moore's narrative of this part of his life is eminently graphic and striking:

'The failure of Sheridan at Stafford completed his ruin. He was now excluded both from the Theatre and from Parliament: — the two anchors by which he held in life were gone, and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck upon the waters. The Prince Regent offered to bring him into Parliament; but the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear — and he declined the offer. Indeed, miserable and insecure as his life was now, when we consider the public humiliations to which he would have been exposed, between his ancient pledge to Whiggism and his attachment and gratitude to Royalty, it is not wonderful that he should have preferred even the alternative of arrests and imprisonments to the risk of bringing upon his political name any farther tarnish in such a struggle. Neither could his talents have much longer continued to do themselves justice, amid the pressure of such cares, and the increased indulgence of habits, which, as is usual, gained upon him, as all other indulgences vanished. The ancients, we are told, by a significant device, inscribed on the wreaths they wore at banquets the name of Minerva. Unfortunately, from the festal wreath of Sheridan this name was now but too often effaced; and the same charm, that once had served to give a quicker flow to thought, was now employed to muddy the stream, as it became painful to contemplate what was at the bottom of it. By his exclusion, therefore, from Parliament, he was, perhaps, seasonably saved from affording to that "Folly, which loves the martyrdom of Fame *," the spectacle of a great mind, not only surviving itself, but, like the champion in Berni, continuing the combat after life is gone: —

'"Andava combattendo, ed era morto."

'In private society, however, he could, even now, (before the Rubicon of the cup was passed,) fully justify his high reputation for agreeableness and wit; and a day which it was my good fortune to spend with him, at the table of Mr. Rogers, has too many mournful, as well as pleasant, associations connected with it, to be easily forgotten by the survivors of the party. The company consisted but of Mr. Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr. Sheridan, and the writer of this Memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him; the presence of the young poet, in

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'* "And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame."

'This fine line is in Lord Byron's Monody to his memory. There is another line, equally true and touching, where, alluding to the irregularities of the latter part of Sheridan's life, he says, —

'"And what to them seem'd vice might be but woe."'

particular,

particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit; and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and animating to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr. Whitbread had written and sent in, among the other Addresses for the opening of Drury-Lane, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the Phenix, he said, "But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them: — he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.; in short, it was a *Poulterer's* description of a Phenix!"

'The following extract from a Diary in my possession, kept by Lord Byron during six months of his residence in London, 1812–13, will show the admiration which this great and generous spirit felt for Sheridan: —

"*Saturday, December* 18. 1813.

'"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of *sentimentality* in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other '*hommes marquans*,' and mine was this: — 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy (School for Scandal), the *best* opera, (The Duenna — in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, The Beggar's Opera,) the *best* farce, (The Critic — it is only too good for an after-piece,) and the *best* Address, (Monologue on Garrick,) — and, to crown all, delivered the very *best* oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told Sheridan this the next day, and, on hearing it, he burst into tears! — Poor Brinsley! If they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said those few, but sincere, words, than have written the Iliad, or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine — humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"'

The misfortunes and mortifications that attended the close of Sheridan's life were of the most painful description. That which seems to have most deeply preyed upon his mind was his arrest and confinement for two or three days in a spunging-house. In this situation he complained bitterly of the conduct of Mr. Whitbread towards him, which certainly, after making every due allowance on both sides, seems to have been rather stoical. The following instances of a friendship for poor Sheridan, very different from that which was professed by Mr. Whitbread, we notice with much pleasure:

'Amid all the distresses of these latter years of his life, he appears but rarely to have had recourse to pecuniary assistance from friends. Mr. Peter Moore, Mr. Ironmonger, and one or two others, who did more for the comfort of his decline than any of his high and noble associates, concur in stating that, except for

for such an occasional trifle as his coach-hire, he was by no means, as has been sometimes asserted, in the habit of borrowing. One instance, however, where he laid himself under this sort of obligation, deserves to be mentioned. Soon after the return of Mr. Canning from Lisbon, a letter was put into his hands, in the House of Commons, which proved to be a request from his old friend Sheridan, then lying ill in bed, that he would oblige him with the loan of a hundred pounds. It is unnecessary to say that the request was promptly and feelingly complied with;—and if the pupil has ever regretted leaving the politics of his master, it was not at *that* moment, at least, such a feeling was likely to present itself.'

The following paragraph seems to allude to a fresh negotiation of a ministerial nature:

'There are, in the possession of a friend of Sheridan, copies of a correspondence in which he was engaged this year (1815) with two noble lords and the confidential agent of an illustrious personage upon a subject, as it appears, of the utmost delicacy and importance. The letters of Sheridan, it is said, (for I have not seen them,) though of too secret and confidential a nature to meet the public eye, not only prove the great confidence reposed in him by the parties concerned, but show the clearness and manliness of mind which he could still command, under the pressure of all that was most trying to human intellect.'

Sheridan, at this period, was labouring under 'a diseased state of the stomach, brought on partly by irregular living, and partly by the harassing anxieties that had, for so many years, without intermission, beset him. His powers of digestion grew every day worse, till he was at length unable to retain any sustenance.' His pecuniary affairs were plunged into the most distressing state, when, on the evening of the 15th of May, 1816, he sent the following note to his friend Mr. Rogers:

'"*Saville-Row.*

'"I find things settled so that 150*l.* will remove all difficulty. I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. I shall negotiate for the plays successfully in the course of a week, when all shall be returned. I have desired Fairbrother to get back the guarantee for thirty.

'"They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take me*—for God's sake let me see you. '"R. B. S."'

Mr. Moore proceeds:

'It was too late to do any thing when this note was received, being then between twelve and one at night; but Mr. Rogers and I walked down to Saville-Row together, to assure ourselves that the

the threatened arrest had not yet been put in execution. A servant spoke to us out of the area, and said that all was safe for the night, but that it was intended, in pursuance of this new proceeding, to paste bills over the front of the house next day.

'On the following morning I was early with Mr. Rogers, and willingly undertook to be the bearer of a draft for 150*l.* to Saville-Row. I found Mr. Sheridan good-natured and cordial as ever; and, though he was then within a few weeks of his death, his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre, for which his eyes were so remarkable, diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price that he expected for his Dramatic Works, and of the certainty he felt of being able to arrange all his affairs, if his complaint would but suffer him to leave his bed.'

An offer was made to Mrs. Sheridan of some trifling assistance, from an unknown quarter, through Mr. Vaughan. The hidden source was said to be royal, but we agree with Mr. Moore in thinking, that 'this is hardly credible.' From whatever hand it was offered it came too late.

Mr. Moore's remarks upon the contrast which Sheridan's splendid funeral (graced as it was by the presence of two princes, and a galaxy of nobles and commoners,) offered to the state of neglect in which he had been suffered to die, are couched in terms of just indignation, which will find a ready response in every manly bosom.

'Where were they all, these royal and noble persons, who now crowded to "partake the gale" of Sheridan's glory — where were they all, while any life remained in him? Where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking, — or when the zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted the death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity while he lived, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?'

Mr. Moore follows up the indignant spirit of this paragraph with those verses which we all remember to have read soon after Sheridan's death. He impliedly admits that they are from his own pen. We observe that he properly excludes a stanza or two, as being too personal against an illustrious person who was so long connected with Sheridan.

'There appeared some verses at the time, which, however intemperate in their satire and careless in their style, came, evidently, warm from the heart of the writer, and contained sentiments to which, even in his cooler moments, he needs not hesitate to subscribe: —

'" Oh it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born;—
To think what a long line of Titles may follow
The relics of him who died, friendless and lorn!

'" How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunn'd, in his sickness and sorrow—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

'The anonymous writer thus characterizes the talents of Sheridan:—

'" Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall—
The orator, dramatist, minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

'" Whose mind was an essence, compounded, with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;—
Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers;—

'" Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone, as it play'd;—
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

'" Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"'

Mr. Moore concludes these Memoirs with a summary view of Sheridan's character, which, though in some points impartial, is nevertheless imbued throughout with those friendly feelings towards poor Sheridan which every man must experience, more or less, who considers the brilliant talents that he wasted, and the gay and kindly disposition of heart, which long rendered him the charm of private society. Of the work itself we shall only say in conclusion, that, disfigured as it is by many vices of style, it is nevertheless as magnificent a piece of biography as we have in our language. The general impression seems to be, that it has added another to the brilliant laurels already worn by the author of the Irish Melodies and Lalla Rookh.

ART. VIII. *An Address to the Members of the Royal College of Surgeons of London*, on the injurious Conduct and defective State of that Corporation, with Reference to professional Rights, medical Science, and the public Health. By John Armstrong, M. D., Lecturer, &c. 8vo. pp. 48. London. Baldwin and Co. 1825.

THAT the improvement of surgery in this country is restrained by impolitic regulations, is a truth which is well known to the members of the profession, and deserves to be duly considered by the public at large. We do not enquire, whether or not the superintendence of the art may be beneficially entrusted to a corporation; but we own we should have been surprised, if the peculiar constitution of the College of Surgeons, the powers with which it is vested, together with the absence of that controul which arises from public observation, and to which almost all other corporate bodies are partially amenable, had failed, to this time, to corrupt the members of its administration with a taste for personal aggrandisement. Nor should we fastidiously affect to magnify those venial errors, which are the current offspring of corporate frailty; nor condemn the predilection which, in the present case, is exhibited by the Governors of the College for their private advantage, if its gratification were not visibly opposed to the advancement of science, to the rights of the great body of professional men, and, above all, to the interest and safety of the public. It is in the nature of abuse to enlarge upon its own foundation: the whole community, as well as the art itself, are threatened with the consequences. Some resolute organised plan was therefore a matter of the first importance, and we think Dr. Armstrong has done himself credit in coming forward, to begin an enquiry which must ultimately lead to reform.

The object of the 'Address' is to point out some of the defects and abuses of the College of Surgeons, which have a tendency to impede the advancement of surgical science. But the immediate offence for which that corporation is at present arraigned, is stated to be the framing of a certain bye-law in March, 1824. In order to understand the nature and effects of this regulation, it will be necessary for the reader to be put in possession of a few facts. Up to a very recent period the qualifications which were required in persons seeking to become members of the College of Surgeons, were liberal in the extreme; that is to say, while they were sufficient to testify in the individual full competency to practise, they were not shaped with a view to

any purpose of partial and unworthy interests. By degrees the College began to embarrass the candidate with formal qualifications, without rendering the test of competency otherwise more difficult. For instance, they specified the various hospitals, from which alone they would recognise testimonials of attendance as among the qualifications for examination. Lastly, on the 19th of March, 1824, they framed the obnoxious bye-law, by which they not only limit the hospitals, but also the schools of lectures, attendance on which alone would be allowed for the like purpose. These schools are London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The words of the bye-law are;

'The Court of Examiners, in pursuance of their duty to promote the cultivation of sound chirurgical knowledge, and to discountenance practices which have a contrary tendency, have resolved:

'That, from and after the date hereof,

'The only schools of surgery recognised by the Court be London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen:

'That certificates of attendance upon the chirurgical practice of an hospital be not received by the Court unless such hospital be in one of the above recognised schools, and shall contain, on an average, one hundred patients:

'And that certificates of attendance at Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, the Theory and Practice of Surgery, and of the performance of Dissections, be not received by the Court, except from the appointed Professors of Anatomy and Surgery in the Universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; or from persons teaching in a school acknowledged by the medical establishment of one of the recognised hospitals, or from persons being Physicians or Surgeons to any of those hospitals.'

It is obvious that no student will think of giving attendance on any lecturer, be he ever so well adapted to the business of teaching, which shall not avail him towards his qualifications for presenting himself to the College for examination. The direct effect, therefore, of this law is to suppress all provincial schools of surgical and anatomical instruction, and force those persons in the country who are disposed to adopt the medical profession, to brave all the inconveniences and well-known dangers attending a metropolitan education. It would be enough to justify the worst terms of condemnation against this law to say, that it would have extinguished the establishments of the two greatest men, and by far the most skilful teachers, which ever adorned the profession, we mean those of William and John Hunter, if, indeed, such contracted

and

and oppressive schemes could be entertained or proposed for practice in a community, where these enlightened men maintained an influence. But the vexatious power of this law, as to professional rights, is strikingly illustrated in the case of Dr. Bennett. That gentleman was a member of the Irish College of Surgeons, — a circumstance that presumes a scale of expense and labour in preparation, of which those who are acquainted with surgical education in London only can form no notion. He repaired to Paris, where for three years he continued with reputation to give lectures to English students in anatomy and surgery, himself taking the fullest advantage of all the facilities which that renowned school of medical knowledge affords, for his own improvement. He repeatedly avowed his intention of ultimately settling in London, at the head of an anatomical and surgical school; and when some appearances of national jealousy in Paris began to obstruct his progress there, he returned to London to carry his original purpose into effect, having added to his other qualifications that of being a member of the College of Surgeons. But the bye-law interposed; and though Dr. Bennett was at liberty to deliver lectures and instruct in the performances of dissection, yet, as his certificates would not be recognised by the College, he could not expect the attendance of any pupils. That such an accident as this fulfils in any part, the motives which are announced in the preamble to the bye-law, we may surely venture to deny: on the contrary, we assert that the principle which gave birth to it, is calculated ‘ to retard the cultivation of sound chirurgical science,’ and ‘ to countenance practices which have a similar tendency.’

This bye-law then checks — we should rather say destroys — that most wholesome principle of improvement, by virtue of which all arts and sciences are sure to prosper, namely, an unfettered rivalry among persons who are interested in seeing the art flourish, and are qualified to advance it. We see also that this regulation interferes with the rights and injures the interests of a number of persons who are competent, perhaps peculiarly adapted, to impart instruction, and that it imposes on persons in the country, who purpose to follow the profession, an expensive and, in a moral point of view, a perilous ordeal. What, we ask, were the mischiefs of the old system to call for this sweeping alteration? It could not be said that bad and impudent persons affecting to give instruction in the art could, at any time, succeed in palming their half-taught pupil as a consummate surgeon

upon the unlettered public. Against the possibility of such wickedness there was a sure obstacle, the examination of the party by this very college, as it was only upon their judgment of his competency that he ventured to tender himself to a patient. Again, it is very well known that no person, in town or country, has ever presumed to undertake the office of lecturer unless he be a member of the College of Surgeons. If, then, true knowledge and due skill on the part of the candidate were the requisites which the College aimed at securing, how easily and successfully might they not have compassed their meritorious wishes! They had, in the first place, the presumptive assurance in favour of the student, arising from the circumstance of his having been instructed by a competent person, and, in the next place, it was in their power to refine their test in the examination, to any arbitrary degree, in the scale of professional knowledge. By this simple operation they would have attained, as a certain result, the professed object of their legislation.

'It is of little consequence,' says Dr. Armstrong, '*where* a student is educated, provided he be placed under competent teachers, and possess, in the end, the necessary information. But it is of the last importance, not only to the public, but even to the student, that his information be attested by a strict and honest examination, and that competent teachers should always exist in sufficient numbers. Now this last object can only be secured by opening to the *whole* profession a fair and unfettered competition, by which industry and attainments would always attract students to the best sources of instruction, and unqualified pretenders would be discouraged.'

The power of making bye-laws for the regulation of the College is vested by the charter in the Court of Examiners; and it is remarkable, with reference to the bye-law which is under consideration, that of the ten persons who composed that legislative court, eight are actual teachers of anatomy and surgery under those circumstances, and according to those rights, to which the bye-law extends the exclusive privileges. The remaining two persons are connected by friendship or alliance with teachers placed in the like fortunate predicament. And this is the court which daily examines into the merits, and decides on the competency, of those, who make application for the rank of members of the College. Thus, then, we find the system carried to this state of perfection, that the individuals to whom the profitable distinction is almost limited of teaching in surgery, themselves constitute the tribunal which is to determine on the efficacy of their own

instructions. Is it to be expected, we ask, that an examination which is now, as it always has been, the reproach of the profession on account of its laxity, its brevity, and general insufficiency, should be moulded into a severer form, and call for sounder and more extensive information, when the examiner and candidate shall have contracted the relation of teacher and pupil? And supposing that the scrupulous mind of the examining party is capable of setting aside the partialities of the lecturer, is it likely, we enquire, that the conscientious feeling shall be rendered active by the recollection that the success of the candidate is the revenue of the examiner? Perhaps this question may be best answered by the statement that the admission-fee of each new member of the College is 22*l.*, out of which 5*l.* 5*s.* are appropriated to the examiners, (who have, besides, a guinea each for being present at the opening and closing of the court,) and that the present average number of admissions is about 300 members a-year.

The next substantial objection which we make to this law is, that it rejects the instruction, by refusing the certificates, of two of the most celebrated schools of Europe; need we mention Paris and the Dublin College of Surgeons? for though Dublin is named as a privileged school, the compliment extends only to the University and one hospital in that metropolis. Who more loudly, or with juster indignation than Mr. Abernethy, (one of the framers of the bye-law,) remonstrated against those statutes respecting the taking of dead bodies, which so materially obstruct the progress of useful knowledge, and exist at this day only out of a timid compliance in the legislature with the irrational prejudices of the multitude? Not only did the College deny to Paris and Dublin that recognition which they give to Aberdeen, but when an attempt was made, during the last year, to obtain the protection of our government to a school of anatomy for English students in Paris, it was frustrated by the influence of the College, on the plea that it would discourage the English schools of anatomy.

Such, then, is the spirit which actuates this corporation, — a body to whose controul and management the surgical art in these realms is entirely entrusted. We agree with Dr. Armstrong that nothing but a public enquiry into the merits of their conduct in the first instance, and the abolition of their charter in the next place, with a view to a sounder and more liberal constitution of medical government, can check the growing abuses of this institution, and arrest the decline

of an art which is of the first importance to life and happiness.

It has been a matter of charge against the writer of this pamphlet, that his motives, on this occasion, are personal and corrupt. The statement, we suppose, is intended as an answer to his inculpations; but we are at a loss, we confess, to discover the efficacy of such a plea. Besides the constructive evidence in favour of his probity, which is furnished by the professional character of Dr. Armstrong, we have his own testimony for disinterested intention, and which to this moment awaits refutation.

'If I had consulted my own interest or comfort, both would have enjoined me to silence; for part of the system about to be exposed is favourable to me as a lecturer, by preventing the formation of new schools: and, independently of the personal opposition, which I must hereby create in powerful quarters, it is at all times most painful to condemn the public proceedings of those with whom an occasional intercourse, on professional concerns, is necessarily unavoidable.'

ART. IX. 1. *A Letter to the Chancellor on forming a Code of the Laws of England.* By Crofton Uniacke, Esq. Barrister, &c. J. and W. T. Clarke. 1825.

2. *Evidence, forming a Title of the Code of Legal Proceedings*, according to the Plan proposed by Crofton Uniacke, Esq. By S. B. Harrison, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Butterworth. 1825.

3. *A Letter to Mr. Peel on the Law of real Property, and the Practice of Conveyancing.* By William Hayes, Barrister. Sweet. 1825.

To bring the shapeless and discordant mass of our criminal laws into order, and to mitigate their unwise severity, were among the objects which shed lustre upon the parliamentary pursuits of Romilly. If this great and good man had survived but a few years longer, it is probable that the country would have been greatly benefited, in this respect, by his labours. It is not, however, one part alone, but every part of our laws, which should be reduced to order: the laws which have been set up on the *fiat* of our Judges, and which pronounce, with as much authority as statute-laws, upon the rights of the subject, must, if they are still to be laws, have a place in our embodied code.

It has long been a complaint that our Judges often legislate, rather than expound the law. The complaint is too well

founded; and we must lament the fact the more, when we see that their words are caught up by self-elected, and often incompetent reporters, to be hurried to the press, without even the correction of the Judge who utters them. It is a matter of wonder, that so wise a provision as that of having authorised persons to report the proceedings of our courts, should have fallen into disuse. It would undoubtedly be an improvement of the ancient system if no person were allowed to make these reports, except the Judge himself who delivers the law. The points decided in the case, and, in general, the new points only, should be admitted into these reports, after the excellent pattern given in the authorised works of Coke. In this manner a few lines would, in most cases, be sufficient. If a code were once framed, *all* new decisions might be incorporated into it, at stated intervals, after undergoing the scrutiny and receiving the sanction of the legislature; nor should they even be regarded as precedents of authority, in the mean time, for it would be to the advantage of the public that a point of law might be often mooted before it be finally decided.

What might be done towards forming a code is evident from the recent consolidation of our trade-acts, and our new jury-law, by which a multitude of statutes are repealed. As regards the statute-law, no more wise plans can be pursued than the one already commenced, of consolidating and amending separately its several branches. The Code Napoleon Mr. Uniacke justly speaks of as a splendid proof of the practicability of the measure. And we will add, that the other works on this subject by Mr. Uniacke, namely, the "New Bankrupt Law," and the "New Jury Law," exhibited according to the plan proposed, afford ample evidence, that great service might be done for the country simply by digesting our Statutes, and by carefully pruning away the unnecessary verbiage which forms by far the greater part of their enormous bulk.

In his letter, Mr. Uniacke ridicules, with great effect, the daring absurdities in the wording of a modern act of parliament. He gives the emphatic two-and-twenty words of Magna Charta, cap. 29., "*No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, — or by the law of the land;*" and contrasts them with the involutions and attenuations to which they would be subjected by the wisdom of the eighteenth century.

We will give in his own words the general outline of the plan proposed by Mr. Uniacke.

'*Plan.*

'*Plan.* — It is proposed that the Laws of England should consist of five books or codes, divided into titles, sections, and clauses. The first code to contain the Law of Persons; the second, the Law of Property; the third, the Commercial Law; the fourth, the Criminal Law; and the fifth, the Legal Proceedings of Courts. The first code proposed to be undertaken is the Commercial, under the titles, Shipping, Insurance, Bills of Exchange, Sale, — with all other titles which properly belong to this part of our law.

'These to be arranged in the method of Domat's Civil Law, and each title to comprehend the whole statute and common law of the realm, connected with the subject. The most simple language to be used, and the greatest possible attention given to render it perspicuous. Each title to undergo repeated revisions before it is offered to the public; and after it has been a sufficient time under public scrutiny, and has received such alterations as shall be deemed essential for the exclusion of incongruities, and contradictions, and for the insertion of every useful provision, which the most profound attention to the subject can suggest, that it should be brought into Parliament, and if approved of, passed into a law. That the other titles should be published in their order, and be passed into laws, after the same care and examination, until the whole code shall be completed.

'It is intended that all the authorities, whether statutes, reports, or any work considered an authority, should be referred to at the end of each title; that these should be arranged in tables, with the most simple and easy mode of reference, which of course will be entirely dispensed with, when they are passed into laws.

'Thus we shall have, in the course of time, all the wisdom and experience of past ages brought together, and methodized in the most commodious and scientific form, blended and harmonized with the improvements of modern times. Thus will be accomplished the wishes of Parliament — our Laws will be consolidated — and their language simplified.

'This is, no doubt, a work of immense extent, and will require the utmost wisdom and labour to accomplish; but as the country is prepared for the undertaking, and Parliament willing to promote its accomplishment, the greatest hopes may be entertained of its success. The imposing nature of the undertaking must not appal us. "It would appear that the *whole machine* of society has received an accelerating impulse, and that this country is beginning a course of prosperity which shall exceed all that has gone before, as much as the present exceeds all past expectations."*'

The first title to which this plan has been adapted is that of Evidence. While we pay the tribute which is due to the execution of this little work, we mean not to detract from the

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'* Report of Mr. Canning's Speech at Bristol.'

excellent

excellent character of the several treatises extant upon this subject: on the contrary, we readily bear our testimony to their value. Indeed no subject of legal proceedings has been treated in a more masterly manner. Mr. Phillipps's well known work is one of the best of practical treatises, and has received the approbation of the bench, and of the whole profession. The treatise by Mr. Starkie in three volumes, which has lately appeared, is in a less practical form than that of Mr. Phillipps. The first volume is rather a philosophical disquisition than an abstract of law: it contains, however, the true and liberal principles on which evidence should rest, and will, if we mistake not, bring about a great revolution in this important branch of our judicial system. Both these books are excellent; and parts of Mr. Starkie's might be read and studied even if the most judicious code were to be formed. The work now before us differs essentially from these, both in its plan and execution. In a small volume of 210 pages, the accepted rules of evidence are given without any display of authorities; the whole law of evidence is digested into the fewest words which perspicuity would permit, in the shape in which, as one act, it should receive the sanction of Parliament. We shall give as a specimen of its execution the clause of the section on the Examination of Witnesses.

'*Knowledge of Witness.*

'IV. — A witness must speak from his own knowledge and recollection, although to refresh his memory he is allowed to refer to any written *entry*, or memorandum made, or at least *examined* by himself, either at the time a fact occurred, or very recently afterwards; but he is not allowed to give evidence of his opinions, except in some particular cases, as those of science, skill, trade, or others of the same kind, when persons of skill are allowed not only to speak as to the facts, but also to give their opinions in evidence; as is shown by the following cases decided on this point.

'1. A ship-builder, may state his opinion of the sea-worthiness of a *ship*, from examining a *survey*, which had been taken by others, and at which he was not present.

'2. A person conversant in the business of *insurance* may be examined, as to whether the communication of particular facts would have varied the terms of insurance; but he cannot be asked, what his conduct would have been in the particular case.

'3. A clerk of the *Post-office*, accustomed to inspect franks for the detection of forgeries, has been examined, to prove that the hand-writing of an instrument is an imitated and not a natural hand, although he never saw the supposed person write; and also to prove that two writings, suspected to be in imitated hands, were written by the same person.

'4. Com-

'4. Commercial men may be called as witnesses, to prove the meaning of any particular expression, used in a letter, on a *commercial* subject.

'5. A seal-engraver may be called, to show a difference between a genuine impression of a *seal*, and one supposed to be forged.

'6. An *engineer* may be examined, as to his judgment on the effect of an embankment, in a harbour, as collected from experiment.

'7. The opinions of *medical* men are evidence as to the state of a patient, either in body or mind, even in cases where they have not themselves seen the patient, but have heard the symptoms, and particulars of his state, detailed by other witnesses at the trial; and in cases of homicide, they are always allowed to state their opinion, whether the wounds described by witnesses were likely to cause death.'

The first sentence here given contains the general rule; the paragraphs numbered 1, 2, 3, &c. contain the points decided in cases under the rule, and are given to show its application; the words in italics serve as references to the authorities given in tables at the end of the work, in the following neat manner:

'IV. — From what degree of knowledge witness must speak: Entry, 3 T. R. 752.; examined, 2 Camp. 112.; ship, Peake, 25.; survey, 1 Camp. 117.; insurance, 2 Stark. 258.; Post-office, 4 T. R. 498.; commercial, Peake, 43.; seal, 4 T. R. 498.; engineer, 4 T. R. 498.; medical men, 1 Phil. Evid. 275.'

We have but one fault to find with these tables, which is that they do not contain references by sections in the margin at the top of the page, as we find them in the text. We would suggest to the learned author the propriety of making this simple but very useful addition to his work, if it should see another edition, as no doubt it will.

We next come to the letter to Mr. Peel by Mr. Hayes, in which, as it is nearly all nonsense at the beginning, we were somewhat surprized to find some sense at the end. In order to introduce a few proposed improvements, this gentleman thought it necessary to give a splendid exordium. Twenty-five pages are consumed in display, in which Mr. Hayes entangles himself somewhat heedlessly in abusing innovation, and in defending the established length and uncertainty of deeds and abstracts.

His proposals, which are spread over ten pages more, are briefly these: 1. A simplification of the proceedings in the action of ejectment, which is a string of legal fictions, for the

the recovery of real property, and which, although it is more expeditious than our law-proceedings in general, might be rendered much more so. 2. The abolition of real actions, as by writs of entry and assize, writ of right, writ of intrusion, and writ of formedon; because, although they are obsolete in practice, the possibility of their being brought is often objected to a title. 3. He thinks that the universal adoption of twenty years as the period of limitation, in all cases involving the title to real estates, would be desirable. 4. He proposes the abolition of fines and recoveries, and the substitution of some less intricate and cheaper method of effecting their objects. 5. 'The adoption of the above alterations would render it necessary, or at least proper, to abolish feoffments.'— This is the substance: the rest is all rant and common-place, —a happy compound of jarring metaphors, and inflated nothingness, which, if he meant it to be looked at, it was quite cruel to inflict upon Mr. Peel.

We should be inclined to give Mr. Hayes more credit for his proposals, did it not so happen that they are at war with old-fashioned principles which he so strenuously defends; and that some suggestions are to be found, in substance, in Mr. Miller's excellent book, against which Mr. Hayes has been pleased to point several ungenerous sarcasms. We do not know what Mr. Hayes practises; but if he be a conveyancer, we dare to say that he is a very respectable one, because he can so easily involve a little matter in a multitude of words. Every class of dealers have a fashion of advertizing their commodities: the fruiterer of Constantinople cries, "In the name of the Prophet, —figs;" tradesmen write their names and callings upon their doors; and lawyers write books for their signs. With this last method of advertizing we are by no means disposed to quarrel, because books generally afford some criterion by which to judge of the writer's skill. — In conclusion, we may observe, that we shall be always ready to notice the efforts of those who devote their talents to the great work which Mr. Uniacke has proposed, and whether present distinction or future fame be the object of their ambition, we sincerely believe that they cannot apply the sickle of their industry to a more abundant harvest.

ART.

ART. X. *Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of King James I.*; with Sketches of the most distinguished Personages, and the State of Society in Holland and Germany during the Seventeenth Century. By Miss Benger, Authoress of "The Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots," "Anne Boleyn," &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1825.

THE story of the lovely and unfortunate woman, with whose Memoirs we are here presented, is among the most affecting pieces of royal biography. The daughter and the mother of a long line of kings, she was doomed to gain nothing but the empty title of Queen, in exchange for a whole life of humiliation and misery: born and reared in a palace, her youth was crowned with a splendid bridal, only that she might become a wanderer without a home, and a dependant upon republican bounty. Charming all hearts, she created devoted servants, but to incur fruitless debts of gratitude which she never enjoyed the enviable power of repaying: — the consort of a prince who adored her, she was widowed in youth: — the mother of a numerous offspring, she was left by their misfortunes or their crimes with no filial tenderness to soothe her declining years: — and, finally, she revisited her native shores to experience only neglect or indifference from the princes of her own family; and she died in ignorance that her German descendants, by the female line, were one day to supplant the male heirs of the house of Stuart on the throne of these realms. Thus, altogether, whether we consider her in her royal station or her private life, — her brief dream of splendour, and long reality of fallen greatness, — her public cares and private sorrows, — bereaved at once of home and kindred, of crown, husband, and children, — we know not, in all the long and mocking pageant of human grandeur, a spectacle of more melancholy and touching interest than Elizabeth Stuart, the fair scion of an ancient and illustrious stock, the common link between two great and royal dynasties.

In the work before us, the story of this ill-fated Princess is invested with many graces of composition and feeling, which enhance the attraction natural to her chequered fortunes. Miss Benger is already favourably known to the world as the biographer of several illustrious females; and the present volumes cannot fail to add very considerably to her previous reputation. In the collateral details of character, manners, and political history, these Memoirs exhibit judicious reflection, animated delineation, and very respectable research: the sketches which they offer of the personal life of Elizabeth are finely blended with the coarser details of public affairs; and the whole affecting picture of her domestic sufferings is tinged

tinged with a deep and softened expression, which, perhaps, no other than a female pencil could adequately convey. In simple force, animation, and correctness of style, the book is superior to any of Miss Benger's former productions; and if, as we shall presently have occasion to note, it is not wholly free from that bias towards favourite personages, which seems the besetting sin of all biography, the tone of impartiality is in general at least fairly preserved; and there is certainly to be found in its pages neither wilful suppression of truth, nor intentional misrepresentation of historical circumstances.

Elizabeth Stuart, the eldest daughter of our James I., was born at the palace of Falkland, in Scotland, in the year 1596. At the age of eight years, by an arrangement which will appear curious to these times, she was removed from the royal home, and placed under the charge and in the family of Lord Harrington. Under the exclusive care of that virtuous nobleman, and his amiable lady, she remained for several years at their seat of Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire. In the childhood and early youth of the Princess there was nothing remarkable: although some of her infantine letters to her brother, Prince Henry, have been carefully preserved. For our own parts, we must confess ourselves no believers in these recorded proofs of the precocity of royal infants, which it is so easy for the ingenuity of teachers to dictate, and so natural for the flattery of courtiers to pawn upon the credulity of sovereign-parents and their loving subjects. The formal epistles and sayings of the little Princess exhibit more of the staid precision and quaint style, which belonged to the maturer mind of the age, than of the natural ease and simplicity of childhood. There must be something contagious in the disposition to attribute ripeness of understanding and feeling to the children of the "British Solomon;" for we observe with a smile the gravity of Miss Benger's assurance, that the separation of Elizabeth from her brother Henry 'caused probably the first, certainly the deepest, chagrin that had ever been experienced,' — *by a child of eight years of age!* Lord Harrington and his lady appear, however, to have acquitted themselves of their duty in the education of their tender charge with fidelity, zeal, and good sense; until, at the age of about thirteen years, the Princess was removed, still under their superintendence, to the court.

The first interesting circumstance in the life of Elizabeth, and that which gave its peculiar colouring to her destiny, was her marriage with the young Elector-Palatine, Frederic V. This, like most royal unions, was dictated entirely by policy; and the general interest of the Protestant cause determined

determined James, by the advice of his ministers, to accept the young Elector, as a prince of the reformed faith, for the husband of his daughter, in preference to seeking a more splendid alliance. James's Queen, the weak and volatile Anne of Denmark, was opposed to the union, and insisted that her daughter should only bestow her hand in exchange for a regal crown. But failing in her efforts to disgust the Princess with the projected nuptials, this vain and frivolous woman assailed her with taunts, and probably awakened that ambition in the mind of Elizabeth, which was to shade all her subsequent life with calamity. Winwood has recorded in his Memorials the Queen's question to her daughter, how she would endure to be stigmatized as "Goody Palsgrave?" — a nickname which she thenceforth habitually bestowed on her. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Queen, the young Palsgrave was invited to England; and his nuptials with Elizabeth were finally celebrated with extravagant pomp on Valentine's day, in the year 1613. The bride was therefore only in her seventeenth year, and the young Elector was scarcely her senior. We shall here copy Miss Benger's portrait of Elizabeth:

'The wooing of royal personages is proverbially dull and cold; but the young Elector, to the unspeakable delight of the ladies, betrayed the symptoms of genuine love; nor was this surprising, since the object of his pursuit possessed beauty and accomplishments to satisfy a more fastidious taste. Her form, though well proportioned, was light and graceful; sprightliness and dignity were blended in her movements. There was an intelligent language in her eyes; the glow of life, of hope, and happiness was diffused over her countenance. There were many contemporary princesses more beautiful, some not less accomplished; but none, who, like her, passed alternately from sportiveness to enthusiasm, or so happily united simplicity to embellishment. Although well educated, she could not be called studious, like the daughter of Henry VIII. She aspired not to the graces of the unhappy Mary Stuart; nor had she the pensive elegance of her persecuted cousin, Arabella. Elizabeth affected not to be either a wit, a scholar, or a musician; and it was all her prevailing charm, that she spoke and looked without premeditation, personifying youth in all its airiness, and buoyancy, and susceptibility of enjoyment. When she sprung upon her palfrey, it was like a nymph; when she followed the chace, it was with an air of romantic triumph. With all this vivacity of character, Elizabeth was not incapable of serious reflection: her religious principles were deeply rooted: she had been fortified by her brother's opinions; and it appears probable they had in some degree influenced her conduct, since she seldom exhibited her person in the court-masks like her volatile mother, — never invited Frederic to a ball during his visit to England.'

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The gorgeous ceremonial of the marriage, — the bridal progress of Elizabeth through the United Provinces, and up the course of the Rhine, to Heidelberg, the Elector's capital, — and the solemn festivities which greeted the "pearl of Britain" on her arrival in her husband's dominions, — are all described by Miss Benger at considerable length. Her account is given partly from Stowe, but principally on the authority of a ponderous German quarto, printed in 1613, in which some indefatigable attendant of the Palsgrave had enrolled a minute journal of the most trivial occurrences of this nuptial expedition. From this source Miss Benger has skilfully interwoven the picturesque narrative of the protracted pageant, with many highly amusing and curious details on the manners of the times in England, Holland, and Germany.

After the tumult of their nuptial rejoicings had subsided, Elizabeth and her consort enjoyed for a few years an unclouded season of happiness. Under a careful minority the states of the Elector had been prosperously administered; and, when he assumed the reins of government, the Palatinate was the most flourishing province of Germany. Over the facile mind and amiable temper of her husband, Elizabeth acquired that unbounded influence, which, by whatever fascination of person or character, she certainly knew how to exercise on all around her; and Miss Benger has had occasion to fill this happy and too transient epoch in the life of her heroine only with the relation of christenings, courtly festivities, and magnificent improvements of the palace and domain, in which her enamoured lord delighted to minister to her tastes. But this dream of pleasure had an abrupt termination: the political and religious storm which disturbed the closing reign of the Emperor Mathias, began to gather throughout Germany; and its clouds soon thickened over the thoughtless revellers of Heidelberg. With the waning fortunes of her heroine, Miss Benger changes the scene; and we are conducted at once to the crowded and turbulent arena of intrigue and violence, which was soon to be occupied with the quick revolutions and sanguinary combats of the Thirty Years' War.

The political details of this part of her subject, in connection with the fortunes of Elizabeth, are all developed by Miss Benger with sufficient precision and clearness. Upon the question of Frederic's acceptance or refusal of the crown of Bohemia was to depend the fame, or obscurity, the splendour, or the ruin, of his future condition. Though the circumstances are variously related, there is no doubt that it was the influence and the ambitious counsels of Elizabeth, which de-

termined the wavering Elector to stake the fortunes of his house upon the proffered diadem. The enterprise itself it has been common with historians to treat as rash and ill advised. That it was attended with so many calamities, is, however, we think, much more attributable to the feeble character and palpable errors of Frederic himself, than to the real dangers of his attempt. It is apparently from partiality for the character of Frederic, the faithful husband of her heroine, that Miss Benger dwells much more on the difficulties of his situation, than on his deficiencies in judgment and energy. She has extenuated his errors, and laboured to explain away the unfavorable appearances against him. It is, however, but too evident, that, on the field which was to decide his title to a regal throne, he displayed the qualities neither of the hero nor the politic monarch. We agree with Miss Benger in refusing to admit the judgment of Schiller upon any disputed historical circumstances. But, disregarding altogether the authority of that fascinating writer, who has too frequently abandoned truth for dramatic effect, we have more authentic evidence to produce in contradiction to that which Miss Benger has advanced. To the text of the *Mercure François*, and the partial reports of Bromley's Royal Letters, Miss Benger's principal authorities for the battle of Prague (vol. ii. p. 94.) we shall oppose that of Pelzel, by far the best of the Bohemian historians, whom our authoress does not appear even to have consulted. Pelzel, who composed his history from the contemporary records and authors of the period under our view, is remarkable for his general impartiality. That Frederic disgusted his Bohemian subjects, both of the Catholic and Lutheran persuasions, by suffering his Calvinistic followers to carry on a petty persecution against the ornaments and rites of their worship, is admitted by Miss Benger; but she does not mention that he gave more serious offence to his most zealous Bohemian adherents, by his impolitic choice of his Palatinate Generals Anhalt and Hohenloe to command his army in preference to the able and gallant Count Thurm, the leader of the Bohemian revolution. During the advance of the Austrian army into the heart of Bohemia, Frederic neglected the business of warlike preparation in a round of courtly festivities and rejoicings for his recent accession to the crown; and, as if intoxicated by his easy acquisition of a kingdom, he plunged with his court into a series of idle gaieties and empty pageants, even while his enemies were thundering at the gates of his capital. He had repaired from Prague to his army: he returned to his palace again on the eve of the general engagement which was to seal the doom

of

of his family. He was presiding at an entertainment given to the British ambassador in the city, when he should have been encouraging his flying troops by his presence; and he was the first to believe that the defeat of his adherents was irreparable. Miss Benger acknowledges that Frederic left his troops before the decisive battle, to return to the city, 'where his presence was necessary to preserve confidence and tranquillity;' but she has not told us, that he remained absent from the battle, (Pelzel, p. 726.) notwithstanding repeated messages from his Generals that his appearance in the field was indispensable; that when he hastened his flight from his capital, it was against the entreaties of Thurm and the citizens, who assured him that they had ample resources to sustain a siege; and that, as near twenty battalions of his own troops remained unbroken, and the army of Mansfeldt, with his Hungarian auxiliaries, were numerous in the rear of the Austrians, his presence might yet have animated his partisans and upheld his sinking cause.

The enthusiastic and chivalrous interest which the young Queen of Bohemia excited among her contemporaries, commenced with her misfortunes. Accompanying her husband in his disastrous flight from Prague, she passed with him through a long course of perils, and hardships, and humiliations. Effecting their escape with difficulty into the territories of Brandenburg, whose sovereign was Frederic's brother-in-law, they could only obtain from that cold-hearted Prince a reluctant permission to remain at the castle of Custrin to await the accouchement of Elizabeth, who was far advanced in pregnancy, when she had passed through the horrors of their flight in the depth of a German winter. In the unfurnished and miserable apartments of Custrin Elizabeth gave birth to her fourth son; and shortly afterwards the royal fugitives passed into the United Provinces, and there found a secure asylum in the generosity of the republican government.

From this epoch the dream of Bohemian royalty had for ever passed away from Frederic and his Queen; his hereditary state of the Palatinate was over-run and sequestrated by the Imperial party; and the unfortunate Elector remained to the hour of his death a wanderer and a troublesome dependant upon the bounty of his few remaining friends. He made some fruitless attempts to recover the Palatinate by arms; but his severest trials proceeded from the character of his father-in-law. For many years he was deluded with perpetual hopes, and stung with repeated mortifications and disappointments, by the capricious treatment, and the futile and

inglorious negotiations of James I. for the recovery of his hereditary dominions. The appearance of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, and the brilliant victories of the northern hero, afforded the fugitive Elector a last gleam of reviving fortune. He followed the triumphant march of the Swedish army into the Palatinate: but the fall of Gustavus at Lutzen extinguished the remaining hopes and broke the heart of the unhappy Frederic; and, a few days after the glorious death of the Swedish conqueror, he sunk into an untimely and ignoble tomb.

In the long season of adversity which intervened between the flight from Prague and the death of Frederic, the conduct of Elizabeth appears in far more magnanimous colours than that of her husband; and the most interesting part of Miss Benger's volumes is devoted to this period of her heroine's life. While Frederic was chafed by every petty slight, and stung to madness by the coarse jests of a republican populace on his necessities, his Queen bore her fallen fortunes with a mixture of dignified resignation and heroic fortitude, which deservedly attracted universal enthusiasm in her favour. Her cause attracted numerous volunteers from England; and in her quarrel "a thousand swords leapt from their scabbards." Even her stern relative, Christian of Brunswick, was charmed and softened into respectful gallantry by her graces. When that Prince first saw her, he raised her glove with reverence to his lips; and placing it on his casque and drawing his sword, he took a solemn oath, as he knelt before her, never to lay down his arms until he should see her re-instated in her husband's dominions. He acquitted himself nobly of his vow until the brief close of his life; and it was in allusion to it, and to the religious cause in which he had originally armed, that he bore his famous motto: "FÜR GOTT UND FÜR SIE," as Miss Benger has it: — or, as it is more commonly recorded, "ALLES FÜR GOTT UND SIE," All for God and her. With a kindred spirit of romantic devotion it was, that Lord Craven attached himself to her service with a constancy which survived the attractions of her youth, and which there is some reason to believe was rewarded with her widowed hand.

It does not appear that the universal admiration which Elizabeth attracted, was ever tarnished by suspicion of her virtue. The original letters, which Miss Benger has given us from Bromley's and other collections, afford a very pleasing picture of the domestic life of Elizabeth and the lasting attachment with which she had inspired her husband. To the ambitious spirit of Elizabeth must her own misfortunes and those of her consort perhaps mainly be attributed; but the reader will

will rise from the perusal of these interesting Memoirs with the conviction, that the royal pair were mutually gifted with some of the sweetest virtues of private life. Elizabeth, indeed, would have wielded a sceptre with dignity and vigour; but it was only in a domestic sphere that Frederic might have been respectable and happy, — an amiable man, and a fond parent and husband.

The death of Frederic deprived his suffering widow and her numerous family of the only protector whom their distresses had left them; and Elizabeth was now long fated to experience the selfishness and coldness of her royal connexions, the desertion of political friends, and the iniquity of statesmen, who unscrupulously sacrificed the cause of justice, and the interests of the helpless Palatine children, to every paltry intrigue of state. For many years the widowed queen was harassed by her political exertions, and overwhelmed with domestic cares; and, unhappily, when the object of all her solicitude, — the restoration of the Palatinate to her eldest son, — was attained, the character of that Prince rendered the recovery of his rights a source of little pleasure to his parent, or advantage to her other children. It is not the least striking part of her story, that none of her children were fated to shed cheerfulness over the decline of her saddened existence. The eldest of her family, a promising youth, had been drowned in Holland before the eyes of his unhappy father, who was doomed to see him perish, and to hear his agonising cries, without the power of rendering him aid. Charles Louis, the eldest surviving son, on succeeding to the electorate, displayed all the brutality of a true German despot, and reminds us forcibly in several traits of the Princess of Bareith's portraits of the same order in the following century. Prince Rupert, the third and best beloved son of Elizabeth, whose gallant exploits in the cause of his uncle Charles I. have associated his name with our history, was reduced, after the fall of the royal cause, to become a wandering corsair, and afterwards a mercenary commander in the service of the house of Austria, the hereditary enemies of his family. Maurice, his next brother, was supposed to have perished at sea in a cruise, and was never more heard of; and of the two youngest sons of Elizabeth, the one, Philip, was obliged to fly from Holland, in consequence of his cold-blooded assassination of an unarmed French officer, and the other, Edward, abjured the religion and society of his family. Of the four daughters of Elizabeth, the eldest, who shared her name, separated from her for some unexplained cause, and retired to the court of Brandenberg; another died shortly after her bridal;

a third, the favourite above all her children, gave her deep affliction by deserting the reformed faith, to which she was herself firmly attached; and the youngest, Sophia, whose marriage into the house of Brunswick afterwards gave this realm to her illustrious descendants, had quitted the maternal roof to reside with her brother at Heidelberg. Thus bereaved of the society of all her children, the Queen of Bohemia, now in her sixty-third year, resolved, soon after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II., upon returning to England. No shouts of welcome hailed her on those shores which she had left, forty years before, a blooming and happy bride. Charles II., to whom she had shown much kindness in his own adversity, received her with indifference; and she was indebted for the home, in which she shortly after died, not to his hospitality, but to the lasting devotion of Lord Craven. On the probabilities of her private marriage with that nobleman, Miss Benger has been able neither to throw any new light, nor to cast decided contradiction.

In this brief account of Miss Benger's interesting work we have borne testimony to its general historical fidelity; and we have noticed particularly the only point in which she has somewhat forgotten strict impartiality in the delineation of conduct and character. Her narrative is not indeed otherwise exempt from a few inaccuracies: but these are of very little importance; and, if we point to two or three of them, it is less because we attach any great weight to them, than for the purpose of affording an opportunity for their easy correction in a future edition. Two of them occur in the genealogical account of the Palatine family, which forms the introductory chapter to the first volume. Thus (p. 4.) the Emperor Frederic I. is stated to have disgraced Herman, the last Count Palatine of the first dynasty, and to have transferred his possessions to Conrad of Suabia, after which the Palatinate passed by marriage to a prince of Saxony, and 'at length, in 1128, the Upper and Lower Palatinate were united in the person of Otho of Wittelspach, Duke of Bavaria, generally considered the founder of the Palatine house, or at least the author of its prosperity.' Now there is contained in this story a palpable anachronism: for Frederic I. only commenced his imperial reign in 1154, twenty-six years later than the date assigned to the last of the changes, which his deposition of Herman is said to have produced. Again, of the Emperor Robert, the only prince of the Palatine house who ever attained the imperial dignity, it is said, (p. 8.) that 'he justified the electoral suffrage by his valour and the prudence that directed his conduct,' and that, 'according to

the custom of that age, he journeyed to Italy to be crowned by the Pope.' Robert *was never crowned* by the Pope: he never penetrated beyond the confines of Lombardy; and in the only event of his reign, which is here incorrectly recorded, Miss Benger has made rather an unfortunate selection for his honour. The story of his defeat and disgrace in that expedition, which may be seen in Scipione Ammirato, (*Storia Fiorentina*, b. xvi.) certainly redounds so far to the credit neither of his valour nor his prudence.

If these errors are not very grievous, the lapses of the pen in the succeeding narrative are scarcely more material. In vol. i. p. 24. Miss Benger speaks of the *royal* table of the Prince of Orange. She cannot need to be reminded that neither the hereditary dignity of William of Nassau, nor his office as the General of a republic, render the epithets of royalty appropriate to his state. So also there is a slight contradiction in the second volume, in the account of Prince Rupert, who, in p. 328., is stated to have commenced his military career at the siege of Rhinberg, and yet, ten pages farther, is declared to have been taken prisoner at the affair near Minden (in the Thirty Years' War) four years later, — 'the *first* action in which he had ever been engaged.' And, lastly, among these minute points of observation, we must doubt the authority upon which the patriotic Count Thurm, the mover of the original Bohemian insurrection which preceded the Thirty Years' War, is stated (p. 394.) to have outlived the peace of Westphalia, and to have 'died in his own castle in Prague.' For the last twelve years of the war, history scarcely notices the name of that once prominent actor in the revolutions of his country. No German writer, within our knowledge, has recorded any of the closing circumstances of his life; and Miss Benger has omitted to refer to her source of information on this particular.

These little blemishes in the accuracy of Miss Benger's work are not matters for any serious censure; and the careful criticism which has enabled us to detect them, will probably serve only to show that we have found no graver errors to condemn. In proportion as our scrutiny has been rigid, our conclusions will be sure; and criticism is not misplaced on a work which may be justly pronounced to combine the easy charm and affecting interest of private biography with the severer dignity of political history.

ART. XI. *The English in Italy.* 3 Vols. 8vo. London. Saunders and Otley. 1*l.* 10*s.* 1825.

THIS work is a sort of "Highways and Bye-ways" in Italy, without, however, the slightest pretensions to be compared with Mr. Grattan's sketches, either for imaginative embellishment, energy of diction, or variety of character. It is announced as the production of 'a *distinguished* resident' abroad, an epithet to which the author may have some title for aught we know, since there are many descriptions of distinction that may be very easily acquired on the Continent. But as to that degree of elevation which may be attributable to high birth, refined society, or intellectual attainments, we apprehend that very little evidence of it will be discovered in these volumes. They are written in a style not always English, and never elegant; interspersed with Italian phrases and pieces of poetry, which, besides being most industriously misprinted, are seldom introduced with propriety. The work consists of several tales, intended to exhibit the conduct of our countrymen in Italy, on whom the author is pleased to confer the general name of I Zingari, or the Gypsies, both tribes being equally 'wanderers' in his estimation. Those of our travelled gentry who have crossed the Alps, will doubtless feel honoured by the appellation, and grateful for the fidelity with which their demeanour abroad is represented by this 'distinguished' writer.

It seems strange, however, that all the 'English' who came under the author's notice in Italy, were, without exception, fools or impostors, gamblers and vagabonds. It is evident that he knew no others, or at least if he did he has not done them justice. We can easily believe that the conduct of many of our countrymen in foreign society, has been marked occasionally by arrogance, or rather indeed by that deplorable species of ignorance which was the result of our long confinement within our island. It is but too true that they have often looked down upon Frenchmen and Italians as of a race inferior to themselves, and fit only to minister to their wants and their luxuries. The great diffusion of wealth in our community has permitted almost every class of it, but particularly the most self-sufficient and indomitable of all, the little *rentiers*, to visit the Continent; and many of these certainly have contributed, by the unmeasured rudeness of their behaviour, to render the very name of England ridiculous, if not odious, wherever they have appeared. But the vulgar English are now well known abroad, and a strong line of distinction, which they cannot efface, is drawn between them

them and those of our educated classes, who find, and deserve, admission into the circles of good society. The writer who would now confound them must, it is to be presumed, know nothing of the advantages which the distinction bestows.

We object to a great deal that we read in books of travels, and feel that our literature has been extensively inundated with them for the last ten years. But we object much more to a presumptuous monitor who would attempt, like the author of these volumes, to scout the notion that Englishmen derive any improvement from their foreign excursions. However erroneous may be their estimate of themselves when they first set out, they generally return, not only with a stronger attachment to home, but with their minds greatly enlarged, their principles liberalised, and their manners improved. Books of tours also, though they have multiplied beyond all former bounds, have given an impetus to our literature which has essentially aided the progress of improvement and invention in every branch of the sciences and arts.

From the opinion which we have expressed of the merits of this work, it will not be expected that we shall analyse it in detail. The stories are all affectedly placed under Italian titles. The first, which is called L'Amoroso, consists of a threadbare narrative of plighted youthful love violated by the lady's preference of a foreigner; a duel between the rivals; some theatrical sudden appearances; the rapid decay of the deserted swain under the effects of consumption, and the remorse of the faithless fair one. Il Politico, if it were well written, would have been a just satire upon those political Quixotes of our country, who so ridiculously mingled in the abortive efforts which, within the last few years, have been made in Spain, Piedmont, and Naples for free constitutions. The sketches under the title of I Zingari, are short, and, for the most part, exceedingly dull: they contain little more than the relation of some trifling incidents, which are neither characteristic of the English nor of Italy. The only one of these sketches deserving of notice is that which describes an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. While writing it the author, we suspect, either remembered, or had before his eye, a picture of that scene which is to be met with in every print-shop.

'If the eye was turned with averted glance, through horror, from the burning mountain, it fell upon a mass of upturned faces extended citywards from the mole, and along the shore and harbour, the terror of each visage conspicuous in the bronze glare that rested upon them all. Behind them the city reared itself, its white palaces and castellated height, clothed in the same dreadful crimson,

crimson, that seemed the devoted flame-coloured garment of a victim to the Inquisition. Although a Neapolitan rabble, it was utterly silenced by the first rush and conflagration sent forth by the volcano; and their breathing and rustling together was alone heard for a time. Their presence of mind was recovered; from muttering vows and prayers, which at first whispered, were at length shouted forth, as the confidence of devotion rose upon the suppressed terrors of a probable catastrophe. After a time, the crowd, as at an execution, began to grow hardened, to utter exclamations little decent, to mark coolly the progress and acts of the mountain, and even to pass jokes upon the torrent of flame which it was up-pouring, and the probable causes of such a phenomenon.

'Our Britons even became loud in their questions, and amongst them might be heard the delicate voice, and seen the delicate form of the young English girl, in whom curiosity to view so wondrous a sight had overcome timidity. It was a position of no little danger, not only from the fearful accompaniments or consequences of the volcano's eruption, but from the crowd which pressed towards the mole, and threatened to push before it into the sea the present occupiers of so advantageous a position.

'In a little time, however, the splendid sight became too terrific for curiosity: the stream of fire that the volcano had vomited forth formed over it an immense cloud of sombre vapour, ignited and charged with lightning, which the still ascending stream of fire caused to explode. This fearful cloud that hovered over the volcano but extended itself far and wide, even over Naples and all its Bay, kept within it a continual rattle of thunder-claps and peals, whilst from its dark depths issued forth in every part and at every instant, forked lightnings of most appalling vividness, changing the crimson glow that rested on all the scene, and on the visages of beholders, to a bright and dazzling light. From these horrors the crowd quickly dispersed, some to cellars and recesses far from the unceasing thunder and the piercing lightning, while the Lazzaroni sought the shelter of his tub, committed himself to the care of his saint, and without any of his proverbial timidity slept. In the breasts of foreigners curiosity was utterly stifled by awe, whilst they passed a wakeful and anxious night. Those who still dared to look forth could mark the glowing torrents of lava, coming down the dark mountain's side leisurely, winding through the unevenness of the descent like a fiery serpent, giving in their course due warning to the inhabitants of the volcano's foot to retreat before them, but advancing with an irresistible tide upon their towns and tenements, oft thus destroyed before, and as oft audaciously rebuilt.

'The sun rose the next morning, but could not penetrate with its bright ray the sombre cloud that still hung over Naples. The eruption had not abated: but daylight, at least what appeared of daylight, had stripped the phenomenon of much of its terrors. The Neapolitans still gazed in anxiety, whilst in the breast of the English fear had subsided, and a curious and scientific sort of ardour

dour seemed to impel them all towards the very centre of devastation. The ashes fell thick, like a fine and dun-coloured snow, and filled the atmosphere with their dreary shower.'

The title of Sbarbuto (if the author were acquainted with Italian he would have written it Sbarbato) or 'The Beardless' is given to a vague, inconsistent, improbable tale, of which an English gentleman of fortune is the hero. This person is represented as an exile from his country, in consequence of some calumnies that were whispered against his character. After purchasing princely titles and possessions in Italy, he uses all his influence and wealth for the purpose of corrupting such of his countrymen and their wives and daughters as visit his palace; he next exercises his malignity against them as a captain of a band of robbers in the Appenines, to whose ferocity he in his turn becomes a victim! This, truly, is a proper specimen of the 'English in Italy.'

Under the head of Il Critico are given some eight or ten letters, which being, for the most part, connected with literary subjects, would not be destitute of interest, if they did not betray at every step a want of that authority which alone can produce confidence in discussions of this nature. The following anecdote of Murat is asserted to be authentic. We confess the 'Berkely-Square constitution' is to us a profound mystery.

'The murmurs of his beloved subjects happened once upon a time to reach the ear of King Joachim. The monarch demanded the cause, looking at the same time in an opposite mirror, to observe if aught was wrong in his apparel, such neglect of his august person being ample cause in his idea for a people to murmur. Nothing was amiss, however, the royal hair was royally frizzed, and the purple velvet boots wrinkled *secundum artem*. Two courtiers undertook at the same time, as often happens, to answer the monarch's question. One replied, that the cause of these murmurs was the lustre of St. Carlos, the thickness of the rope by which it was suspended impeding the view of his subjects in the gallery. Another urged modestly but briefly, — it was a ticklish subject, and one that required brevity, — that his beloved and faithful subjects wanted a constitution. — "A constitution, and a slender rope of sufficient strength to support the lustre of St. Carlos. My people demand but two things. Parbleu! let us make them happy. Dispatch a courier to Paris for them instantly." The courtiers informed His Majesty, that neither of these commodities were manufactured in France. Joachim thought this both absurd and treasonable, but acquiesced. "Where then are these things to be had?" — "In England, please Your Majesty." — "I never encourage contraband," exclaimed the monarch;

narch; "and moreover, must keep up the continental system. However, for two such trifles, I don't care, if I do dispatch a letter of marque to Britain for them. Let one be dispatched. — And, hark ye, let me have, at the same time, a dozen of M'Daniel's best razors, a sabre from King George's cutler, and half an hundred of Windsor soap." The royal orders (I can assure you this is no invention, the speech, such as it is given, was spoken,) were carried into execution. The letter of marque was dispatched, and returned after having procured Joachim's little commissions of soap and razors, with the more important one of the chain of Birmingham manufacture, that still upholds the lustre of St. Carlos, and with the constitution, fabricated, 'tis said, in Berkely-Square. The latter, proving the only part of its importation not to King Joachim's taste, it lay, and still lies amongst the archives of that gilded, though not golden, reign.'

ART. XII. *Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning* delivered on Public Occasions in Liverpool. 8vo. pp. 417. Liverpool, Kaye; London, Baldwin and Co. 1825.

IT would be an injustice to Mr. Canning to estimate his rank as an orator from the speeches which he delivered in the taverns, and on the hustings, of Liverpool. Corrected even as they are, and polished by his own hand, they do not upon the whole exhibit the most favourable specimens of his eloquence. When we say that they are corrected by his own hand, we do not mean to countenance the supposition that the present compilation has been published with his sanction. It has been Mr. Canning's usual practice to revise, if not indeed to write, his Liverpool speeches before they were published in the newspapers, and thus an authentic collection of those harangues might be made by any person, who would take the trouble to extract them from the ephemeral records, to which they were originally entrusted.

Mr. Canning has also, we believe, given to the public authorised copies of several of the most effective speeches which he has delivered in Parliament. It were much to be desired that his leisure would permit him to revise the whole of those, on which he is ready to hazard his rhetorical fame with posterity.

It is a remarkable and a lamentable circumstance connected with the eloquence of Parliament, that of all the distinguished orators of the last century we have few authentic remains, with the exception of Burke. This great man, whose reputation for oratory was by no means acknowleged during his life, and whose peculiar style of composition and delivery seems indeed to have necessarily impaired the effect of his

addresses in the House, has nevertheless left behind him a collection of speeches which, though they may not serve as models of oratory, must always be read with delight and advantage. They are certainly not correct *reports;* they are a great deal better; they are the matured and finished depositories of his sentiments, such as he wished them to appear after the voice that uttered them was no more. A speech, in order to tell in the delivery, must comprise many expositions of argument, many references to facts of a temporary nature, which may be wholly dispensed with in the composition which is to be read. A demonstration however long, if it be happily expressed, may interest a hearer, whereas for the reader it should be reduced to an enthymeme. For it should be borne in mind that posterity reverts to this species of literature with all the light of history, and that facts or principles which were unfixed at the time the harangue was spoken, are ascertained and settled a few years after.

Mr. Canning has some interest in revising his parliamentary speeches, as it will unquestionably be a subject of enquiry with the generations who will not have the advantage of hearing him, to learn by what means he acquired the reputation for eloquence, which his contemporaries generally assign to him. The fact cannot be disputed, that to his rhetorical talents he has been mainly indebted for the influence which he has long exercised in the House of Commons, and, through that influence, for the distinguished offices which he has filled from time to time, in the government of the country. In this respect he is a striking example of the facilities which our constitution administers, for the display and the reward of brilliant talents, and though we cannot applaud some political passages in his life, still we cannot but hail his success, while we admire the purity of his literary taste, and the elegance of his imagination. His recent conduct upon all questions connected with foreign or commercial interests is entitled to praise; but as a statesman he has still some of his professed principles to explain by his conduct, and if possible to establish by his power.

Of the speeches before us, there are several upon the same subject, and they are consequently overloaded with repetitions which the editor would have avoided, if he had consulted Mr. Canning's fame. Those specimens should alone have been retained, in which the different arguments are most efficiently handled, and the rest should have been permitted to remain in the shade. We have, besides, many short addresses which were spoken from the hustings at the close of the poll, and which contain not a sentence or a fact worth preservation.

ation. These should have been omitted altogether. They are a mere incumbrance. The more important speeches, although, as we have said, they are not the most favourable examples of Mr. Canning's eloquence, are yet sufficiently characteristic to warrant us in selecting a few passages as indicative of his general style. The tact with which he usually contrives to associate his principles with those of the constitution even in their most popular sense, is strikingly manifested in every one of these productions. It was objected to him upon the first election for Liverpool, in 1812, that he had been in office, and was likely to be so again. He thus deals with the charge:

'But, gentlemen, what is meant by this imputation? Are they who urge it so little read in the principles, the democratical principles of the British constitution, as not to know that it is one of the peculiar boasts of this country, one of the prime fruits of its free constitution, and one main security for its continuing free, that men as humble as myself, with no pretensions of wealth, or title, or high family, or wide-spreading connections, may yet find their way into the cabinet of their sovereign, through the fair road of public service, and stand there upon a footing of equality with the proudest aristocracy of the land?

'Is it from courtiers of the people, from admirers of republican virtue and republican energy, that we hear doctrines which would tend to exclude from the management of public affairs all who are not illustrious by birth, or powerful from hereditary opulence? Why, gentlemen, in this limited monarchy, there are undoubtedly contests for office, contests which agitate the elements of the constitution, and which keep them alive and active, without endangering the constitution itself. A republic is nothing but one continual struggle for office in every department of the state.'

The nicety with which Mr. Canning points the shafts of his sarcasm sometimes tempts him to spoil his best efforts by an intermixture of the ludicrous with the grave. One sees the lip curling for the laugh at the moment that we imagine the speaker appealing to the understanding or the heart. If we be not mistaken the following is a passage of this description: it is selected from one of the speeches delivered in 1812:

'In what a state of the world is it that these gentlemen talk of peace, and of themselves as the lovers of peace, just as calmly as if it were only a mere question of taste and fancy; as if to choose were to have, and to have were securely to enjoy! What, gentlemen, should you think of the sense or the fairness of men who, in the midst of the distress and desolation occasioned in one of your West India islands by a hurricane or tornado, while the air was involved in a pitchy darkness and the city rocking with volcanic explosions, were to run about the streets, proclaiming

claiming themselves "the friends of light and of perpendicular position?" Who does not love light better than darkness? Who would not rather have the walls of his house standing erect than tumbling about his ears? But what, I say, should you think of men — of their candour or of their sense — who, in the midst of such a public calamity, instead of lending a helping hand to their fellow-sufferers, and bearing patiently their own share of afflictions not to be avoided, should labour to impress upon the minds of the people additional motives of consternation and despair, and to make their sufferings intolerable, by insinuating that they had been unnecessarily incurred?

'Gentlemen, the order of things in the moral and political world is not less convulsed, at the present moment, than in the physical world by such visitations of Providence as those which I have just described. The storm is abroad. For purposes inscrutable to us, it has pleased Providence to let loose upon mankind a scourge of nations, who carries death and devastation into the remotest corners of the earth. But, amidst this universal havoc, this general prostration of the nations of Europe, this rocking of the battlements of our own separate fortress, we are asked, with an air of simplicity which would be quite touching, if we could imagine it to proceed from mere defect of understanding, "Why are we not at peace?"'

The introduction into the first paragraph of '"the friends of light and of perpendicular position;"' assuredly does not improve the grandeur of the image; it is sacrificed to the laugh which such a ludicrous representation excites. Again, the last sentence is a complete anti-climax from the same cause.

Yet we know of few orators, or writers, who are generally so felicitous in the conduct of metaphors as Mr. Canning. In all classes of prose-composition, they require the greatest care as to their application, but particularly in that now under consideration. Mr. Canning introduces figurative embellishments very rarely, although it is evident that his fancy is always kindled; but he moulds the image with exquisite taste, when he does admit it, and though it is purely poetic, still it is seen to be a natural and an appropriate ornament of his theme. His recent description, at Plymouth, of an unrigged ship of war, and of the speed with which she could, if necessary, "put forth all her plumage," is one of the most elegantly wrought tropes in our language. It is in this poetic vein, yet with an eloquence which he himself has seldom rivalled, that he contended for the power of "instinctive love of home," against the cold and generalising philosophy which sprang out of the French Revolution.

'One of the most delightful poets of this country, in describing the various proportions of natural blessings and advantages dispensed by Providence to the various nations of Europe, turns from

from the luxuriant plains and cloudless skies of Italy to the rugged mountains of Switzerland, and inquires, whether there, also, in those barren and stormy regions, the "patriot passion" is found equally imprinted on the heart? He decides the question truly in the affirmative; and he says, of the inhabitant of those bleak wilds,

'"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

'What Goldsmith thus beautifully applied to the physical varieties of soil and climate, has been found no less true with respect to political institutions. A sober desire of improvement, a rational endeavour to redress error, and to correct imperfection in the political frame of human society, are not only natural, but laudable in man. But it is well that it should have been shown, by irrefragable proof, that these sentiments, even where most strongly and most justly felt, supersede not that devotion to native soil which is the foundation of national independence. And it is right that it should be understood and remembered, that the spirit of national independence alone, aroused where it had slumbered, enlightened where it had been deluded, and kindled into enthusiasm by the insults and outrages of an all-grasping invader, has been found sufficient, without internal changes and compromises of sovereigns or governments with their people — without relaxations of allegiance and abjurations of authority, to animate, as with one pervading soul, the different nations of the Continent; to combine, as into one congenial mass, their various feelings, passions, prejudices; to direct these concentrated energies, with one impulse, against the common tyrant; and to shake (and, may we not hope? to overthrow) the *Babel* of his iniquitous power.'

The question of reform was that upon which Mr. Canning most distinguished himself in these speeches. His reading of the constitution of the House of Commons seems to us not only correct, but the most concise and luminous interpretation of it which has yet been given. We think, however, that Mr. Canning's consequences are not fully sustained by his premises, when he insists that that branch of the legislature needs no degree of reform. This question has been deeply injured by the manner in which the "radicals" took it up. But they are now obsolete; and we hope that more rational and more useful notions on this subject, may in time influence the community. To Mr. Canning's general doctrine, however, we see no maintainable objection.

'Some

'Some persons think, that the House of Commons ought to be all in all in the constitution; and that every portion of the people ought to be immediately, actively, and perpetually in contact with their particular representatives in the House of Commons. If this were a true view of the constitution, undoubtedly the present scheme of representation is inadequate. But if this be true, we are living under a different constitution from that of England. I think we have the happiness to live under a limited monarchy, not under a crowned republic. And I think the House of Commons, as at present constituted, equal to its functions, because I conceive it to be the office of the members of the House of Commons not to conduct the government themselves, but to watch over and control the ministers of the crown; to represent and to speak the opinion of the people, — to speak it in a voice of thunder, if their interests are neglected or their rights invaded; but to do this not as an assembly of delegates from independent states, but as a body of men chosen from among the whole community, to unite their efforts in promoting the general interests of the country at large.'

The following declaration, though partly resembling a passage already quoted, deserves to be transferred to our pages. It is not only a manly assertion of personal right, but an admirable commentary on the constitution of this country.

'Gentlemen, there is yet a heavier charge than either of those which I have stated to you. It is, gentlemen, that I am an adventurer. To this charge, as I understand it, I am willing to plead guilty. A representative of the people, I am one of the people; and I present myself to those who choose me only with the claims of character, (be they what they may,) unaccredited by patrician patronage or party-recommendation. Nor is it in this free country, where, in every walk in life, the road of honourable success is open to every individual, — I am sure it is not in this place that I shall be expected to apologize for so presenting myself to your choice. I know there is a political creed, which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign and to influence the people; and that this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is, singularly enough, most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown.

'To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly upon the people, as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence, — if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge, and I would not exchange that situation, to whatever taunts it may expose me, for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations.'

We shall only add one specimen more. It is taken from Mr. Canning's defence, in the presence of his constituents, of those measures by which the right of holding public meetings

was restricted in consequence of the occurrences that took place at Manchester, and in other parts of the country, in the year 1820. The argument is most ingeniously framed; but confessing this, we must regret that the evils to which it was applied had not been left to cure themselves, as they undoubtedly would have done on the return of the country to prosperity. We give the passage as an example of Mr. Canning's argumentative style:

'It is no part of the provision of the laws, nor is it in the spirit of them, that such multitudes should be brought together at the will of unauthorised and irresponsible individuals, changing the scene of meeting as may suit their caprice or convenience, and fixing it where they have neither property, nor domicile, nor connection. The spirit of the law goes directly the other way. It is, if I may so express myself, eminently a spirit of corporation. Counties, parishes, townships, guilds, professions, trades, and callings form so many local and political subdivisions, into which the people of England are distributed by the law: and the pervading principle of the whole is that of vicinage or neighbourhood; by which each man is held to act under the view of his neighbours; to lend his aid to them, to borrow theirs; to share their councils, their duties, and their burdens; and to bear with them his share of responsibility for the acts of any of the members of the community of which he forms a part.

'Observe, I am not speaking here of the reviled and discredited statute-law only, but of that venerable common law to which our reformers are so fond of appealing on all occasions, against the statute-law by which it is modified, explained, or enforced. Guided by the spirit of the one, no less than by the letter of the other, what man is there in this country who cannot point to the portion of society to which he belongs? If injury is sustained, upon whom is the injured person expressly entitled to come for redress? Upon the hundred, or the division in which he has sustained the injury. On what principle? On the principle, that as the individual is amenable to the division of the community to which he specially belongs, so neighbours are answerable for each other. Just laws, to be sure, and admirable equity, if a stranger is to collect a mob which is to set half Manchester on fire; and the burnt half is to come upon the other half for indemnity, while the stranger goes off, unquestioned, to excite the like tumult and produce the like danger elsewhere!

'That such was the nature, such the tendency, nay, that such, in all human probability, might have been the result of meetings like that of the 16th of August, who can deny? Who that weighs all the particulars of that day, comparing them with the rumours and the threats that preceded it, will dispute that such might have been the result of that very meeting, if that meeting, so very legally assembled, had not, by the happy decision of the magistrates, been so very illegally dispersed?

'It is, therefore, not in consonance, but in contradiction to the spirit of the law, that such meetings have been holden. The law prescribes a corporate character. The callers of these meetings have always studiously avoided it. No summons of freeholders — none of freemen — none of the inhabitants of particular places or parishes — no acknowledgment of local or political classification. Just so at the beginning of the French Revolution: the first work of the reformers was to loosen every established political relation, every legal holding of man to man; to destroy every corporation, to dissolve every subsisting class of society, and to reduce the nation into individuals, in order, afterwards, to congregate them into mobs.'

So far as these speeches are illustrative of Mr. Canning's eloquence, it would seem to be characterised by the occasional use of beautiful imagery and witty sarcasm, by unrivalled terseness of expression, great harmony in the formation of his sentences, and particularly in his cadences, which strike with rebounding fulness on the ear. His meaning is never for a moment dubious. He abhors involutions and parentheses, and rushes onward in his course unincumbered by a single useless weapon of argument or metaphor. But does he want vehemence? Do we feel in his periods that torrent of resistless force which in Demosthenes carries us away with the subject, and makes us forget the man? Do we feel that intense and steady glow of the *mens divinior*, that spreads a spell round every thing which it advances, and consumes, as with a sacred fire, every obstacle that it wishes to destroy? Is Mr. Canning an *orator*, or is he merely an eloquent debater, a zealous partisan, a polished sophist? These are questions which his speeches before us still leave to be answered, and which cannot be solved until the whole of his parliamentary harangues are collected, and may be compared together.

ART. XIII. *Original Persian Letters*, and other Documents, with Fac-Similes. Compiled and translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. L. and R. A. S., &c. 4to. pp. 225. London. Kingsbury, Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1825.

MR. STEWART is already well known to the lovers of oriental literature as one of the Professors of the East India College, and as the author of the "Introduction to the Anvāri Soohyly," which furnishes some very useful rules for the theoretical part of the Persian language. The object of the present work is to initiate the student of that very difficult dialect in the practical part of his pursuit; — an object of great importance to the administration of our Indian government, whether it be considered in a legal or a political point

of view, as connected with the translation and composition of Persian documents. As a manual for constant reference, this volume will be found extremely valuable, and it reflects great credit on the learning and industry of Mr. Stewart, that he has accomplished his arduous task without the assistance of any native of the East.

It is a circumstance not at all to our honour as an enlightened nation, that oriental literature is much more extensively cultivated and encouraged in France than in England. This circumstance is the more remarkable, in as much as from the extent of our Indian possessions we have much more occasion for the practical use of the eastern dialects than France or any other nation in the world. The avidity of gain is so great with the honourable Company and their dependents, as almost to supersede the notion of acquiring the languages of India for any other purpose than that of multiplication and division, and for carrying on mere mercantile correspondence. Farther than this nobody, with a few distinguished exceptions, thinks of going. The military and civil officers of the Company, particularly the former, are for the most part left to pick up a smattering of Hindostanee as they may. When they go out, they usually contrive to learn from their native servants, as many of the common phrases as are necessary to enable them to make their way in the routine of life. As for exploring the literary treasures of the country, they would as soon seek a fit of the cholera morbus.

Notwithstanding the great formality and the abundance of metaphor, which distinguish the letters of the Persians, there are no people who have carried the art of epistolary composition to a higher degree of perfection. They have no fewer than twenty modes of addressing persons according to their relative situations, arising from rank, age, approbation, dissatisfaction, or other cause of inferiority or pre-eminence. Letters even of mutual friends who are upon terms of the utmost familiarity, are written with a great deal of etiquette. Letters of ceremony must be written on paper ornamented with gold or silver, sometimes with the surface wholly gilt, according to the dignity of the person to whom they are addressed. They are closed with gum, and the seal or the signature of the writer is generally affixed to the *envelope*, the impression of the former being made like the latter with ink.

Several collections of letters, real or fictitious, have been published in the Persian language. Besides those of Jāmy, Abul Fazil, and Herkern, which are best known to Europeans, there are, as Mr. Stewart remarks, many others both in Persia

sia and India, which would repay attention. We regret that, although it might have altered his plan, he did not present us with specimens of some of these letters upon which he sets so high a value, instead of the numerous judicial documents with which his work is incumbered. We would have gladly exchanged a dozen of the latter, for as many of the Emperor Aurungzebe's letters, which are said to be in every respect worthy of his extraordinary genius.

Some of the papers, however, which Mr. Stewart gives in their original language accompanied by translations, are curious, as being in many particulars characteristic of habits widely different from those to which we are accustomed. The following petition (registered in 1775), complaining of the disturbance of an ancient right of way, is exemplary for its brevity.

'A schoolmaster named Zien Addeen, dwelling in Casypore, parish of Bulia, adjoining to the south of whose house there is a road, which has existed from ancient times, and has always been a highway for men and cattle, nay, is even registered as such in the Company's office; at this time the said schoolmaster, in a wicked and tyrannical manner, prevents any person from passing, but if by chance any one attempts it, he seizes a stick, attacks and knocks down the traveller; your humble servant therefore requests that you will summon the aforesaid schoolmaster to your presence and administer strict justice. Finis.'

The following is, according to European ideas at least, an extraordinary sort of document. It is a petition said to have been actually delivered to the magistrate of Agra or Etaya, about ten years ago.

'It is represented to the Treasurer of Bounty, the Exalted of the Illustrious Servants (of Government), the Lord of Favour, the Most Generous and Just of the Age, may his prosperity endure!

'That the body of your slave is consumed by worms and other creatures, that his family consists of a wife, two sons, and a daughter. He is not in want either of food or clothing, but on account of these worms he is tired of life. He therefore intends to die (kill himself); for which reason he represents the circumstance, that hereafter no blame may be attached to the family. It was proper to state this. May the Sun of prosperity and good fortune continue to shine and be resplendent!'

The custom of putting new-born children to death has prevailed in China from time immemorial. From the following official report it will be seen, that, though resisted by our government, this shocking practice is occasionally resorted to by the Hindoos.

'On the morning of the 29th of September, 1806, Tyla and Gusla, midwives, came and represented, that a daughter has been born in the house of Bhugwunt Sing Thakor Bhuderyeh, but he intends to kill her; we are therefore come to inform you. Your humble servant, immediately on hearing this intelligence, sent off Luchman Sing, musqueteer, to forbid him, but the aforesaid Bhuderyeh, previous to the arrival of the soldier, had made the child drink tobacco-water, which killed her. As soon as the soldier approached Bhuderyeh, he said to him, Don't think of killing your daughter; if you do kill her, it will be very bad for you. Bhuderyeh replied, In the first place, I had not the means of getting her married, and beside that, it has always been the custom of our family to destroy the daughters, for which reasons I have killed her: in consequence of this, the soldier returned and repeated all the particulars. Your humble servant, immediately on hearing this, sent back the musqueteer with another soldier, in order to seize Bhuderyeh, upon which the aforesaid declared that they should not take him alive. The soldiers being without power, came back and informed me of all the circumstances. As your servant cannot, without orders, fight with any person, therefore, according to the regulations, he has communicated all he knows, after the most minute inquiry. Whatever orders you may be pleased to issue shall be obeyed. The persons who can give evidence on this subject are Sudha, watchman, and Moondy, barber.

(Signed) 'Rein Sing, *Cutwal.*
'Futteh Chund, *Clerk.*'

Perhaps the most curious document in the whole of this collection is Mirza Kheleel's letter written from England in November, 1814, in pure Persian. Its metaphorical style is truly oriental. The writer scarcely expresses a single idea without the aid of a figure.

'God be praised, that since the humble Kheleel eats his portion from the table of the divine bounty, and has been destined to fix his residence in the delightful and beautiful country of England, which is the boast of Europe, and of which the intelligent cannot produce its equal for perfection, through the whole extent of the world. Although from the injustice of a party of envious and avaricious persons, who are daily cooking for him a fresh soup (devising plans to injure), and every moment are rubbing up their sleeves to annoy him, still is he at rest, &c. has bread in his wallet (a proverb); but like the afflicted mourners, the oppressed, and helpless, he sits retired in the mansion of melancholy and the cell of despair, and being clothed in the garment of grief, he sheds torrents of salt tears from the fountains of the fountains of strife, and like the clouds of spring is constantly pouring showers of blood from his moist eyes, whilst his bosom is torn by sighs and regrets, he casts the dust of repentance on his head. But as all (creatures) formed of water and earth, as long as the tree of life has its roots or fibres in water, must continue

tinue to exist, whether pleased or displeased, he has laid hold with his hand of the skirt of patience, which is the best remedy for the afflicted and helpless, and having reconciled himself to all his misfortunes, passes his time happily and tranquilly, and by constant employment, on which depends the pleasures of the orchard of success, and the freshness of the blossoms of the garden of happiness, he does not deviate a single hair from his determination. He hopes that the Omnipotent, who has mixed up the opposite elements in the same mould of creation, will soften the stony hearts of these envious, unkind, evil wishers, who join heaven to earth, in order to defile the sun of goodness, given by God, to a temper constantly sharpened by the cup of acerbity, and who light up in the mansion of invention the lamp of defamation, with the splendour of falsehood, in order to spoil the fortune of this wretched being, and I trust that he (God) will bring back the current of hope of this creature thirsty of the water of comfort and happiness, and take this poor being under his (divine) protection, and shelter him from the evil machinations of the wicked.

'It is not concealed from the intelligent, penetrating, and exalted personages, that the persons of high birth of Persia, and the good-dispositioned of Hindūstan, are very attentive and obliging to strangers and travellers, and are celebrated through the whole world for their hospitality and liberality, but the learned of this country do not approve of this praiseworthy quality, except the exalted Irish, who are bountiful as the ocean, and constantly gallop the steed of perseverance on the road of this laudable virtue, and ever keep spread the table of comfort and kindness for strangers. Thus the amiability of the person of high origin, the sun of the heaven of success, the commander of the region of fame, is a proof of this assertion, and it may be said without flattery, that that intelligent person is an incomparable pearl, drawn from the sea of beneficence, and adorned from head to foot with the ornaments of science and knowledge: should my double-tongued pen write from this time till the day of resurrection his praises, still it would not describe one out of a thousand, or a particle from a heap of his good qualities. What further need be written?'

The conclusion of this letter, 'What further need be written?' seems to be as common a mode in the East of finishing a letter, as "Your obedient servant" with us. We shall conclude these extracts with a specimen of the Imperial Court Gazette of Delhi, dated the 4th of April, 1811.

'The occurrences of yesterday till mid-day have been stated, (in a former paper,) after which His Majesty, the shadow of God, took rest; at the third *Pahr* * he awoke and entered the private

'* A Pahr, or watch, is three hours; the first commences at six o'clock, morning and evening. Each Pahr is divided into eight Ghurries.'

hall of audience; the Prince Ferrukh Nezad (was introduced) on the occasion of the birth of his child, presented a petition and an offering of five rupees, which were accepted, and His Majesty signed an order on the said petition for a female dress of five pieces, and a brocade veil, with two dresses for children, and fifteen rupees, ready money; also on the petition of the Princess Noor al Nissa, an order for fifty rupees, addressed to Asherut Aly Khan (superintendent of the household). Raja Jay Sing Ray presented an account of the monthly allowance to the different persons of the palace, also a letter from Mr. Macpherson *, stating that the elder princes refused to take the allowance without an addition of money; after perusing it, His Majesty proceeded on a throne (carried by men) to Mahteb garden †, to visit the shrine of the *Footstep of the Prophet*, and according to daily custom, in commemoration of the death (of Mohammed) having prepared twelve bottles of rose-water and two baskets of flowers, he remained attentively for some time in the assembly of the Derveishes, and having blessed the sherbet, ordered it to be distributed. He afterwards gave five rupees to a Moghul lately arrived, and also bestowed four rupees and two rupees to each of the four Derveishes. His Majesty then proceeded to Noorghur, and having walked about the garden returned to the palace, having listened for some time to the representations of the attendants, performed the evening prayer, and having entered the haram, supped, and after a watch of the night was passed, went to rest.'

The value of this work is greatly enhanced by the lithographic plates, which contain specimens of Persian and Arabic writing, the figures called Rukkum, which will be useful to mercantile men, and the analysis of the Shekestch alphabet. These plates have been executed with great accuracy by Nethercliff. The typographical part of the volume, which must have been attended with considerable difficulties, has been completed by Nicol in a style that entitles him to our commendation.

Art. XIV. *College Recollections.* 8vo. pp. 283. 9*s.* Boards. London. Longman and Co. 1825.

This is the work of an Irish country curate, who seems to have abundance of leisure on his hands, and to devote it, innocently enough, to the enjoyment of dreaming over the happy years which he spent at the University of Dublin. Confined to a narrow circle of existence, he seems to think the College where he was educated the most brilliant insti-

'* Superintendent of the royal estates.'

'† The different quarters of the palace have specific names: these places are all within the fortress.'

tution in the world, and the friends, who were his usual associates, the most gifted and the most meritorious of mankind. It were cruel to disturb a vision, that seems to afford the individual who has conceived it so much delight, and which can, by no imaginable possibility, affect the interests or peace of any other of His Majesty's liege subjects. Let the author, therefore, rest assured that the nation has long waited with the greatest anxiety for these sketches, in which the portraits of his intimate college friends are so accurately drawn, under the feigned names of Lorton, Waller, Travers, Ormsby, and Sidney. We regret that we anticipated him, in some respects, by analysing, in the last number but one of this Review, the merits of Wolfe, who is here designated as Waller, and by paying a slight tribute to the character of the Historical Society. But the other portions of his work have, to us at least, all the gloss of perfect novelty.

With regard to that famous Society, indeed, the author's details are particularly copious and interesting. He furnishes us with a report, taken down in short hand, of that most important of all debates which took place on the 'last night' of its meetings, and which will leave no doubt on the mind of the reader, that the members who spoke and voted on that occasion for the extinction of the Society were the most eloquent, the most rational, the most noble-minded councillors that ever sat in deliberation. The Society was instituted chiefly for the discussion of historical questions. But impeachments of officers, and votes of approbation or censure relating to their conduct, which gave rise to magnificent discussions, and even to duels, soon superseded history, and the government of the University were so absurd and so tyrannical as to issue a mandate directing that the Society should limit itself to its original objects. Was ever such oppression heard of? How could the Society exist for a moment longer with honour? The eyes of the whole world were upon it. The busts of the great men which decorated the hall of its sittings, refused to look any longer upon the scene: 'their faces were (according to our author) turned towards the wall;' and the Society was dissolved!

That the institution thus prematurely lost to the world was the purest school of literary composition in these realms, is a fact which this little volume attests by its internal evidence. We subjoin a specimen which will at once illustrate its style, as well as its philosophy. It is unaffected in the diction, remarkably free from embellishment, and clear in its conceptions; and though the doctrine is perhaps in some degree peculiar, yet its truth and sublimity are unquestionable.

'I do

'I do not know whether it is a *peculiarity* in my nature, that, *in certain cases*, when I meditate on departed friends, my thoughts do not revert to the circumstances in which I can remember them, but rather are carried onward, as if toward their present condition. I do not mean to say that *my imagination bodies forth some form of light and glory, with shining robes and wings of immortal youth*; but *what is much more extraordinary*, I seem to myself to have *an idea or conviction of existence* (how borne in upon my soul I know not) *distinct* from all the attributes by which it makes itself *known through the senses*. At *this moment*, I have my mind, *whether thinking or feeling I cannot say*, but in whatever state it is, *conscious*, I might almost assert, of the *presence of Waller*. I am *not thinking* of any scene in which, before he left this earth, he was conspicuous: I am not *imagining* that region of blessedness into which he has entered; and yet, *without any definite image or remembrance*, I find a *thought* or a *feeling* of him *predominant in my soul*. I have *occasionally*, for an *instant, bright* but *only half revealed* glimpses of a *heavenly countenance glancing upon me*, and then *gradually fading*, or *suddenly withdrawn*; but *the impression upon the soul is steady*, and *seemingly quite* independent of either *memory* or *imagination*.'

It is a remarkable fact, that every one of the author's friends was at one time or other in love, and that, with one exception, they were all deserted by the objects of their early passion. It is still more marvellous that either from the inspiration of gypsies, from presentiment, or dreams, they were forewarned of their fates. Ormsby, for instance, in the first ardour of his affection for a certain Julia, was blessed with a superb vision, which the author relates with the most charming simplicity. Ormsby's 'agitations having *rocked* him into slumber,' he dreamt that

'He was wandering through those sequestered walks, and by those unfrequented waters where he loved of late to indulge his melancholy musing; his melancholy had returned upon him, and he stood *in a pensive mood above the smooth dark water*. A *beautiful* shadow meets his eye, *reflected in the quiet stream on which his tears had so often fallen*, and, as if he had just awakened from a horrid dream, he turns to fold to his bosom the fair *creature* who stands with *such a sweet* smile beside him. Night rises on his dreams, but not a night of darkness: *bright clouds* are hanging in the sky, and *heavenly forms lean forward*, and fair *round* arms are bent gracefully down, *scattering through the air scrolls with shining star-studied* [qu. studded?] inscriptions, and *radiant* boys have caught them as they fell, and borne them along in a thousand various directions; and *all the skies, wherever* the *delighted eye was turned*, were *gloriously illuminated*, and *every where* the inscription was *sparkling*, *Je vous aime, Je vous aime;* and these were the words that seemed *ringing upon his ear* from the voice of one of those heavenly youths who came to summon him away to a *splendid*

splendid triumph, until the *increasing loudness of the watchman's voice had transformed his nocturnal heaven,* with *its gorgeous illumination,* into the cold reluctant light in which the *early morn arrays herself.*'

That watchman ought to have been knocked down. The rascal, with his unpoetic rattle to disturb so fair, so resplendent a vision as this! At least the fellow ought to have been taken before the magistrates — and — and —; but on reading a little farther we observe that he did not perpetrate any very serious mischief after all, for we find that '*even with the* [approach of] *day would not Ormsby's visions depart;*' '*his mathematical diagrams* became *roses* and *true-love knots;* and when he turned for refuge to his *Greek,* it seemed to recede before his ardent imagination, *as the waters shrunk from Kehama.*' This was not all. '*The page of Demosthenes* seemed to *discharge* all its *characters,* and to be *impressed* with a *new* stamp (the old one, probably, not having been sufficiently yielding); and sometimes there appeared a *fair, wide space* in the *middle* of the page, where the motto which haunted his imagination was vividly displayed, and the Greek *characters* had *withdrawn* (as they were at liberty to do, since they had been already *discharged,*) on every side, and formed a *kind* of *wild* and *mysterious frame-work* to enclose the three *magical words, Je vous aime.*' These three charmed words, it appears, the "soft enthusiast" had found one evening written on a card which was mysteriously left on his table, and they haunted his imagination ever after.

The reader has perhaps already discovered that we are great admirers of the chaste and simple style in which this volume is written. There is, indeed, a peculiarity in its character which a mischievous critic would be apt to impute to the national genius. He might say that the passages we have quoted are glorious specimens of "Irish eloquence." Perhaps he might find some persons credulous enough to agree with him, although we do not remember many sentences in the work resembling any thing in Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, or Plunkett. To us it appears that the author of the Recollections is more indebted to the Historical Society for his diction and sentiments, than to the antiquated prosers just mentioned; and where could he have sought a more inspiring model? His friend Sidney, whom he very appropriately calls '*the eagle of his tribe,*' seems to have been the particular object of his admiration. How fortunate his selection, if one may judge from a little relic of that great man's eloquence which the author records! In a debate, which occupied the Society on a most engaging subject, —

sensi-

sensibility, — Sidney thus painted the consolations of the poet: "His friends may forsake him, and the world may desert; and yet, even in such calamities, he finds a solace in his genius. *Yes*, Sir, *like the prophet of old, he finds joy in the wilderness*, and his muse is the *bird that brings him food from Heaven.*" If these were not degenerate days, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Moore, and Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Southey, would betake themselves to the wilderness, and live upon this celestial food, instead of the coarse venison and champagne, towards which they are said to have so downward a propensity. We hope that Sidney, at least, is an example of the great sublime he drew. As to our author, we have no doubt that he has spent a few months in the wilderness, and that it is to that happy period of his manhood we are indebted for this little volume, which the reader will find to be the most melancholy and amusing work that has lately seen the light.

ART. XV. *Attic Fragments.* Sketches of Manners, Scenery, and Politics, in Great Britain. By the Author of "Modern Athens." 8vo. Boards. London. Knight and Lacey. 1825.

IN our notice of "Babylon the Great," a recent work by the author of 'Attic Fragments,' we murmured at the striking disproportion which the scantiness of its materials presented to the promise of its ambitious title. The present volume is characterised by as manifest a diversity between the contents and the denomination which is assigned to them. The articles which are occupied with a variety of subjects, according to the distribution of the title-page, amount to about fourteen in number; and though in scrupulous phrase we might not contend, that every paper is accommodated with a beginning, a middle, and an end, yet with reference to its obvious design, and to the general regularity of our author, the subject-matter appears to us in each instance to make its consistent progress forwards in unbroken order, and to exhaust itself in a mature and seasonable close. In short, there is such an approximation to method and coherency, as rejects the interesting character which is implied in the word 'Fragment.' And whether or not the concomitant epithet 'Attic' is chosen with a becoming deference to the constituent properties of the work, the reader shall have an opportunity of deciding.

Political discussion embraces no fewer than six out of the above enumerated articles; and of these, two papers are devoted

voted to the favourite, and we had thought in the case of our author, expended topics of disquisition, the Senate and its leading characters. This remarkable tendency in the writer to the same subject, may, to some minds, appear as the impulse of conscious strength and superior light upon that especial branch, whilst the ostentatious minuteness of personal as well as topical detail might be accepted as the best evidence of authenticity. It is not, therefore, without due consideration that we undertake to state that, whether with reference to the public occasions which form the matter of his scenes, or the merits of the individuals who are brought under his judgment, the book is calculated to prove to those persons who may not have access to more genuine sources of information, a very fallacious and even dangerous guide. We have too recently discussed with this writer his estimate of parliamentary characters, to enter upon the same ground on this occasion. It will be enough, that we shortly support what we have said by a reference to the volume itself.

The first article, 'St. Stephen's,' is a singular mixture of serious relation and burlesque, in which the truth that is required in the one, and the jest that is allowable in the other, are mutually neutralised. What, for instance, but injustice and mischief can result from any faith being placed in the following description, the absurdity of which is necessarily within the cognisance of only a select number? 'Sir James (Mackintosh) unties a bundle of documents, among which there are two numbers of the Edinburgh Review, one of which he hands to Lord John Russell, and the other to Lord Althorpe; he then advances towards the table, looks up to the gallery to see if all the pens and pencils are in readiness, and begins.' And again: 'All this, however, is merely a beating of the bushes; till the scent of a quotation is discovered; and then off he scampers full speed, bounding over every hedge of the question, coursing all the field of declamation, and never stopping till a score of lines from *Cicero de Republica* be fairly worried, and the brush displayed in his cap. During the chase, Canning takes up a newspaper, and Huskisson's fingers slide over the items of an estimate.' In the succeeding pages we find two members of the same political persuasion are made to rise immediately one after the other. The Attorney-General follows his colleague Mr. Wynne, and Mr. Hobhouse succeeds the member for Aberdeen. Mr. Plunkett, we are told, 'rises to chastise the London god; and runs and rattles so, that the mind, half awakened as it is, cannot keep pace with him.' And a little after, 'By the time that

that Plunkett has trundled his gemmy figures for half an hour, like a sea-boy trundling the pearls of ocean's dew, from his well washed mop, over the side of a vessel, the House begins to fill, and Brougham and Canning are borne in upon the tail of the tide.' Then of Mr. Brougham we have the following description: 'His air and his manner, at first, put you very much in mind of those of a field-preacher: he is tall and bent, and plain in his appearance; and though his tones be full and melodious, he hesitates, as if he were either at a loss what to say, or ashamed to say it.' Nature or verisimilitude was never more violated. Those who habitually witness the public exercise of his faculties will readily say of Mr. Brougham, that the hesitation of an instant in the current of his delivery would be accounted a phenomenon; nor can we in the case of this eminent person imagine any thing more ludicrous than the suspicion of incapacity, except, indeed, it be the imputation of modesty which succeeds it. And such errors might with great propriety be left to that innocent repose to which all such absurdities are continually hastening, did they not fix the grade of the information and judgment of the critic, and attest his incompetency to form a just, and therefore a useful, opinion upon public men.

The celebrated altercation between Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham employs our author through a whole paper. He is at the pains of surrounding a simple and evanescent accident with all the dramatic pomp of prepared warfare, and he swells the scene to a height of exaggeration, in which history and reason are alike sacrificed. The 'Tyranny of Influence' is a paper that would scarcely receive our attention except that a short view of some of its merits will furnish our apology for dismissing in silence the remainder of the political articles. Our author here attempts to establish the existence of a latent tyranny in the body politic, dangerous as it is impalpable to public scrutiny. The operation of this tyranny, according to him, is best seen in the mode of appointment to offices of trust, honour, and emolument. 'Let any one,' he says, 'look at the administration, — at the present administration, for instance, — and say, by what means they may have contrived to get into office.' And a little after he adds, 'Their power in the British senate is not the power of wisdom, and eloquence, and commanding arguments, — it is simply and exclusively the power of votes.' Who would suppose after this, that the leading member of this very ministry is the chosen theme of this writer's unbounded panegyric?

panegyric? 'Each (Brougham and Canning) was, in his party and his style of eloquence, not only absolutely without peer, but almost without follower.' — 'Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice.' — 'The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed.' — 'Canning marched forward in a straight and clear tract, — every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful; — it was all felt, and it was felt at once.'

The 'Death and Character of Lord Byron' is a querulous vindication of the life of the noble poet, which proceeds upon the very gratuitous mistake of the public feeling towards Lord Byron and his works. The world's admiration whilst he lived, — universal mourning when he died, — his title to immortal renown undisputed, — what more is it possible to claim for him, — what more was it possible for him to deserve? — The wildest spirit of literary gallantry, therefore, could hardly have inspired an adventure more ridiculous; nor does the matter become the less ludicrous when we remember the intellectual relation of the parties, the noble poet and his 'Attic' patron. And, indeed, what but danger may we apprehend from the advocacy of one whom Byron and his works moved to no nobler panegyric than this: 'He (talking of the illustrious bard) whose intellectual spirit *peopled* the higher regions of Parnassus with so many pyramids of wonder, and so many palaces of delight!!'

The narratives which are scattered through the volume, are more easy and unambitious in their style than those attempts at political and moral speculation, which only lead the author beyond the depth of his judgment. We are under the necessity of confining ourselves to a single passage which offers some new traits in the history of one, with respect to whom the public seem to think they can never know enough — 'the Scottish novelist.'

'Weak and lame in his childhood, like the illustrious Byron, he was, like him, allowed to form his own mind, ere the mechanical propounders of systems came upon him, and cast it into their frigid and formal mould. Placed in one of the most romantic spots of his native land, his first accents were employed to lisp its legends, and his first notes to chaunt its ballads; and we have no doubt that he had laid in the seeds, both of the future poet, and the future novelist, ere he began to acquire that mechanical education, which, grafted upon intellectual stamina like his, has been so honourable to himself, and so delightful to the world. This taste

taste for the romantic, the chivalrous, and, if you will, the wild and the warm in human nature, increased with the increase of his years, and striving with common and professional studies, if it did not overcome these, and put them down, it became superior to them; and while others were devoting their time to the events, amusements, and follies of the day, he was ever starting off to whatever places or persons were the most likely to aid him in his favourite pursuit. At one time he was found huddled into a corner, poring over musty and forgotten books; at another, he was hunting after antiquated garments, old-fashioned suits of armour, and exploded weapons of war; and at a third, he was found sitting all alone, eyeing the mountain-eagle in its flight, or the ocean-wave in its form. Now he was mingling with all the strange and eccentric characters which the town afforded;—anon, he was with the hoary-headed shepherd upon the cliffs, the wrinkled sexton in the church-yard, or smoking his pipe in the hut of the aged widow, whom both time and kinsfolk had forgotten, while she, to the booming of her wheel, repeated the songs and the legends of other times. Such were the sources whence the Scottish novelist drew the materials of his future works; and the practice which he gave himself in the putting of those materials together, has been perhaps more prolonged, more laborious, and more patient, than that of any other author with whom we are acquainted. We know it to be the fact; and if it were put to him, we are sure he would not deny it, that the author of Waverley continued to write longer in obscurity, ere he produced either a poem or a novel that the public would read, than any other author of the day. We mention this not in disparagement of his genius, but for the very opposite purpose. Powers so vast, and materials so varied, require the elaboration of time; and it frequently happens with other men, as well as with authors, that they whose efforts are the least promising at the beginning are the most successful in the end. Next to utter and remediless condemnation, there is nothing so injurious to a young writer as success; for those who would, in any way, have the gold of well-improved genius, must get it through the refining fire, and the hotter that fire is, the more pure will the gold be from all alloy of baser metals.'

ART. XVI. *A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees:* comprising Twenty-four Views of the most interesting Scenes, from Original Drawings taken on the Spot; with some Account of the Bathing Establishments in that Department of France. By J. Hardy, Esq. 8vo. London. Ackermann. 1825.

ALTHOUGH this is something better than an itinerary, or a guide to the most picturesque scenes of the Pyrenees, yet it fails to afford the reader who has never traversed those romantic mountains an adequate idea of their diversified beauty and grandeur.

grandeur. Judging from the fatigues which Mr. Hardy must have undergone in order to accomplish the task which he proposed to himself, and from the numerous sketches which he seems to have made in the course of his tour, it is evident that he is an enthusiastic admirer of the works of nature. His volume will be a very acceptable companion to those who have the leisure, the disposition, and the taste, for excursions into the Pyrenees, and it will not only inform them of the localities, but lead them to the admiration of several scenes which are of a very peculiar and astonishing character.

The mineral baths of Barèges, Cauterets, La Rallière, and Bagnères, have of late attracted some visitors from England, but not so many as might have been expected from the migratory propensities of our countrymen, and the charms of the mountain-scenery by which those watering places are surrounded. The facilities for reaching them from Bourdeaux are few. The most pleasant mode of effecting the journey is by ascending the Garonne in one of the steam-boats which ply in that magnificent river, and which are impelled by English machinery, and generally directed by an English engineer. At Langon the traveller will find himself in the neighbourhood of some of the most celebrated wine-estates in France. From Langon he proceeds through the *Landes*, of which Mr. Hardy gives a gloomy description, but which are nevertheless pregnant with interest to minds that are warmed by any portion of enthusiasm. Passing through Roquefort, and Villeneuve de Marsan, the tourist catches a distant view of the Pyrenees, and passing through a delightful country, he reaches Pau, whence his eye may easily take in the whole of their lower range, and observe the 'bright verdure of their tufted mountains spotted with villages and chateaus' forming a contrast with the snow-capped mountains in the back ground, whose distance "lends enchantment to the view."

'Every hour of the day varies their appearance, and throws around them new charms; whether you see them at sunrise, when all but their gilded summits are enveloped in blue vapour; at mid-day, when swelling up majestically under a serene sky; or when the tempest hovers, and the thunder rolls, re-echoing through the vast range of their lengthened valleys.'

At Lourdes, about twenty miles from Pau, the grand pass of the Lavedan opens into the first chain of the high Pyrenees, through which the Gave sometimes rapidly rolls his waters among precipices, sometimes lingers on his way

amid smiling villages. The noise of distant streamlets singing among the rocks as they leap down in their course, their transparent brilliancy, the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the fragrance of the broom, penetrate to the heart and fill it with cheerfulness. The valley of Argelès offers a profusion of objects to the attention of the traveller, surrounded as it is by Gothic ruins and churches. Along the road from thence, for seven miles, ancient castles and populous hamlets are seen starting forth in 'every variety of romantic position.' At the termination of the valley two gorges open, one leading to Barèges, the other to Cauterets. The latter is one of the most frequented watering places of the Pyrenees. They are all celebrated in France for the cure and alleviation of various disorders, and are visited by invalids from the most remote corners of that kingdom. The waters of Barèges are said to produce wonderful effects on maladies arising from old wounds: St. Sauveur is an equally infallible remedy for nervous disorders: Les Eaux Bonnes and Bagnères de Louchon for consumptions; and Cauterets for diseases of the digestive organs. The seasons are generally commenced on the 1st of July, and closed at the end of August, by the visitors of the different baths, at Bagnerès de Bigorre, with balls and other amusements.

At Cauterets the open road ceases, and the remainder of the defile through the Pyrenees is a continued series of rugged acclivities. Mr. Hardy's principal excursion from Cauterets was to the cascades and circle of Gavarnie, the greatest *lion* of the Pyrenees. After a difficult and tedious ascent, which he describes with great minuteness, he reached this splendid scene.

'It presents the interior of a vast amphitheatre, of a construction so regular as to seem the work of human hands, and which, in the language of the guide, would appear to be the last barrier of the world. The most striking object is a prodigious cascade, on the extreme left, falling in one unbroken line 1266 feet. Before it reaches the bottom, it dashes against a huge mass of rock, and then forms the principal source of the Gave de Pau. In the centre of the view are seven other cascades, varying from 300 to 500 feet in perpendicular height.

'The majestic scene is formed of glaciers, snow, and alabaster rocks; the summits of the amphitheatre are crowned with perpetual snows, and carried along in terraces, the faces of which are primitive alabaster rocks. On the very highest range, two enormous masses, of a square form,

'"High o'er the rest display superior state,
In proud pre-eminence sublimely great,"

and

and are called the Towers of Marboré; and in viewing them, you are ready to take them for an aerial fortress. Not a sign of verdure is seen, except a few black pines at our feet. It must not, however, be imagined to be a cold snow-scene, quite the reverse; every thing partakes of a yellow tinge, and the *tout-ensemble*, having somewhat of an artificial appearance, strongly resembles the drop-scene of a play-house. At the left corner, a huge rock, at least 2000 feet in height, juts out, and then comes the wonderful cascade, falling as from the heavens, like a mighty ribbon, joining earth and sky: the centre portion resembles an immense wall, rising in terraces, broken on the right by a wide opening, called the Brèche de Roland, from some fabulous tale of the time of Charlemagne. The view is then closed in by masses of pale yellow mountains, advancing nearer to the spectator, their edges overlooking the torrent of foaming waters which flow from the foot of the cascades. The area of the amphitheatre is not less than two miles; but the deception of vision is so great, that a thousand yards would be supposed its utmost extent.

'We hurried on to contemplate the scene in detail: every object of which it is composed is of a proportion far beyond all ordinary conception. We presently reached a vast oval of incrusted snow, which contrasts beautifully with the surrounding walls of primitive rocks. The apparent regularity of decoration is most striking. We beheld the foaming water of the larger cascade precipitate itself into a vast hole under the snow: the thundering noise of its descent is tremendous. We found it impossible to approach the abyss too closely, as the atmosphere of spray which surrounds it soon wets the spectator to the skin, and we were obliged to retire.'

Mr. Hardy, with some *naïveté*, adds that in beholding the towers of Marboré, which seemed to pierce the clouds, he was scarcely conscious of existence, and that he experienced 'a kind of ecstasy, or interior exaltation, *which seemed the effect of magic!*' This looks like a flight of imagination. It is certain, however, that the scene is a most singular and imposing display of natural grandeur. Lord Bute is reported to have said that it was worth taking a journey from India to see it.

Mr. Hardy's descriptions are not interrupted by many incidents. He tells us, however, a few anecdotes which are not uninteresting. In the following story the initial of the Spanish Duke may be understood, we suppose, for that of D'Ossuna.

'At that period (1808) Buonaparte was at Bayonne, endeavouring by diplomatic intrigue to effect the dethronement of the Spanish monarch: aware that the Duke d'O—— was in the French dominions, and fearing lest his powerful influence in the Spanish councils might materially retard the accomplishment of his wishes, Buonaparte gave orders to the police to keep a strict watch on all

the Duke's movements, and to resort to force to prevent his return to his own country, from which he was not more than ten miles distant. The Duke was perfectly informed of the object in view, and appeared to sacrifice all political feeling to the recovery of his health, at the same time that he was devising every possible means of escape. His health not permitting him the fatiguing traverse of the mountains on foot, by dint of large bribes he had succeeded in engaging four of the mountaineers to carry him by night in one of the light sedan-chairs used by the bathers. They had accomplished one-half of the difficult journey, when suddenly they missed one of their comrades. The whole party were in consternation: the most urgent entreaties could not prevail on those who remained to proceed; they foresaw, they said, that the first act of their treacherous companion would be to inform the village authorities; and should they even gain the Spanish territory, they themselves would certainly be denounced to the police, and their own utter ruin would inevitably ensue. There was, besides, a great probability of their being overtaken, having yet the most difficult part of the traverse to make. In this painful dilemma the Duke determined on returning, and, if possible, reaching, before the dawn of day, the bath of the Près, where most probably the search would commence. In this he succeeded; and having dismissed the mountaineers, ordered a bath to be prepared for himself. While thus engaged, the *gens-d'armes* arrived: they were greatly surprised to see the Duke's servant at the bath-door, and demanded an explanation of their movements. The servant, well instructed by his master what replies to make, denied most vehemently any intention of quitting Cauterets at present; telling them, that the Duke had merely made this night-excursion for the purpose of enjoying the view of the sun rising from some of the neighbouring mountains. On leaving the bath, the Duke with admirable *sang froid* corroborated the story of his servant. Each party then returned to the village; the affair soon became known, and the Duke was more strictly watched than before.'

The Duke, however, did subsequently effect his escape in the disguise of a curé. In the course of his tour Mr. Hardy encountered a singular class of people called Cagots.

'In my two months' sojourn amidst these mountains, I sometimes came in contact with this singular race of human beings, and who are, I believe, peculiar to this part of France. No language can describe the utter wretchedness of their appearance; shunned by every one, they crawl upon the face of the earth in the most abject state of want and misery, such as can only be known but in being witnessed. Their complexions are cadaverous in the extreme; many of them are afflicted with the *goître*, of dwarfish stature, and for clothing, a sort of sackcloth is all that distinguishes them from "the beasts that perish."

'The origin of these poor creatures is lost in the distance of time. Mons. Palassou, who has written a memoir on the subject, is of opinion, that they take their rise from the last of the Saracens,

Saracens, who were defeated by Charles Martel in the neighbourhood of Tours, and subsequently driven into these mountains, and afterwards became objects of hatred and contempt.

' The habitations of these outcasts are apart from all the towns and villages, amid dreary valleys and unwholesome swamps. Among other persecutions, they were formerly obliged to bear a badge, indicative of their degraded class. These cruel distinctions pursued them even to the churches, which they entered by a separate door; and the holy waters appropriated to their use would have been thought by their more favoured fellow-beings rather those of contamination than of blessedness.

' I was confined to a village by incessant rain one whole day in the neighbourhood of some of these people, and never can I forget the two or three objects which presented themselves, more particularly one, a female: the face was horribly disfigured with the small-pox; the *goître* had extended itself so completely round the throat, that no protrusion of the lower jaw could be perceived: a filthy blanket was thrown over her shoulders, extending to the feet, and held round her person with folded arms: her *tout ensemble* was loathsome in the extreme; and although young, the expression of the eye indicated that disease and misery were struggling within. A trifle bestowed upon her seemed for a moment to dispel the habitual gloom of her wretched countenance, which conscious degradation had so deeply engraved upon it. In nearly one attitude she remained opposite to the *auberge* full three hours, attracted thither, no doubt, by the hope of charity and the gratification of vacant curiosity, which the arrival of any stranger would most probably afford. In speaking of her to the mistress of the house, her answer convinced me, that she hardly thought the poor creature worthy of notice as a human being. The government of France ought to seek the improvement of these miserable people; but I am aware that they have difficulties almost insurmountable in the prejudices and long-cherished abhorrence of association which the mountaineers entertain towards them.'

Following the example of the visitors, we shall close our excursions at Bagnères.

' The situation of Bagnères and its environs is enchanting, every object that mingles in the picturesque being profusely scattered around. The promenades, both of nature and art, have a cheerfulness about them that is truly delightful. The Adour, divided into streams, flows through most of the streets, giving a freshness and salubrity to the air, so desirable in the summer months.

' There are no less than twenty mineral springs of reputed efficacy in several complaints; and for the mere seeker of pleasure and amusement, at the height of the season there are ample means of gratification. Eight thousand strangers have been known to be collected here: its own population is six thousand; and as the local historian observes, " Il est beau de voir less opulens de l'Europe répandus sur les bords champêtres de l'Adour, et tous

les raffinemens de luxe en contact avec la simplicité des mœurs pastorales." The grand promenade of Coustous, formed of a triple row of trees, has several handsome houses, ornamented with small terraces and gardens, looking upon it. The endless amusement of beholding the variety of characters and costume on this promenade causes these houses to be in great request. A public fountain, abundantly supplied, stands at its extremity. Besides, there are usually a number of travelling *marchands* daily exposing their wares, particularly jewellery; so that after the stillness and dreariness of the mountain-scenery, the change is exceedingly pleasing.'—

'The town is very ancient: the Romans named it *Vicus Aquensis*: having experienced the happy effects of its baths, they left behind them many tokens of their gratitude; the most ancient is an inscription by Severus Seranus:

'Nymphis pro salute suâ.
Sever. Seranus V. S. L. M. *'—

'At Bagnères, the circle of the principal bathing establishments is completed, and towards the month of September the visitants depart, almost satiated with the wild majesty of nature to which they have been so long accustomed, and many sighing again for the plains and their corresponding monotony.

'"The majesty of rocks, the torrent's roar,
A moment please or agitate."

'In quitting Bagnères, we emerge altogether from the mountains: and at this time, August, the leaves were beginning to fall, and the surfaces of the elevated lakes were frozen over: the region of perpetual snows is about eight thousand feet. The following are the heights of the most elevated peaks above the level of the sea:

'Vignemale, S. S. E. of Cauterets	10,432 feet.
Marboré, Gavarnie - -	10,260
Mont Perdu, Spain - -	10,678
Pic du Midi de Bigorre - -	9,036
Pic de Bergons - - -	6,504
Pic du Midi de Pau - -	8,442.'

The views which accompany the text are upon too minute a scale, and are tinted with colours which do not at all resemble those of nature. They are pasted on yellow paper, which gives them a tawdry effect, though upon the whole they are not otherwise badly executed.

'* Vitâ salvâ luit meritò.'

ART. XVII. *Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent*, during the Years 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and A. Bonpland. Vol. VI. Paris. Chez J. Smith, et Gide, Fils. 1825.

THE publication of a volume relating the results of a journey which was performed upwards of twenty years ago, is rather a singular circumstance in the present anxious and busy age. The completion of an extensive tour in the most remote part of the globe, the concoction of a report of it, and the publication of that report within a single year, are in these days no rare occurrences. If our modern travellers were to expend twenty winters in digesting their narratives, they might perhaps be more methodically arranged, and more replete with learned discussions. But the practical value of such works, so far as they tend to accelerate the progress of knowledge, and the intercourse of nations, would be impaired in proportion to the delay. M. de Humboldt's sixth volume, which has not yet been translated into English, has perhaps lost some part of its interest by having been so long detained from the press. Since he quitted the shores of South America, the most rapid and extensive changes have taken place there. Countries which, at the time of his visit to them, were silent, slavish, dependent colonies, are now transformed, as if by a miracle, into independent states, governing themselves by their own firmness and wisdom, and connecting themselves by treaties of commerce and alliance with England and other European powers. These changes have removed many of the difficulties with which M. de Humboldt had to contend during his journey: for the last eight or ten years the successful contests in which those countries have been engaged, have incessantly attracted public attention to their history and actual condition, and curiosity has been almost satiated on the subject by the several excellent memoirs relating to them which have been recently given to the world. Among these, Mr. Stevenson's "Residence in South America," which was noticed in the last number of this Journal, will be found not the least valuable.

The reader will perhaps find that many of M. de Humboldt's details have been anticipated by travellers more active than the learned German, though, indeed, not quite so fertile as he, in the art of publication. The present volume, he informs us, was retarded by circumstances, over which he had no controul. Besides the personal narrative of travels, it contains a historical description of the Carib race; a general table of the population of South America, distinguishing them according to their differences in colour, language, and religion; a discus-

sion on the important problem of a ship-canal of communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans; a comparative view of the most ancient monuments of the aboriginal inhabitants of the two Americas; a geological table of South America to the north of the river of the Amazons, together with a general enumeration of the ramifications and clusters of the Andes from Cape Horn to the polar circle; a memoir on the horary variations of the barometer under the tropics, at the level of the sea, and on the ridge of the Cordillera of the Andes, together with a table of thermometrical, hygrometrical, cyanometrical, and electrometrical observations on the lower equinoctial regions. An atlas accompanies this volume, containing the geography of the plants of Chimborazo, and a general map of Columbia.

The fifth volume closed with the preparations of the travellers for leaving Angostura, and crossing the *steppes* of Venezuela, in order to proceed by the most direct route either to Cumana or New Barcelona, whence they intended to embark for Cuba. Having mounted their mules on the left bank of the Oroonoko, they proceeded on their journey over those vast plains: the heat of the sun was excessive, on account of the strong reflection of its rays from the surface of a soil almost wholly destitute of vegetation. A full description of the western division of those plains has been given in a former volume of these travels; the eastern division between Angostura and New Barcelona exhibits a similar aspect. On the 13th of July (1800), the third day after they quitted Angostura, the travellers arrived at the village of Cari, the first of the Carib missions, dependant at that time on the monks of *Observance* of the College of Piritu. They were lodged in the convent, or rather in the house of the curate. 'From the coast of New California to Valdivia, and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, over an extent of 2000 leagues, the traveller may conquer all the difficulties of a long land-journey, if he only enjoy the protection of the American clergy. The power which that body possesses in the country is too well established to be easily overthrown.' M. de Humboldt and his friend were received by the curate in the most hospitable manner. They found the village inhabited by about 500 Caribs, who are described as forming a race superior, in physical and intellectual energies, to all other Indians. It is remarkable that they universally have their heads tonsured like the monks, not in imitation of them, as has often been imagined, but in pursuance of an ancient custom, established long before they were visited by Europeans. Their eyes indicate intelligence, and they exhibit an air of importance and disdain,

disdain, which one would scarcely expect to meet in the inhabitants of such a country. The women are not so robust or handsome as the men. They perform almost all the domestic and agricultural labour. They were exceedingly importunate with the strangers for pins, which, for want of pockets, or rather, perhaps, by way of ornament, they fixed under the lower lip, piercing the skin in such a manner as that the head of the pin rested in the interior of the mouth! The men wear more clothing, or rather drapery, than the women, which they dispose in a picturesque and becoming manner. The women go almost naked. Both sexes stain their bodies with a sort of ointment called *onoto*, which is so indispensable, according to the rules of Carib fashion, that for a native to appear abroad without being properly painted with *onoto*, would be a violation of all the rules of decency. It is even more essential than the slight zone, the only garment worn by the women. The Indians of the missions of Piritu formerly exercised great influence over the vast country, which extends from the equator to the northern coasts. At every place along the Oroonoko traces have been found of their hostile incursions. Their language is predominant throughout that part of the world. They differ in many respects from the aboriginal races of Mexico, Cundinamarca, and Peru. They have some traditions which seem to indicate an ancient communication between the two Americas. In the sixteenth century they covered a vast extent of territory, but they have been reduced since the discovery of America to about 40,000. M. de Humboldt enters at some length into their history and present condition. He shows that of all the inhabitants of the new continent they are the least disposed to cannibalism, although they have been described as the most cruel of savages by the Spanish writers. There is nothing more surprising in this race of Indians than the facility with which young men of from eighteen to twenty years of age, when they are brought up to the employment of fiscal or alguazil, harangue the community for hours together. Under the government of the Missionaries they have made considerable progress towards civilization.

After a short stay at Cari, the travellers pursued their route to New Barcelona, where they arrived on the 23d of July. M. de Humboldt's remarks on the geological phenomena of the vast plains which he traversed in the course of this journey, and on the facilities which they offer for astronomical observations, are extremely curious and valuable. The philosopher and his companion remained a month at New Barcelona, whence they made occasional excursions into

into the adjacent mountains. Their visit to the warm baths of Bergantin was marked by a singular accident. As M. de Humboldt was crossing a deep river on a sort of bridge formed of the trunks of trees connected together, and leading his horse, which was swimming, by the bridle, the animal suddenly was drawn downwards, and in an instant disappeared. It was supposed that the horse's legs had been seized by crocodiles, which infest all the rivers on this coast.

On the 26th of August M. de Humboldt and his friend embarked in a small vessel for Cumana; but they had proceeded only a short distance from the harbour when, to their great astonishment, they encountered an armed vessel, which fired upon them. It turned out to be a pirate, and it immediately captured the *savants* and their cargo of plants, cocoa, and monkies, declaring them to be lawful prizes. M. de Humboldt and his friend were taken on board the corsair: in vain they entreated to be landed on the neighbouring coast. Fortunately for them the British sloop of war, the Hawk, which was cruising in those seas, came within sight of the pirate, and the captain not obeying a signal made by the sloop, a gun was fired, and a midshipman was despatched on board, whose generous and polite behaviour M. de Humboldt seems to feel great pleasure in recording. He was invited on board the sloop, which was under the command of Captain Garnier, and was treated with distinguished attention. The next day his vessel was restored to him, with all its cargo, and, after a short passage, he arrived at Cumana. During his stay of two months at this place, M. de Humboldt examined the alum mines in the neighbourhood; and the results of his observations are exhibited in his usual scientific manner.

We now come to a much more interesting part of the volume, which treats of the political state of the provinces of Venezuela, the extent of their territory, their population, natural productions, external commerce, and the communications between the different provinces which compose the republic of Columbia.

'When I first published, after returning to Germany, *The Political Essay on New Spain*, I communicated, at the same time, a portion of the materials which I had amassed relative to the territorial riches of South America. That comparative view of the population, agriculture, and commerce of the Spanish colonies, was written at a time when the progress of their civilization was fettered by the imperfection of their social institutions, by a prohibitive system, and by other mischievous errors in the science of government. Since I developed the immense resources which the people of the two Americas, if enjoying the benefits of rational

liberty, might find in their individual position and in their commercial relations with Europe and Asia, one of those grand revolutions which from time to time rouse the attention of mankind, has changed the social condition of those vast countries through which I have travelled. At present we see the continental part of the New World divided between three races of people, all of European origin: the first, and the most powerful, is the German race; the two others belong, by their language, their literature, and their manners, to Latin Europe. Those portions of the Old World, which are advanced farthest towards the west, the Iberian peninsula and the British isles, are those whose colonies have occupied the greatest extent of territory in the New World; but four thousand leagues of coast, inhabited solely by the descendants of the Spaniards and Portuguese, attest the superiority which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Peninsular people acquired by their maritime expeditions over the rest of the naval powers of Europe. It may be said that their languages, extended as they are from California to the Rio de la Plata, over the sides and ridges of the Cordilleras, as in the bosom of the forests of Amazonia, are monuments of national glory which will survive all other political revolutions.

'At this moment, the inhabitants of Spanish and Portuguese America form, together, a population twice as large as that of the English race. The French, Dutch, and Danish possessions in the New World are of inconsiderable extent; but in order to complete this general view of the people who are likely to influence the destinies of the other hemisphere, we should not forget those colonists of slavish origin, who are attempting to establish themselves, from the peninsula of Alaska as far as California, and those free Africans of Hayti who have accomplished the prophecy of the Milanese traveller, Benzoni, in 1545. The position of the Africans in an island twice as large as Sicily, in the middle of the Mediterranean of the Antilles, augments their political importance.'

M. de Humboldt supposes that the population of the two Americas will, in the course of forty or forty-five years, equal that of Europe. Far from agreeing with those short-sighted reasoners who insist that this increase of population in the New World will be injurious to the Old, he conceives, and justly, that it will be productive of a generous rivalry in civilization, in manufactures, in commerce, will increase the wants of consumption, the general mass of productive industry, and the activity of mutual intercourse. He adds, in a spirit of magnanimous and true philosophy;

'Doubtless, after the great revolutions which the state of human society is undergoing, the public fortune, which is the common patrimony of civilization, will be found differently distributed among the people of the two worlds; but the equilibrium will be restored by degrees, and it is a mischievous, I might almost say, an impious prejudice, to look upon the growing prosperity of every

every other portion of our planet as calamitous to the Old World. The independence of the colonies will not contribute to isolate them, it will approximate them more to those nations which have long been civilized. Commerce will unite those whom political jealousy has long separated. Farther: it is the nature of civilization to proceed onward in its course, without therefore losing its existence in the spot which first witnessed its birth. Its progressive march from east to west, from Asia to Europe, proves nothing against this axiom. A brilliant light preserves its lustre even when it illumines a wide space. Intellectual cultivation, the fertile source of national wealth, communicates itself step by step; it expands without losing its position. Its movement is not a migration: if it has appeared such to us in the east, it is because barbarous hordes made themselves masters of Egypt, of Asia Minor, and of that Greece formerly free, the deserted cradle of the civilization of our ancestors.'

M. de Humboldt proceeds in this animated strain of reflection, like a superior intelligence tracing out the future destinies and duties of the world.

'The brutalization of nations is the consequence of oppression exercised over them, either by internal despotism, or foreign conquest: it is always accompanied by progressive impoverishment, by a diminution of the public fortune. Institutions free and vigorous, adapted to the interests of all, exclude these dangers; and the increasing civilization of the world, the combination of labour, and active intercourse, do not ruin states whose prosperity flows from a natural source. Productive and commercial Europe will profit of the new order of things, which has been introduced into South America, as it would profit by increase of consumption, by the extinction of barbarism in Greece, on the northern coasts of Africa, and in other countries subjected to Ottoman tyranny. There is nothing which threatens the prosperity of the old continent except the protraction of those intestine struggles which embarrass industry, and diminish at once the number and the wants of consumers. In Spanish America, this struggle, which commenced six years after my departure, draws every day nearer to a close. We shall soon see many independent nations ruled by various systems of government, but united by their remembrance of a common origin, by the uniformity of their language, and by wants which always produce civilization, occupying the two opposite shores of the Atlantic ocean. It may be said that the immense improvements which have been made in nautical science have narrowed the basins of the seas. Already the Atlantic ocean presents itself to our eyes under the aspect of a narrow canal, which detains the commercial states of Europe at no greater distance from the New World, than in the infancy of navigation the Mediterranean detained the Greeks of the Peloponnesus from those of Ionia, Sicily, and Cyrene.'

The

The Holy Alliance will scarcely thank M. de Humboldt for the sage and manly lesson which he has here given them in a few words. From these general considerations he proceeds to trace the statistical condition of Venezuela. He premises his observations on this subject with a general table showing the extent of territory occupied by Mexico, the Spanish South American States, the Brazils, and the United States, together with the amount of their population. According to this table, Mexico possesses 75,830 square leagues, and a population of 6,800,000; Guatimala, 16,740 square leagues, and a population of 1,600,000; Cuba and Portorico, 4,430 square leagues, and a population of 800,000; Columbia, (embracing Venezuela, New Grenada, and Quito,) 91,950 square leagues, and a population of 2,785,000; Peru, 41,420 square leagues, and a population of 1,400,000; Chili, 14,240 square leagues, and a population of 1,100,000; Buenos Ayres, 126,770 square leagues, and a population of 2,300,000. The Brazils cover 256,990 square leagues, and contain a population of 4,000,000. The United States have 174,300 square leagues, and a population of 10,220,000.

Mexico, Guatimala, and Columbia, are the only states of Spanish America whose coasts are washed by the two oceans. Columbia has peculiar advantages in the great extent of its shores, and in another resource which has not hitherto been sufficiently appreciated, the isthmus of Panama, which forms part of its domain. If this neck of land were traversed by good roads, and well stocked with camels, it might, in M. de Humboldt's opinion, become the channel of *portage* for the commerce of the world, even if there be no possibility of intersecting it for a ship-canal. This subject leads M. de Humboldt into a renewed discussion of the question, whether it be possible to effect a canal-communication between the two oceans, through the isthmus of Panama. He seems to have acquired no new data on this interesting problem, since his first examination of it in his Essay on New Spain. He is inclined still to give the preference to the isthmus of Nicaragua, or to that of Darien, either of which has always appeared to him favourable for a canal of large dimensions, like the Caledonian Canal. Of the two he seems to give the preference to Nicaragua, where he thinks it would not be difficult to form an uninterrupted navigable line with the assistance of the extensive lake, which is situated in that part of the country. Next to Nicaragua and Darien, the isthmus of Panama is most deserving of attention. M. de Humboldt thinks, that, in the present state of the commerce of the world, a junction-canal of sufficient depth and width to afford

afford a passage to vessels of from three to four hundred tons would answer every useful purpose. The Caledonian Canal admits vessels of 500 tons, and frigates of 32 guns. His advice as to the means of carrying this important object into effect is deserving of attention, particularly in these times when the prevailing rage for joint-stock companies has enabled so many impostors to delude and defraud the public.

'As to the mode of execution, upon which I have been consulted by enlightened persons, who belong to the new governments of equinoctial America, I am of opinion, that a joint-stock company ought not to be formed, until the possibility of excavating, between the seventeenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, an oceanic canal large enough to receive vessels of from three to four hundred tons burden, shall be clearly proved, and until the line of territory be surveyed, which may be ultimately fixed upon. I abstain from discussing the question whether that district "ought to form a republic under the name of *Jonctiana*, dependant on the confederation of the United States," as has been recently proposed in England, by a gentleman whose intentions are always most laudable and disinterested. Whatever government may possess the right to the soil, in which this grand junction of the two seas may be effected, the advantages of this hydraulic work should be imparted to all the nations of the two worlds, who shall have contributed to its execution by the purchase of shares. The local governments of Spanish America might direct the surveys of different places, the measurement of distances, the soundings of rivers and lakes which it might be necessary to traverse, and the calculation of the quantity of water which might be derived from springs or rain, for the supply of the superior basin of the canal. These preliminary operations would not be expensive, but they should be executed on a uniform plan in the isthmusses of Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama, Darien, and Choco. When maps of the surveys of the five lines of communication shall be submitted to the public, a conviction of the possibility of executing this important work will become more general in the two continents, and will facilitate the creation of a joint-stock company. Free discussion will show the advantages or disadvantages of each locality, and ultimately one or two points will be fixed upon. The junction-company should have the surveys repeated in the most accurate manner; the expense might then be estimated, and the execution of the work confided to engineers who have had practical experience in similar works in Europe.

'As it cannot be doubted, that in case it should appear to be impossible to form an oceanic canal, the shareholders would derive great advantage from the excavation, in some of the five points already enumerated, of small canals for the convenience of internal trade, it might be expedient, perhaps, that the first survey should be made at the expense of a company. A single vessel might convey engineers and instruments successively, to the mouths of the Atrato, the Rio Chagre and the bay of Mandingá, the Rio San

San Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua, and to the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The celerity of the operations would enable us to form a just estimate of the advantages which each of the proposed points presents; and *the company of the first survey*, after having selected the most eligible spot for the work, might make an appeal to the public for the purpose of increasing their funds, and erecting themselves into *a company of execution*, either, as it may be hoped, for an oceanic navigable canal, or for small canals of limited extent.'

In the notes to the chapter, which treats of Venezuela, M. de Humboldt has collected an immense store of geological information concerning the country, for which we must refer to the volume itself. He then resumes the narrative of his travels, which, in truth, seems to be lengthened out by the introduction of many circumstances, that, however interesting they might have been twenty years ago, have now lost in a considerable degree their attraction. From Venezuela he proceeded to Cuba, where the termination of this volume leaves him. We find, however, in this part of the narrative, some calculations as to the state of the black population of the two Americas, which are worth attention. It appears that, in the American Antilles, the number of Negroes is 1,090,000; in the United States, 1,650,000; in the Brazils, 1,800,000; in the Spanish continental colonies, 307,000; in the English, Dutch, and French Guyanas, 200,000, — making a total of 5,047,000. The number of free Negroes is estimated as follows: In Hayti and the other Antilles, 870,000; in the United States, 270,000; in the Brazils, about 160,000; in the Spanish continental colonies, 80,000; in the English, Dutch, and French Guyanas 6000, — making a total of 1,386,000 of free Negroes in the New World.

M. de Humboldt has given the following highly interesting table of the distribution of the whole population of the Americas, according to the difference of their religions:

'1. Roman Catholics,			22,486,000
a Spanish continental America,		15,985,000	
Whites,	2,937,000		
Indians,	7,530,000		
Mixed race and Negroes,	5,518,000		
	15,985,000		
b Portuguese America,		4,000,000	
c United States, Lower Canada, and French Guyana,		537,000	
d Hayti, Cuba, Portorico, and the French Antilles,		1,964,000	
		22,486,000	

'2. Pro-

'2. Protestants, - - -		11,636,000
a United States, - -	10,295,000	
b British Canada, New Scotland, and Labrador, -	260,000	
c English and Dutch Guyana	220,000	
d English Antilles, - -	777,000	
e Dutch, Danish, &c. Antilles,	84,000	
	11,636,000	
'3. Independent Indians, not Christians, -		820,000

It is to be understood that this table exhibits, under the two first heads, only the great divisions of the Christian communities. M. de Humboldt thinks that the number of Protestants in the whole of continental and insular America, from the southern extremity of Chili to Greenland, is to that of Catholics as one to two. There exist in the western coast of North America several thousand individuals who follow the Greek worship.

The English language is spoken in the New World by 11,647,000 out of the whole population; the Spanish, by 10,504,000; the Indian, by 7,593,000; the Portuguese, by 3,740,000; the French, by 1,242,000; the Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, by 216,000.

The greater portion of this volume consists of notes and tables, which are unquestionably of great value, and exhibit an extent of study and observation unrivalled by any traveller, ancient or modern. It were however to be desired, that M. de Humboldt had arranged his vast stores in a more concise and digested form; for in their present shape, few persons will consult his volumes unless for the purposes of learned research. The general reader will prefer those more modern works, which, without fatiguing his mind, will enable him to form sufficiently accurate ideas of the most interesting regions of Spanish America.

Correspondence.

*** *Ignotus* is requested to send his name and address to the Publishers, under cover for the Editor.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For NOVEMBER, 1825.

ART. I. *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a Period of nearly Half a Century; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished Persons, Political, Literary, and Musical. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. Colburn. 1825.

To those who feel any interest in dramatic adventures and anecdotes, these volumes will furnish an abundant supply of entertainment. As to the political and literary sketches which Mr. Kelly has scattered through his work, they are so few that they scarcely deserved to be indicated in the title-page. They are, moreover, so highly coloured by the flattering pencil of the author, that they retain little, if any, resemblance to their originals. He frequently reminds us that, whatever his defects might be, ingratitude to his benefactors was never justly imputed to him. His 'Reminiscences' leave no doubt on this point; for almost every individual of whom he speaks was his 'best of friends,' 'the kindest,' 'pleasantest,' 'noblest,' 'most excellent' person that ever breathed. He seems to have been courted by all the world, and, in return, to have loved every body, high and low, with whom, in the course of his long and merry life, he formed any acquaintance. He is a perfect counterpart of that celebrated recorder of a country borough-town, who, on being asked how he liked the mayor, answered that his worship was a most agreeable, gentlemanlike magistrate. And the aldermen? the wittiest, the most hospitable, the most jovial fellows he ever met. And the grand jurors? they were all fit to be members of Parliament: — their wisdom and their knowledge of the laws were unequalled. The constables? the politest of officers, the most elegant of peace-keepers: — they were models of constables. The witnesses? there never were such witnesses: — they would every man of them die sooner than tell a falsehood. The prisoners? the honestest prisoners, and the most respectable men, that ever entered a jail. The hangman? it was a

pleasure to be submitted to his care: he tied the noose so mildly, and sent a man to the other world with such "tender assiduity!"

To the King, in truth, honest Michael seems to be not a little indebted, and the expression of his gratitude is certainly not scanty. Considering the condescension with which that illustrious person seems to have treated him, he may, perhaps, be excused for the sort of menial eulogies which escape so often from his pen, whenever he makes the slightest allusion to his royal master. But the laudatory strain becomes tiresome, when we see that it is indiscriminately sounded on every occasion. Indeed, to such an extent is this carried, that he sings his own praises with as much complacency as those of any other person. This high opinion of his own merits, however, is not the least amusing characteristic of his volumes, particularly as it is conveyed in a tone of gaiety and humour perfectly Hibernian. The wit and drollery of his country peep out laughing through almost every incident which he relates. His love of conviviality, his social temper, his devotion to the god of wine, and particularly to the Bacchus of his native hills, seem to have led him into many scenes of pleasure, which were purchased, with the usual imprudence of Irishmen, at an expense greatly beyond his means. He does not at all conceal the errors of his life; and, to do him justice, they were not a few. He was an universal favourite with the women; a delightful companion over a bowl of punch of his own making; and he certainly appears to have benefitted of his various qualifications, in order to drain the cup of life of all the intoxicating liquor which it contained. He has also had his share of the lees, though they seem not to have, in any degree, affected the genial current of his mind.

Mr. Kelly informs us that he was born in Dublin, — the year he forgets to mention. His taste for musical pursuits was infused into him at a very early age, in a manner quite worthy of his after-life.

"Trifling occurrences during childhood often influence our future lives. I recollect once, when returning from a visit to a relation of my mother's, I saw Signor St. Giorgio enter a fruit-shop; he proceeded to eat peaches and nectarines, and at last took a pine-apple, and deliberately sliced and ate that. This completed my longing, and while my mouth watered, I asked myself why, if I assiduously studied music, I should not be able to earn money enough to lounge about in fruit-shops, and eat peaches and pine-apples as well as Signor St. Giorgio. I answered myself by promising that I would study hard; and I really did so; — and, trifling as this little anecdote may appear, I firmly believe it was the

the chief cause of my serious resolution to follow up music as a profession; for my father had other views for me.'

At a very early age he was sent to Naples, in order to enjoy the advantage of the best masters. After a short period of study, he seems to have set up in the world for himself, and to have found admission into the best circles of that gay city, through the patronage of Sir William Hamilton. His observations on the theatres and societies which he frequented, differ little from those of other travellers. From Naples he made a short visit to Rome, to see the Carnival, which, he says, threw him into 'a delirium of pleasure.' His account of the Roman critics is highly amusing.

'The Romans assume that they are the most sapient critics in the world; they are certainly the most severe ones:—they have no medium,—all is delight or disgust. If asked whether a performance or a piece has been successful, the answer, if favourable, is, "*è andato al settimo cielo*,"—"it has ascended to the seventh heaven." If it has failed, they say, "*è andato al abbisso del inferno*,"—"it has sunk to the abyss of hell." The severest critics are the abbés, who sit in the first row of the pit, each armed with a lighted wax-taper in one hand, and a book of the opera in the other, and should any poor devil of a singer miss a word, they call out, "*Bravo, bestia!*"—"Bravo, you beast!"

'It is customary for the composer of an opera to preside at the piano-forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, "*Bravo, il ladro!*"—"Bravo, you thief!" or, "*Bravo, Paesiello! Bravo, Sacchini!*" if they suppose the passage stolen from them, "The curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!" This I heard said, in the Teatro del Altiberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation.

'Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro del La Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the preceding carnival. An abbé started up, and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa! you are welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"

'Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, always dreaded appearing before these stony-hearted critics; however, tempted by a large sum, he accepted an engagement at the Teatro del La Valle. He arrived in Rome some weeks previous to his engagement, hoping to make friends, and form a party in his favour; he procured introductions to the most severe and scurri-

lous, and thinking to find the way to their hearts through their mouths, gave them splendid dinners daily. One of them, an abbé, he selected from the rest, as his bosom friend and confidant; he fed, clothed, and supplied him with money; he confided to him his terrors at appearing before an audience so fastidious as the Romans. The abbé assured him, that he had nothing to fear, as *his* opinion was looked up to by the whole bench of critics, and when *he* approved, none dare dissent.

'The awful night for poor Poggi at length arrived; his *fidus Achates* took his usual seat, in his little locked-up chair in the pit. It was agreed between them, that he was to convey to Poggi, by signs, the feelings of the audience towards him;—if they approved, the abbé was to nod his head; if the contrary, to shake it.—When Poggi had sung his first song, the abbé nodded, and cried, "*Bravo! bravissimo!*" but in the second act, Poggi became hoarse, and imperfect; the audience gave a gentle hiss, which disconcerted the affrighted singer, and made him worse: on this, his *friend* became outrageous, and standing up on his chair, after putting out his wax-light and closing his book, he looked Poggi in the face, and exclaimed, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare, that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare, that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence, in imposing on my simple and credulous good nature, as you have done." This produced roars of laughter, and poor Poggi retired, never to appear again, without even exclaiming, "*Et tu Brute,*" which he might most appropriately have applied to his guardian crony.'

It is an odd circumstance enough that Mr. Kelly, who has so long enjoyed His Majesty's protection, commenced his theatrical career at Florence under the patronage of the Pretender. He thus mentions his *début:*

'The eventful night fixed for my first appearance at length arrived. I made my *début,* and received a most flattering reception. I was encored in two of my songs, and a duet. Though, at that time, I would not have exchanged situations with the Grand Duke himself, I was so elated by my success, yet I could not avoid attributing it, in a great measure, to my extreme youth, and the strong party made for me by Lord and Lady Cowper, and all the English that were in Florence; besides, I was the first British male singer who had ever sung in Italy, or indeed on the Continent. Several other persons of distinction also patronized my first appearance, which was honoured by the presence of the Pretender, who entered his box before the opera began. He was at that time very old and infirm, yet there appeared the remains of a very handsome man. He was very tall, but stooped considerably, and was usually supported by two of his suite, between whom he hobbled; in this state he visited one of the theatres every night (he had a box in each); in a few minutes after he was seated he fell asleep, and continued to slumber during the whole performance.

ance. The Italians always called him the King of England, and he had the arms of England over the gates of his palace, and all his servants wore the royal livery. The order of the Garter, which he wore when I saw him, he left to his natural daughter, Princess Stolberg.'

The most laughable anecdote in these volumes is one which Michael relates of himself and a kind patron, to whom he had letters of introduction, at Venice. The advice which his friend gave him, after duping him in the most finished manner, is capital. We must premise that, at this period of his career, our vocalist's purse was reduced to a very slender establishment. In short, he was master of only two zecchinos in the world, a sum of money not quite equal to two half sovereigns. His spirits left him, he cried like a child; but in the midst of his despair he bethought him of a certain Signor Andrioli, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from a friend at Naples. After spending a restless night he relates:

'In the morning I went to the Rialto coffee-house, to which I was directed by the address of the letter. Here I found the gentleman who was the object of my search; after reading my credentials very graciously, he smiled, and requested me to take a turn with him in the Piazza St. Marc. He was a fine-looking man, of about sixty years old. I remarked there was an aristocratic manner about him, and he wore a very large tie-wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronizing air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. "A little business," said he, "calls me away at this moment, but if you will meet me here at two o'clock we will adjourn to my Cassino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favour to partake of a boiled capon and rice. I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be, just one or two little things not worth mentioning."

'A boiled capon — rice soup — other little things, thought I, — manna in the wilderness! I strolled about, not to get an appetite, for that was ready, but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend, was punctual to the moment; I joined him, and proceeded towards his residence.

'As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a Luganigera's (a ham-shop) where there was some ham ready-dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused, — it was an awful pause; he reconnoitred, examined, and at last said, "Do you know, Signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon: — I am known in this neighbourhood, and it would not do for *me* to be seen buying ham, — but do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on, and wait for you."

'I went in, of course, and purchased three pounds of the ham, to pay for which, I was obliged to change one of my two zecchinos. I carefully folded up the precious viand, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the air of a *gourmand*; indeed he was somewhat diffuse in his own dispraise for not having recollected to order his servant to get some before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a cantina; — in plain English — a wine-cellar. At the door he made another full stop.

'"In that house," said he, "they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice, — peculiar wine, — a sort of wine not to be had any where else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home; — go in yourself, buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to *my Cassino*, nobody hereabouts knows you, and it won't signify in the least."

'This last request was quite appalling; my pocket groaned to its very centre; however, recollecting that I was in the high road to preferment, and that a patron, cost what he might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and, issuing from the cantina, set forward for my venerable friend's *Cassino*, with three pounds of ham in my pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm, *sans six sous et sans souci!*

'I continued walking with my excellent and long-tailed patron, expecting every moment to see an elegant, agreeable residence, smiling in all the beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty miserable lane, at the door of a tall dingy-looking house my Maecenas stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and, marshalling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his Cassino, — it was a little Cas, and a deuce of a place to hoot, — in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was "done to rags."

'Upon a ricketty apology for a table was placed a tattered cloth which once had been white; and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.

'"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.

'"Capon!" echoed the ghost of a servant — "the ——"

'"Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.

'"Rascal!" repeated the man, apparently terrified.

'"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation for which I saw no cause; "well, well, never mind, put down the ham and the wine, with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make it out. — I ought to apologize — but in fact it is all your own fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner."

'I confess I was surprised, disappointed, and amused; but, as matters stood, there was no use in complaining, and accordingly we fell to, neither of us wanting the best of all sauces — appetite.

'I soon

'I soon perceived that my promised patron had baited his trap with a fowl to catch a fool; but as we ate and drank, all care vanished, and, rogue as I suspected him to be, my long-tailed friend was a clever witty fellow, and, besides telling me a number of anecdotes, gave me some very good advice; amongst other things to be avoided, he cautioned me against numbers of people who, in Venice, lived only by duping the unwary. I thought this counsel came very ill *from him*. "Above all," said he, "keep up your spirits, and recollect the Venetian proverb, *Cento anni di malinconia non pagerà un soldo de' debiti*, — A hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt."'

To do his long-tailed patron justice, however, it should be added that he was the next day accidentally the means of putting our friend in the way of a negotiation, which relieved him from the unpleasant difficulties of his situation. In return for the Cyprus wine and ham, the Signor presented him with a ticket for a private theatre, (which, by the way, cost him nothing,) and there Michael encountered an actress of his acquaintance, who tendered him an engagement for Gratz during the Carnival. "Here was a change!—'Oh, ye gods,' he joyously exclaims, 'how I slept!' At Gratz he met several Irish officers who were attached to the Austrian service, and who persuaded him, (Michael O'Kelly leading, at the same time, no unwilling ear,) that the Irish language was sweeter and better adapted for musical accompaniment than any other, the Italian excepted. The climate of Gratz had such a disastrous effect on his voice, that he was soon obliged to return to the south, and, through the interposition of his 'long-tailed patron,' he obtained an engagement for the annual fair of Brescia, which had nearly proved his last. The manager of the theatre there was the celebrated Manuel, surnamed "Il Cavaliere Prepotente," a man of 'inordinately bad character.'

'He was enormously rich, but never would pay any evitable debt, which, in some degree, accounted for his wealth; indeed, it was at the risk of life that any body pressed him for money; — he had in his pay a set of Sicari (assassins), who wore his livery, and when commanded by him, would shoot any person in the streets at noonday; — woe to the man marked for his vengeance. The dress of these assassins, who were mostly mountaineers from his own estates, consisted of scarlet breeches and waistcoats, and green jackets, — their long hair was tied up in nets; they wore enormous whiskers, and large cocked hats with gold buttons and loops; in their belts were pistols, carbines at their backs, and large rapiers by their sides; and yet those ruffians walked the streets at liberty, and though known by all classes, none dared to molest or take notice of them. The Venetian senate, whose subjects they were, never could subdue them, though they used every means in their

power to do so; and such was the state of society at the period of which I speak, that there was scarcely a noble Brescian who had not a set of them in his service, and rarely a week passed without an assassination.'

This cavalier, unfortunately for Michael, was jealous of the preference which was shown him by the prima donna of the theatre, a beautiful woman; and he received a hint of his rival's intentions towards him, which by no means contributed to his tranquillity. In short, Manuel vowed, that, were it not likely to stop the performance of the theatre, 'he would annihilate him forthwith.' Under these circumstances he thought the best thing he could do was to beat a retreat, which he effected in a masterly style during the performance of a ballet, that occupied an interval between the first and second acts of an opera in which he sustained a character. After going through several short engagements in Italy, he proceeded to Vienna, where he became attached to the Imperial theatre. He omitted no opportunity of enjoying himself in that capital, which at the time exhibited one of the most splendid courts in Europe. He says that he was lost there in 'a vortex of pleasure,' an assertion which we the more readily believe, as his susceptibility and credulity seem to have been at all times at the mercy of others. His flight from Brescia was evidently caused by some wags at the fair. At Vienna he was told, and in his simplicity he really seems to have believed, that, so determined was the propensity of the Austrian ladies for dancing and masquerading, nothing was allowed to interfere with their favourite amusements. 'Nay,' he observes, 'so notorious was it, that for the sake of ladies in the family way, who could not be persuaded to stay at home, there were apartments prepared, with every convenience, for their accouchement, should they be unfortunately required!' Excellent! 'And I have been gravely told, and almost believe, that there have actually been instances of the utility of the arrangement.' Prodigious! Michael O'Kelly, after this you may consider yourself at liberty to believe any thing you please.

The theatre formed part of the Imperial palace; a circumstance which enabled our friend to insinuate himself, with his usual good fortune, into the acquaintance of the Emperor Joseph II. Our actor swears that His Majesty spoke Italian like a Tuscan! We have no doubt that cunning Michael told him so, in his sly way. He seems to have very minutely informed himself of the details of Joseph's private life; a sketch of which the reader might not be displeased to peruse.

'He

'He came almost every night to the opera, accompanied by his nephew, Francis, then a youth. He usually entered his box at the beginning of the piece, but if not there at the precise moment, the curtain was to be drawn up: he had given orders that he was never to be waited for. He was passionately fond of music, and a most excellent and accurate judge of it. His mode of living was quite methodical. He got up every morning, winter and summer, at five o'clock, wrote in his cancellina (study) until nine, then took a cup of chocolate, and transacted business with his ministers till one. He was very partial to the *jeu de paum*, and a good player. He had a fine racket-court, and when not in it, he usually walked or rode from one till three: punctually at a quarter after three, his dinner was served: he almost always dined on one dish — boiled bacon, which the people, from his partiality to it, called Caizer flush, *i. e.* the Emperor's meat: sometimes he had a dish of Hungarian beef bouillie, with horse radish and vinegar, but rarely, if ever, any other: his beverage at dinner was water; and after dinner one goblet of Tokay wine. During dinner, he allowed only one servant to be in the room; and was never longer at the meal than half an hour.

'At five, he usually walked in the corridor, near his dining room, and whilst there, was accessible to the complaints of the meanest of his subjects: he heard them with complaisance, and was ever ready to redress their grievances. He generally wore either a green or white uniform faced with red; nor did I ever see him that he was not continually putting chocolate drops, which he took from his waistcoat-pocket, into his mouth. When he walked out, he took a number of golden sovereigns with him, and distributed them personally among the indigent. He was an enemy to pomp and parade, and avoided them as much as possible; indeed, hardly any private gentleman requires so little attendance as he did. He had a seat for his servant behind his carriage, and when he went abroad in it (which was hardly ever the case in the day-time) he made him sit there. I was one day passing through one of the corridors of the palace, and came directly in contact with him: he had his great coat hanging on his arm: he stopped me, and asked me in Italian, if I did not think it was very hot: he told me that he felt the heat so oppressive that he had taken off his great coat, preferring to carry it on his arm.'

At Vienna our vocal traveller had the good fortune to meet several famous actors and musicians; among the latter was Mozart, from whom, he tells us, he received the most flattering approbation. The following anecdote is too characteristic of all the parties concerned in it to be omitted:

'At this period of my life I was rather vain, and very fond of fine clothes; indeed my greatest expense was the decoration of my precious person. I wore, every evening, full dress embroidered coats, either gold, silver, or silk. I wore two watches (as was the custom of the country), and a diamond ring on each of my little fingers: thus decked out, I had not of course the least appear-

ance

ance of a Paddy. While sitting one evening in the Milan coffee-house, reading the Vienna Gazette, two gentlemen entered, and seated themselves opposite to me to take their coffee. One of them said to the other, with a most implacable Irish brogue, "Arrah, blood and thunder! *luke* at that fellow sitting opposite to us (meaning me), did you ever see such a jackdaw?"

'"Really," answered his companion, (who I perceived was an Englishman,) "the fellow does not seem to be on bad terms with himself."

'"Look at his long lace ruffles," said my countryman; "I suppose he wears ruffles to mark his gentility."

'I continued reading my Gazette, but when the critique upon my long lace ruffles was ended, I laid down the paper, and tucked them up under the cuffs of my coat, not looking at the gentlemen, or seeming to take any notice of them.

'"But now do *luke*," continued the persevering brogueneer; "what a display he is making of his rings: I suppose he thinks he will dazzle our eyes a bit."

'Upon this, I deliberately took off my rings, and put them into my pocket, at the same time fixing a steady look at my critics, I told them, in English, that "if there were any other part of my dress at all disagreeable to them, I should have the greatest pleasure in altering it in any way they might suggest."

'The Irishman (improbable as it may appear) blushed, and the Englishman said, "He hoped I would not feel an offence, where none was meant." I said, "Certainly not;" and, to prove my sincerity, requested them to take part of a bowl of punch, and drink our Sovereign King George's health, and towards our better acquaintance, and thus, in despite of laced ruffles and diamond rings, we introduced ourselves to one another.'

His Irish friend turned out to be a certain Dr. O'Rourke, all the way from the county of Down, and his new English acquaintance was the eccentric walking Stewart. At Vienna, he met also Stephen Storace and his celebrated sister, to whom Michael's obligations seem to have been, as usual, wherever he encounters an agreeable woman, of a peculiar character. Let one instance suffice.

'At the Ridotto rooms there was some play going forward. I never, in the course of my life, had been addicted to that fashionable amusement, but, on one unlucky evening, rebellion lay in my way, and I found it. I lost forty zecchinos to a gallant English Colonel; I had only twenty about me, which I paid, and promised to pay the other twenty in the course of the week. I went home to bed, repenting of my folly.

'In the morning, Nancy Storace called on me, — "So, Sir," said she, "I hear you were gambling last night, and not only lost all the money you had about you, but are still in debt — such debts ought not to be left unsatisfied a moment: you may one day

day or other go to England, and, should the transaction of your playing for more money than you possessed become known among Englishmen, it might give you a character which I know you do not deserve; — it must be settled directly." She instantly produced the money, and made me go and discharge the obligation. Such an act of well-timed disinterested friendship was noble, and never has been forgotten by me.'

Soon after this his affairs of gallantry led him into some scrapes, through which it is not our intention to follow him. He seems to have spent a very active and pleasant time of it at Vienna, and at length he determined, under the patronage of Storace, to try his fortune in England. Among the earliest of his acquaintances here were two individuals of a spirit not altogether uncongenial to his own, — the famous Father O'Leary, and the equally famous Curran. Michael, it seems, had them often to dine with him on 'a corned shoulder of mutton,' a dish of which they seem to have been particularly enamoured. The following bon mot of the reverend Father is excellent:

'One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

'"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

'"Because, reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

'"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for *you* that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

'Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.'

Mr. Kelly mentions with the greatest possible nonchalance the commencement and progress of his connection with Mrs. Crouch, as if it had been a matter of ordinary occurrence, which required no sort of apology or palliation. He speaks of his domestic arrangements with that lady, as if they were actually husband and wife, whereas she left her husband and preferred the society of his friend. But it is not necessary at this day to investigate this matter too minutely. All the world, we suppose, pretty well understands how it was; at least our author seems to think so, and he, moreover, seems to have acted, as well as written under the belief, that the gentlemen and ladies of the stage are governed by rules of morality peculiar to themselves. We must say, however, that it would give us great pain to see those rules extended beyond the Green-room. The persons who frequent that atmosphere seem

seem in some measure entitled to be the regulators of their own conduct, since, by general consent, they are for the most part removed from the virtuous circles of society. Of course this observation must be taken with some eminent exceptions: we have only to regret that these are rather declining than increasing in their number.

The second volume, which wholly relates to the author's theatrical career in England, is full of anecdotes of performers, authors, and all sorts of eccentric persons, which are told in a native style of humour that is quite irresistible. We have been rather disappointed at finding so few of these connected with the name of Sheridan, as we were led to form sanguine expectations on this head, not only from Mr. Kelly's long service at Drury-Lane theatre, but from the manner in which his work was announced. Indeed, his publisher seems to have put forth his most dexterous powers of puffing preparatory to the publication of these 'Reminiscences,' and, as in all cases of extraordinary promise, the result has been rather injurious than beneficial to the author. There are, however, one or two incidents which Mr. Kelly witnessed himself, and which are so characteristic of Sheridan, that had Mr. Moore been acquainted with them, he would have gladly given them a place in his Memoirs.

'Every body knows, that during the short administration of Mr. Fox's party, Mr. Sheridan held the office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which office, as every body also knows, a handsome residence is attached. It was during his brief authority in this situation, that he gave a splendid fête, to which not only the Ministers and a long list of nobility were invited, but which, it was understood, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his present most gracious Majesty, would honour with his presence: — a ball and supper followed the dinner. Morelli, Rovedino, and the Opera company, appeared in masks, and sang complimentary verses to the Prince, which Pananti wrote, and I composed. The music in "Macbeth" was then performed; and, in short, nothing could surpass the gaiety and splendour of the entertainment, which went off as well as was anticipated.

'But, previous to the great consummation of all the hopes and wishes of the donor, I happened to call at Somerset-House, about half past five; and there I found the brilliant, highly-gifted Sheridan, the star of his party, and Treasurer of the Navy, in an agony of despair. What was the cause? — had any accident occurred? — bad news from the Continent? — was the Ministry tottering? — In short, what was it that agitated so deeply a man of Sheridan's nerve and intellect, and temporary official importance? — He had just discovered that there was not a bit of cheese in the house — not even a paring. — What was to be done? Sunday,

day, all the shops shut — without cheese, his dinner would be incomplete.

'I told him I thought some of the Italians would be prevailed upon to open their doors and supply him; and off we went together in a hackney-coach, cheese-hunting, at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon — the dinner-hour being seven, and His Royal Highness the Prince expected.

'After a severe run of more than an hour, we prevailed upon a sinner, in Jermyn-Street, to sell us some of the indispensable article, and got back just in time for mine host to dress to receive his company. I forget now who paid for the cheese.'

The second scene is still better:

'We were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path, which was then open to the public, leading across the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King-Street to Henrietta-Street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to us on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss Monsieur François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford-Street.

'Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horse-flesh, and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode: — he struck the right chord.

'"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say, there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now this would be a treasure for a lady."

'"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

'"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

'"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

'"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

'The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished me good morning, and went off through the church-yard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford-Street, laughing immoderately, as indeed did several standers-by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway himself.'

Our author takes it upon himself stoutly to deny, that Mr. Sheridan was much distressed in his pecuniary affairs near the close of his life. In truth, Michael seems to have known very little of the matter, and to have been more anxious about repelling the imputation of indifference on that occasion, which was made against his royal patron, than to ascertain the

the real state of the case. Mr. Moore has placed this passage in poor Sheridan's life in its real light, and has drawn from it a most salutary warning for the benefit of those "who put their trust in princes."

One word to our friend at parting. Michael O'Kelly, you are really a very amusing sort of person, "a fellow of infinite jest;" and there are very many pages in your 'Reminiscences' which would disturb the composure even of a Quaker. But, Michael, have you not invented somewhat? when facts failed you, have you not borrowed the wings of poetry, and raised yourself beyond the sphere of reality? Nobody can tell a story, or cook a dinner, better than you. Your corned mutton is a most luxurious dish, and your punch incomparable. But — have you ever read Sterne's description of Corporal Trim? "The fellow loved to advise, — or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going, you had no hold of him; — he was voluble; — the eternal interlardings of Your Honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution, that though you might have been incommoded, you could not well be angry. Such was Corporal Trim." Such *is* Michael O'Kelly.

ART. II. *Antediluvian Phytology*, illustrated by a Collection of the Fossil-Remains of Plants peculiar to the Coal-Formations of Great Britain. By Edmund Tyrell Artis, F. S. A. F. G. S. 4to. Printed for the Author. London. 1825.

THE fossil-remains of vegetables are widely dispersed through many of the secondary strata of sand-stone and bituminous shale in various parts of the world, and no where more abundantly than in the strata of the coal-formation of England and Wales. The study of these vegetable remains has hitherto been little attended to, because they present few circumstances that interest the geologist, beyond certain general facts and conclusions, and these once ascertained, he consigns to the botanist the task of discovering new genera or species, and noticing the corresponding genera of plants that may exist at present. It is very different with the fossil-remains of the animal kingdom: some of these make known to us the existence of creatures of appalling magnitude, whose structure and modes of life were in many respects different from those of any of the present tenants of the globe; in other instances we may trace a succession of living beings, that have existed in past ages of the world, varying in form, and

and presenting a gradation from the most simple to the most complex organization. Such facts as these, accompanied with a circumstance not less remarkable, the entire absence of the fossil-remains of man in any of the regular strata, cannot fail to excite in a powerful degree the curiosity and interest of the public; whereas the discovery of a class of plants in which the minute parts of fructification differed entirely from those on which the modern botanical systems are formed, would not be regarded with particular attention by any but professed systematic botanists. It happens also, unfortunately for the study of fossil-phytology, that the parts of the plant are generally broken and widely separated, and the organs of fructification are so delicate, that their forms have in almost all instances been obliterated. This difficulty is well described in the preface to the present volume.

'The imperfect state in which fossil-plants are found, in consequence of the catastrophe of which they have been the victims, is such, that the ordinary characters by which recent plants are referred to their congeners, can scarcely ever, or indeed it might be more justly said can never be detected in them. The sexual organs on which the systems of Linnæus, Jussieu, and all modern authors are founded, and also the integuments of the organs just mentioned, while in the state of flowering, have uniformly disappeared; the external parts of the seed or fruit are indeed found in the fossil-state, but they are entirely insulated from their other organs. Are leaves found, then it is almost certain that scarcely any fragment of the stem is preserved attached to them. If the external parts of a stem are found, they are more frequently bare and devoid of leaves. Can traces of the internal organization be discovered, then the external character of the stem is rarely to be traced. In consequence of this great deficiency of the characters on which the determinations of the botanist are founded, there exists a necessity for going further than has yet been done, into the structure of recent plants: their habits of growth, the cicatrices left in the stem by the leaves that spontaneously fall off, the different appearances which their fruits exhibit in the progress of their growth, must be minutely studied, before any certainty can be obtained respecting the identity of the fossil and recent plants.'

The most valuable part of fossil-phytology is not, we conceive, that which attempts merely to class the remains of fossil-vegetables with existing species, but that which discovers their modes of existence as aquatic or terrestrial plants, and the soil and situation in which they have flourished. The remains of terrestrial plants indicate, that when the strata containing them were deposited; part of the surface of the earth had emerged from the deep, and that dry land existed in the vicinity. In some instances we have good reason to believe

believe that the plants grew in the situations where their remains occur, and had their roots in the lower part of the stratum. Hence we learn that parts of our present continents were dry land before the deposition of the upper calcareous formations that cover the strata containing vegetable-remains; and as the latter most frequently repose on lower beds of limestone abounding in remains of marine animals, we have decisive proofs of three great revolutions of the globe: in two of these the ocean covered the present continents for ages, during which the numerous tribes of marine animals existed, and left their exuviæ where they are now found. The relative levels of these marine strata have since been greatly changed, and we frequently find them forming the summits of the loftiest mountain-ranges. Beside the vast revolutions which have changed the bed of the ocean, other revolutions more limited in extent, but of more frequent occurrence, may also be traced in the alternations of certain strata, containing remains of terrestrial plants or animals, with strata containing exclusively the remains of marine animals. These alternations are more frequent in the strata that cover the chalk-formation. It is with reference to these changes that the study of fossil-plants becomes interesting, and we regret to see it directed chiefly to nomenclature and classification, which seem to have been the chief objects of Mr. Artis's labours. We think it necessary to premise these remarks, as the present work is the first that has appeared in this country exclusively confined to fossil-phytology. On the Continent there have been several works published on this branch of natural history. The earliest that we are acquainted with, entitled "Herbarium Diluvianum," by Scheuzer, was published at Zurich in 1709, folio; in which work are described six hundred and sixty-eight species of fossil-plants; and we are somewhat surprized that it has not been noticed by Mr. Artis, as he has given a short abstract of the modern systems of Baron Schlotheim, Count Sternberg, Professor Martius, and M. Adolphe Brogniart. What our author's own system is we are not informed; but the outline of it is promised in a second volume, together with observations on the fossil-plants of the coal-formation, and on the system promulgated by Dr. Martius.

This volume contains plates of twenty-four species of fossil-plants, with one page of description annexed to each; there are also ten pages of preface; but if the following volumes are only to contain the same number of species, we cannot calculate at what period the work may terminate. The plates are well executed, and very correctly represent the forms of parts

parts of the fossil-plants described. To study fossil-plants with advantage, we should visit the great repositories of vegetable-remains and examine them *in situ*, to ascertain whether they grew in the situations where they now are found, or whether they have been transported from a distance: had Mr. Artis done this, he might have rendered the present volume more generally interesting. Some of the specimens represented and described were sent him from a stone-quarry at Altofts, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire: in this quarry we observed, in 1819, numerous large stems of fossil-plants in a vertical position, penetrating several of the strata, evidently indicating that the plants had grown in the situations where they are now found mineralized. A similar instance of the vertical position of fossil-plants in a coal-mine at Treuil, near Saint Etienne, in France, was described by M. Brogniart in a small pamphlet, entitled *Notice sur des Végétaux Fossiles traversant les Couches du Terrain Houllier*, 1821. The plate which accompanies this publication is almost an exact representation of the fossil-plants in the quarry at Altofts. Such facts are worth whole volumes of technical description and nomenclature. Mr. Artis, in his preface, regrets that the study of fossil-organic remains has been impeded in this country by religious prejudices.

'The rigour with which this connection (between religion and philosophy) is insisted on, in respect to geological theories, is the more remarkable, because it is but as yesterday that the similar difficulty arising from the scriptural account of the motion of the sun round the earth was abandoned; the philosophical theory of the motion of the earth round the sun, as stated by Copernicus, substituted; and the scheme of Tycho Brahe to reconcile philosophy and Scripture, by taking a middle course, unnoticed even in the schools of the clergy. May it not be hoped, that in a liberal and scientific age, a free scope at least will be given to philosophical enterprize, and that the geologist will be no longer constrained, upon pain of incurring the charge of irreligion, to adopt the ancient Chaldean cosmogony, further than may be consistent with more recent and careful observation.'

It is but justice to Mr. Artis to observe, that several of the fossil-plants of which plates are given in the present volume belong to species that have not been before described.

ART. III. *The Art of rearing Silk-Worms.* Translated from the Work of Count Dandolo. 8vo. pp. 365. 9*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1825.

THE early part of this year was remarkable for the extraordinary number of joint-stock companies to which it gave birth. Some of these were devised merely to answer the tem-

porary purposes of the persons who planned them; — some were for no better end than to increase the incomes of directors, actuaries, secretaries, and solicitors; and some for the express purpose of making fraudulent profits by the sale of shares. Besides these unworthy projects, there were, however, some which, we have little doubt, will turn out at once honourably and profitably to the parties concerned, and prove publicly beneficial. Among these distinguished exceptions we are disposed to class the *British, Irish,* and *Colonial Silk Company,* whose aim it is to introduce silk-worms into this country.

The work the title of which stands at the head of this article is translated from the treatise of the amiable Count Dandolo, who, after devoting many years to his favourite subject, died of an apoplectic fit, at his villa at Varese, lamented as a father by every one residing in his neighbourhood. It comprizes the whole system of rearing silk-worms, according to the improved practice, which the Count contributed materially to introduce and extend both in Italy and Dalmatia; and it has been published by the Company above mentioned, in order to familiarize the subject to the British public; that being assured that the rearing of silk-worms upon an extended scale is not so impracticable an undertaking as it has been generally supposed, the people of this country may purchase shares, and thereby enable the Company to bring the subject to a fair trial of profit and loss.

Having stated the motives for the publication of this work, we shall proceed to lay before our readers the chief obstacles, and the principal facilities to the attainment of success, with a few data, on which the opinion is built, that the creation of silk in this country would be of vast importance to the proprietors of land, in the first instance, the owners of cocoons* and the spinners of silk in the second, and the country at large in the third.

It appears, that the exportation of silk, and articles therewith connected, from Italy, amounted

In 1807 to	78,331,250 Milan livres.
1808 to	50,511,759
1809 to	61,597,624
1810 to	84,796,438
In four years	275,237,071

* Cocoons are the oval balls of silk which are spun by the worm, and within which, at its completion, the insect is found transformed into a chrysalis.

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The translator, indeed, by an arithmetical error, makes the amount 325,631,241 Milan livres, but our calculation will be found correct.

In Italy, the value of exportable silk is double the amount of any of its other productions; and yet it is not cultivated in that country to the extent of which it is susceptible, owing, it is said, to an imperfect method of rearing the worms, and the errors constantly committed by the various Italian administrations. These errors were so great, in loading the trade with taxes, customs, monopolies, and prohibitory systems, that it appeared to Count Dandolo as if the intention were to diminish rather than to increase the exportation, — a system eminently absurd; since silk is of much easier conveyance than either corn or wine, and, therefore, more exportable; and since, we are assured, that there is not, in all the European markets, any one production which, compared with its own intrinsic value, offers a larger net profit. To Italy, indeed, the cultivation of silk is a branch of industry so very important, that the failure even of a single year could be considered in no other light than as a great national calamity.

The annual amount of cocoons, which proprietors and tenants may obtain, in the cultivation of silk-worms, when the proprietors furnish the leaves, and the cultivators the labour, (in which case it is the custom to divide cocoons,) is stated after the following manner: — Twenty-one pounds of mulberry-leaves are sufficient to obtain a pound and a half of cocoons; 21,000 pounds of leaves will then yield 1500 pounds of cocoons. These being divided between the proprietor and the cultivator, 750 pounds of cocoons go to the former for the use of his land, on which the mulberry-trees grow, and the interest of the capital employed in the advances made for growing the trees, and the remaining 750 go to the tenant, wherewith to pay the costs of labour, fuel, oil, paper, hurdles, wickers, and other implements.

It is well known that there is only one class of vegetables agreeable to the silk-worm, and that embraces the various species of mulberry, particularly the white, the black, and the red: of which the white is by far the most to be preferred; because it unfolds its leaves earlier than the others, produces them in greater abundance, and of a quality yielding that description of silk which is the most approved by manufacturers.

Mulberries afford five different substances, of which the saccharine and the resinous are alone nutritive to the silk-worm. The saccharine matter nourishes and enlarges it: the resinous substance is that which, 'separating itself

gradually from the leaf, and attracted by animal organization, accumulates, clears itself, and insensibly fills the two silk-vessels, which form the integral parts of the silk-worm.' And here it is curious to observe, that a silk-worm, let it feed upon what leaf it may, consumes, in thirty days, not less than 60,000 times its primitive weight!

In Persia, silk-worms are permitted to feed upon the boughs of the tree as well as upon the leaves; and it is asserted, though, perhaps, rather too loosely, that in some countries of the south of Asia no less than twelve crops of cocoons are obtained in a year; whereas in Europe only one is capable of being procured. That crop, however, is so much more abundant, that Count Dandolo is of opinion, that one good European crop equals, in point of produce, all the crops of Asia.

With respect to the comparative value of the wild and the grafted mulberry, it is important to observe that fourteen pounds of wild mulberry-leaves will produce one pound and a half of cocoons; while the same produce requires not less than twenty pounds of the grafted mulberry. Seven pounds and a half of cocoons from silk-worms, fed on wild mulberry-leaves, yield fourteen ounces of fine silk; but the same weight of cocoons yielded by worms fed with leaves of the grafted mulberry, produces only eleven or twelve ounces. From these data it is clear that, though the fruit of the grafted mulberry is much heavier, and of a finer flavour than that of the wild mulberry, the leaf of the latter is to be preferred to that of the former as food for silk-worms; though we ought, at the same time, to consider, that the grafted mulberry bears many more, and much larger leaves. Indeed, in Italy, the grafted sort is for this reason so much more in request, that the wild species, being little cultivated, is difficult to be procured.

But the quality of silk does not so much depend on the quality of the leaf, as it does upon the degree of temperature in which the silk-worm is reared. The quality of the leaf, however, is not to be neglected. The best of any species of mulberry is that called the *double leaf*, which is small, not very succulent, of a dark green colour, and saturated with but little water.

The art of rearing silk-worms may be practised by any one possessing a suitable laboratory, mulberry-leaves, and silk-worms' eggs; and the profit, in Italy, may be, in some degree, estimated by the circumstance that, on 120 perches of land, one of Count Dandolo's tenants gathered, for himself and landlord, 360 pounds of cocoons from *four* ounces of eggs. But when the cultivator is also the proprietor, the profits, in proportion, are still greater; and, with a view of giving the reader

reader a better idea of the subject, we shall adduce an instance of profit, in 1814, upon *five* ounces of eggs:

	Milan liv.	Sous.
Five ounces of silk-worms	15	0
Fuel-wood for hatching them	1	15
8250 lbs. of leaves	385	0
Expense of gathering the leaves	96	5
Shavings, 15 quintals	16	0
Faggots and broom	22	10
Paper	18	0
Oil for lamps	9	0
Fumigating bottle	1	10
Day-labour, men and women	109	0
Total	674	0
Ground-rent and interest of capital	90	0
	764	0
601 lbs. 1 oz. of cocoons, at 52 sous per lb.	1563	18
Net profit	799	18

In this calculation, however, it ought not to be forgotten, that the price of cocoons in the year above mentioned was remarkably high: perhaps we shall not be wide of actual profits, therefore, upon an average of five years, if we reduce the 799 Milan livres to 476, which even then leaves a profit more than adequate to the capital engaged and the labour employed.

Thirty-nine thousand eggs, of the common breed of four casts, weigh one Italian ounce. Five ounces produce from 150,000 to 195,000 silk-worms. These require 8250 pounds of grafted mulberry-leaves, and will produce 600 pounds of cocoons, which, in common years, will sell for 1000 Milan livres.

It appears that, supposing twenty-one pounds of mulberry-leaves yield one pound and a half of cocoons, the profit will be adequate: that thirty-five days, the period of attention, and during which period there is little to do, the cultivator gains a sufficiency for himself and family for many subsequent months; and that any individual, renting a spacious laboratory, and an ample supply of leaves, may realize a considerable income. In regard to the national increase of wealth, it is clearly demonstrable, that Italy can produce exportable silk to the amount of 42,800,000 Milan livres, at the same time leaving a very considerable quantity for home-consumption.

Silk, unlike any other wearable commodity, will never cease to be eagerly sought after among all civilized nations.

'No natural or artificial production,' as the translator justly observes, 'can vie with silk either in magnificence or brilliancy. Courts and nobles may in vain seek, in any other material, ornaments to gratify their vanity or their luxury; and the temples of religion can find nothing more sumptuous to decorate their high solemnities.'

But the most important part of the subject at present is the consideration, whether the soils of England and Ireland are adapted to the growth of the white mulberry, (the most profitable food for the silk-worm,) and whether the proper temperature can be attained and preserved with precision.

It is certain that the rearing of silk-worms has been successfully practised in this country, on a small scale, and it is equally certain that they have failed on a large one; and this simply from the circumstance, that the genial temperature and the necessary degree of ventilation have not been sufficiently observed. These two subjects being adequately understood and acted upon, we see no obstacle whatever to the rearing as many silk-worms as the cultivators can procure subsistence for. It is to be observed, that if it be necessary to guard the insect from the cold in these islands, it is equally incumbent in Italy to guard them from the heat, — the one being fully as detrimental to the insect as the other.

In hot climates, the worms are always in contact with the open air; they, therefore, are never injured by gases and mephitic vapours. Passing into climates in which laboratories are requisite to screen them from the cold, and deriving sustenance from a tree, which, like most others, is deteriorated by uncongenial soils, the insect itself has undergone particular modifications, and these have produced new varieties, in the management of which the principal thing to be consulted is temperature. This arises chiefly from the circumstance, that having neither red nor warm blood, its entire animal heat is regulated by the temperature of the atmosphere in which it lives, — having eighteen organs of respiration.

In Europe the temperature is regulated in the laboratories by the thermometer; and another useful instrument, also, is used, invented by M. Cluson Bellani de Monza, called the *Thermometrographe*, which indicates the different extremes that have occurred in the temperature in a particular space of time. By the use of an eudiometer, too, may be ascertained, at any moment, the vitiated state of the air in any part of the laboratory. The difference between feeding the worms in darkness or in light is extremely important, as the following curious observations will show:

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'There is in the order of nature a certain and very surprising fact; when the leaves of vegetables are struck by the sun's rays they exhale an immense quantity of vital air necessary to the life of animals, and which they consume by respiration.

'These same leaves, in the shade, and in darkness, exhale an immense quantity of mephitic or fixed air, which cannot be breathed, and in which animals would perish.

'This influence of the sun does not cease, even when the leaf has been recently gathered; on the contrary, in darkness, gathered leaves will exhale a still greater quantity of mephitic air.

'Place one ounce of fresh mulberry-leaves in a wide-necked bottle, of the size of a Paris pint (containing two pounds of liquid), expose this bottle to the sun about an hour afterwards, according to the intensity of the sun; reverse the bottle, introduce a lighted taper into it, the light will become brighter, whiter, and larger, which proves that the vital air contained in the bottle has increased by that which has disengaged itself from the leaves; to demonstrate this phenomenon more clearly, a taper may be put into a similar bottle which only contains the air which has entered into it by its being uncorked.

'Shortly after the first experiment, water will be found in the bottle that contained the mulberry-leaves; this water evaporating from the leaves, by means of the heat, hangs on the sides, and runs to the bottom, when cooling; the leaves appear more or less withered and dry according to the quantity of liquid they have lost.

'Put in another similar bottle an ounce of leaves, and cork it exactly like the former; place it in obscurity, either in a box, or wrap it in clothes, in short, so as totally to exclude light; two degrees after, according to the temperature, open the bottle, and put either a lighted taper, or a small bird into it, the candle will go out, and the bird perish, as if they had been plunged into water, which demonstrates that in darkness the leaves have exhaled mephitic air, whilst in the sun they exhaled vital air.

'I do not think it can be necessary to make the exact calculation of the deterioration of the air caused by more or less vegetable substance, when exposed to darkness. The two extremes I have just proved by the experiment are sufficient to give an idea of it.

'Besides, light volatilizes any watery vapour with which it is in contact; there is therefore no doubt, that, all circumstances equal, the air of a well-lighted laboratory will be drier than that of a laboratory which is dark.

'Many think that light is injurious to silk-worms. It is certain that in their native climate it does not injure them, although they are exposed to it by various circumstances; however, there is here no question of exposing them to the sun, but only of rendering their habitations as light as our own.

'I have always observed, that on the side on which the light shone directly on the hurdles, the silk-worms were more numerous and stronger than in those places where the edge of the wicker hurdle intercepted the light, and formed a shade, which is my reason for having very low edges to the wicker trays: any body may make this observation. I have even seen the sun shining full on the worms, without their seeming annoyed by it. If the rays had been too hot, and shone too long on them, they might have suffered; but this could not occur, nor does it affect the question: as I do not propose exposing the silk-worms to the sun, but only desire to show that the air is more vitiated, and that there is more damp in a dark laboratory than in a light one.'

As the Chinese insist that silk has been known in the southern provinces of that vast empire from a period 2700 years anterior to the Christian era, it has been supposed, with much probability, that the silk-worm was, originally, a native of China; whence it is supposed to have passed into India, Persia, and Arabia. It was an article of commerce at Tyre, in the reign of Solomon: but it was not till many centuries had elapsed, that silk-worms were conveyed to the island of Cos, whence, in the sixth century, they were introduced into Constantinople by the Empress Theodora, at whose instance Justinian was induced to make their cultivation an object of public interest. From Constantinople they passed into the Morea, Spain, Italy, and France.

Though warm countries are, undoubtedly, most congenial to the silk-worm, silk has been reared not only in Germany, Bavaria, and Prussia, but in Russia; and in a latitude, too, as high north as 54°, with such success as to warrant the establishment of manufactories for the working the native silk. A hope is even entertained that, in the course of a few years, that country will be entirely independent of Persia for this valuable article.

It appears, too,—and these are circumstances which ought to command considerable attention, — that silk grown in northern latitudes is far superior in point of fineness and solidity to that produced in Italy; that it supports the preparation and dye as well as the best silk of India, and, at the same time, is entirely equal to it in softness and brilliancy.

The only question then that remains is, whether there be now growing in this country a sufficient quantity of white mulberry-trees to enable us to improve our present silk-worm-population to any extent. And here the grand difficulty lies. For if it require 21,000 pounds of leaves to yield 1500 pounds of cocoons, it must be evident to any one duly acquainted with the

the rural economy of this country, that if we would cultivate silk largely we must either import leaves, — a hazardous, and, indeed, an impossible undertaking, because heat and accumulation spoil the leaf, — or wait several years. It is true, there is, near London, a plantation of several thousand white mulberries, some of which are stated to be fifteen or sixteen years old: but these were planted in so uncongenial a soil, that the Company before alluded to are, we understand, at this very moment removing them to a better. With the exception of these, we are not acquainted with any mulberry-plantations to any extent. In the south of Ireland, during the latter part of the last century, some French refugees planted no inconsiderable number. But those persons subsequently returned to their own country, and the landlords, upon whose lands the trees were planted, cut them all down soon after their departure. This barbarism is the more to be lamented, since Ireland, both from soil and temperature, is peculiarly well adapted for the purpose. In full persuasion of this, several noblemen and gentlemen, possessing large estates in that country, have undertaken to devote a portion of their lands to mulberry-cultivation; among whom we may particularly distinguish the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Downshire, the Earls of Kingston and Carrick, the Irish Attorney-General, and Sir John Newport.

The style of this translation is perspicuous, and the subject of it one that deserves the general attention of the country.

ART. IV. *The Beauties of Wiltshire*, displayed in Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches: interspersed with Anecdotes of the Arts. By J. Britton. Vol. III. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Printed for the Author; and sold by Longman and Co. 1825.

THIS publication is part of a work, of which the two first volumes were produced so long as twenty-five years ago.* The author acknowledges the delay with compunction; but consoles himself under the rebuke, which he cannot wholly avert, by a complacent reference to his literary labours during the intermediate time, — labours, which he skilfully enough entitles 'occupations in the service of the public.' It is quite true that Mr. Britton was not idle on other matters; and though we should have been better pleased that,

* The two first volumes were noticed in the xxxviiith vol. of the M. R. N. S.

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in fulfilling his engagements with the public, he had not imitated the most obnoxious features of a Chancery-suit, still it is but justice to add, that, considering the difficulty and importance of his performances, he has contributed, in the interval, an abundant and a very substantial supply to our literature. Reflecting on the course of his past labours, he is betrayed into the delicate function of auto-biographer, — and the record of his life is by no means uninteresting, — certainly not uninstructive. He is a native of Wiltshire, and of humble extraction. He was placed, in early life, at four different schools, the most reputable in his neighbourhood, and in succession exhausted the erudition of their respective heads. Yet so imperfect was the provision of knowledge thus collected, that at the age of 17, and when he had emerged from the rank of a school-boy into that of a London apprentice, on being required by his master one day to fetch him, from a distant apartment, " Guthrie's Geographical Grammar," he was at a loss to know what was meant. With singular, we had almost said superfluous, candour, Mr. Britton confesses that his maternal family was characterised by ' ungovernable passion, bordering on insanity.' — ' Throwing missile and dangerous weapons,' he says, ' at each other, swearing in the most vehement and vulgar manner, and hurling hatchets, pitchforks, stones, &c., at horses, cows, calves, and other animals, were incidents of almost every-day occurrence. Strange to say that, though murder seemed almost inevitable from many of these desperate freaks of passion, I do not know that it ever ensued.' Reading, and the exercise of a strong understanding, enabled our author to prevail over ' the rash humour which his mother gave him.' At the instance of his uncle he was sent to London to be apprenticed to a wine-merchant. He thus describes his departure from home:

' I took leave of my parents and family, receiving, on my departure, two small tokens of remembrance from my mother. That parting is fresh in my memory, as well as the arrangements I had made for a speedy return; my stock of marbles, and other boyish property, was carefully deposited in certain secret places; and the departure from my native village, soon after sunrise, seems as though it were an event of yesterday. So tenacious is memory of occurrences which, at certain times of life, engross all the thoughts. My parents were left — my home forsaken — and my mind was anxiously, but doubtingly, contemplating the future. The journey to London, on a coach, which travelled at little more than five miles an hour, and which reached the metropolis late at night, was fatiguing to the body; but the mind was fully occupied and amused, and more peculiarly so when passing through

through Hammersmith, Kensington, Piccadilly, &c., all of which were illumined by thousands of lamps, and afforded abundant matter for curiosity and surprise. The most forcible impressions were, that I should never reach Clerkenwell-Close.'

The utility of consulting the inclinations of the boy never entered into the imagination of his patron who bound him, and during the six years' probation which he underwent, he was perfectly miserable, as a matter of course. His health was so deteriorated by this repulsive life, that his master remitted him half a year of the apprentice-term, and, with a present of two guineas, instead of twenty guineas which he had promised, sent him into the world to shift for himself. During the period of his servitude, however, he was enabled to dedicate a portion of his mornings to the favourite employment of reading; but this daily recreation was obtained at the price of more intense exertion at the stated period of mechanical application, he having been obliged to bottle off and cork a certain number of dozens of wine daily. As may be supposed, his studies were irregular and desultory: he strove to satiate his thirst of knowledge with whatever means of gratification accident might throw in his way. He was fortunate in contracting an intimacy with a person of the name of Essex, a watch-face figure-painter, through whom he became acquainted with Mr. Brayley, his future associate in the labours and profits of many of his antiquarian productions. At this part of his narrative he breaks off rather abruptly.

'On the present occasion, however, I must forbear entering further into auto-biography, fearing that the narrative might be regarded as trifling, or egotistical; although the vicissitudes I experienced, after being released from my cell, — the privations I endured — my pedestrian journey from London to Plymouth and back — my predilection for theatrical amusements, and for reading and debating societies, and my occupations in wine-cellars, counting-houses, and law-offices, would collectively afford a series of not uninteresting events and subjects, both for reflection and for description.'

Mr. Britton's literary partnership with Mr. Brayley began by the joint publication of a ballad called the "Guinea Pig," in reference to an act passed for levying one guinea per head on every person who used hair-powder. The ballad was printed on 'fine wire-wove paper,' and sold at one penny. By contributing occasionally to The Sporting Magazine, he was introduced to the knowledge of the proprietor of that Journal, who engaged his assistance in the compilation of a topographical work called "The Beauties of Wiltshire."

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Entertaining, however, some praiseworthy scruples against the custom, then in full force among authors in that particular branch, of pirating, and re-issuing under an original disguise, the meritorious collections of other more adventurous and industrious labourers, Mr. Britton accompanied by Mr. Brayley undertook a pedestrian tour through several of the midland and western counties into North Wales. The experiment was attended with the useful consequence of disclosing to our literary pilgrims the extent of their former ignorance, and their incompetency to the important office which, with the precipitancy of inexperience, they had assumed. It must have been in the enthusiasm of a recent conversion that Mr. Britton set up a code of topographical authorship, which he and his associate seem rather to have admired than practised, and of which the following is a characteristic specimen: 'The topographer should possess a knowledge of the languages, be familiar with the sciences, and acquainted intimately with history, agriculture, mineralogy, biography, and the belles lettres: his judgment should be endowed with those comprehensive powers which result from the study and comparison of the opinions of every age and of every nation.' Mr. Britton proceeds to give an account of his subsequent publications, which amount to a considerable number, as he found it necessary to divide his topographical collections into a variety of classes. Of the "Architectural Antiquities," consisting of 4 vols. 4to., with 278 engravings, he says that the expense of publication amounted to 8000*l.* The work was in progress nine years and two months. Speaking of another important branch of his labours, he informs us that the publication of the histories, descriptions, and illustrations of eight cathedrals, has cost the proprietors more than 10,000*l.* The remaining volumes are in course of preparation. Mr. Britton then alludes to the minor productions of his pen, which have appeared contemporaneously with his more solid performances, either as independent volumes, or contributions to some periodical of the time; and adds a notice of some other stated engagements of his attention, which serve at once to show the reach of his industry, as well as to display the benevolence of his heart. The narrative is distinguished by good faith and philosophic boldness: the confession of genealogical inferiority may be made without repugnance, since it forms a necessary introduction to the indulgence in a proud and honourable triumph which he now enjoys.

'I consider myself both rich and happy: — my riches consist in paying my way, exemption from debt, in having many comforts

forts around me, particularly a large library, well stored with the highest treasures of intellect in literary composition and graphic execution, and in a conviction, that the remainder of my life will enable me to increase these comforts, and even to obtain a few luxuries. Possessing a disposition to regard every feature of *Nature* with admiration, and to derive delight from every page in her immense volume of genius and of wisdom; partial to *Art*, in her various departments of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving; still more interested in, and fascinated by, the writings of our best authors, it would be strange if these sources did not add to, if not wholly constitute, happiness. An affectionate and amiable wife, the esteem of many good and estimable men, an intimacy, I hope friendship, with several eminent and distinguished personages, are, with me, additional grounds for happiness. It is commonly said, that envy and jealousy belong to, and tend to degrade, the literary character. From my own feelings and experience, I can safely say, that authorship is more exempt from these degrading passions than many other professions. I envy no one, hate no one, and pity and forgive those who have harboured such ignoble feelings towards me.'

The author then proceeds to give a detailed account of those towns, villages, and hamlets, chiefly in the northern part of the county, which formed no part of the subject of the former volumes. Beginning at the market-town of Highworth, which stands at the north-eastern extremity of Wiltshire, and consequently joins Berkshire, Mr. Britton takes a south-westerly direction by Swindon, Liddiard, which is remarkable for being the family-seat of the Bolingbrokes, to Wotton-Basset, the manor of which having been forfeited, was granted, in the time of Queen Mary, to Sir Francis Englefield. In process of time, a successor of the patentee rendered himself remarkable by repeated encroachments on the public territory of the place, the park common: the mayor, with twenty-two of the free tenants of the borough, sent up a petition of complaint to the House of Commons, the date of which our author fixes in the reign of Charles I. The petition recites the immemorial enjoyment of the common, under certain limitations, and the grant, by patent, of the manor to Sir. F. Englefield. It then states that Sir F. Englefield endeavoured, in divers ways, to abridge the liberty of the tenants to send their cattle on the common, and that he endeavoured to get it into his hands by sending his own cattle thereupon.

'In so much,' say the petitioners, 'that at the length, when his servants did put in cowes by force into the said common, many times and present upon the putting of them in, the Lord in his mercy

mercy did send thunder and lightning from heaven, which did make the cattell of the said Sir Francis Englefield to run so violent out of the said ground, that at one time one of the beasts was killed therewith; and it was so often that people that were not there in presence to see it, when it did thunder, would say that Sir Francis Englefield's men were putting in their cattell into the lawnd, and so it was; and as soone as those cattell were gone forth, it would presently be very calme and faire, and the cattell of the towne would never stir, but follow their feeding as at other times, and never offer to move out of the way, but follow their feeding; and this did continue so long, he being too powerfull for them, that the said free tenants were not able to wage law any longer, for one John Rosier, one of the free tenants, was thereby enforced to sell all his land (to the value of 500*l.*) with following the suits in law; and many others were thereby impoverished, and were thereby enforced to yeeld up their right, and take a lease of their said common of the said Sir Francis Englefield, for terme of his life: and the said mayor and free tenants have now lost their right of common in the said lawnd neare about twenty yeeres, which this now Sir Francis Englefield, his heires, and his trustees, now detaineth from them.'

Arriving at Garsdon, we are informed that it was a manor attached to the abbey of Malmesbury. A curious instance of the capricious appropriation of monastic property by Henry VIII. is related, with respect to this manor, on the authority of Aubrey, to whose "Collections for Wiltshire" our author is frequently indebted in this volume.

'Aubrey informs us, that "one Moody was footman to King Henry VIII., who, falling from his horse as he was hawking (on Hownslow Heath), fell with his head in the mudde; with which, being fatt and heavy, he had been suffocated to death, had he not been timely relieved by his footman Moody; for which service, after the dissolution of the abbies, he gave him the mannour of Garesden."'

The following ludicrous anecdote likewise occurs in the notice of this place:

'The church plate belonging to this parish consists of a silver (gallon) flaggon, two silver (quart) chalices, and a silver salver. Upon each is engraved, "This was given to Garsdon Church, by the Lady Pargiter; she was formerly the Wife of Sir Laurence Washington, who both lie buried here." The fate of this donation has been rather remarkable, and may therefore be noticed. The plate, for many years, had been kept in a box deposited in a lumber closet in the old mansion. There was an idle tale told in the village, *that a ghost had formerly been laid in the box.* This story was perhaps as useful as a double lock; since a superstitious dread of disturbing the ghost effectually deterred many from indulging their curiosity by scrutinizing the contents of the box. Having

Having understood, from an old man, that many years back it was reported there was some communion-plate at the great house, the clergyman took an opportunity to make inquiry about it. To the utter surprise of the people of the house, on opening the lid of the box, (for the first time, perhaps, for upwards of a century,) instead of seeing a ghost jump out, this valuable service of tarnished plate presented itself; and it was immediately taken to the vicarage-house.'

The remains of that once celebrated structure, "Malmesbury Abbey," naturally attracted our author's attention. — The appearance of the ruin, as it now stands, is thus described:

'The most interesting objects of attention at Malmesbury are those relics of ancient architecture which were connected with the religious institutions once so numerous and flourishing in this country, whose dilapidated walls and moss-grown towers at present serve to give only faint ideas of their pristine magnificence. Among these, the Abbey Church is the most prominent and important. The present remains of this once spacious and noble edifice consist of a part of the nave and ailes of the church, the grand southern porch, and a wall belonging to the south transept. Imperfect and decayed as this structure is, enough is left to show the peculiar character of its architecture. The prevailing style is Norman, with an intermixture of the English or pointed. The western front, the original lower tier of windows, the massive pillars between the nave and ailes, and the southern porch, display the semicircular arch, exemplifying the earliest species of architecture in this building. The next variety occurs in the intersecting arches which ornament the lower part of the wall on the western and southern sides. The arches springing from the pillars which divide the nave from the ailes are pointed. Above them is a tier of broad semicircular arches, each of which includes four others, with an open colonnade to the roof of the ailes; and over these is a series of long, narrow, pointed-arch windows, with mullions and tracery.

'Such are the great characteristic features of this edifice, which, whether considered as a whole, or examined in detail, affords ground for some interesting reflections.'

An attempt has been recently made to repair the Abbey Church for the purposes of public worship, which has met with partial success. The historian, William of Malmesbury, in the middle ages, and the philosopher Hobbes in modern times, were natives of this town. Draycot-Cerne, a manor a few miles from Chippenham, formed part of the immense possessions which were sacrificed, in an unfortunate marriage, by the heiress, Miss Tilney Long. Of Walter Long, an ancestor of this lady, the author tells us:

'This

'This gentleman, who was knighted, was very intimate with Sir Walter Raleigh, and he was the first who introduced the use of *tobacco* into this part of the country.* Sir W. Long seems to have been an enterprising man. He sunk a mine on his estate to procure silver, and, as Aubrey informs us, "got 20*l.* worth, but at 60*l.* charge, or better." He married Lady Anne Ley, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, who brought him an only son, James Long. Of this gentleman, who commanded a troop of horse, in the service of King Charles, during the Civil War, Aubrey gives a very high character, and also relates the following anecdote: "Oliver, Protector, hawking at Hownslowe-heath, and discoursing with him, fell in love with his company, and commanded him to wear his sword, and to meet him a hawking; which made the strict Cavaliers look on him with an evil eye."'

In the village of Newnton, about three miles from Malmesbury, a singular ceremony prevailed until of late years, the origin and nature of which are described as follows:

'"*The Custome here on Trinity Sunday.* — King Athelstan having obtained a victory over the Danes, by the assistance of the inhabitants of this place, riding to recreate himself, found a woman baiting of her cowe upon the way called the *Fosse* (which runs through this parish, and is a famous Roman way, that goes from Cornwall to Scotland). This woman sate on a stool, with the cow fastened by a rope to the legge of the stoole. The manner of it occasioned the King to aske why she did so. She answered the King that they had no common belonging to the town. The Queen being then in his company, by their consents it was granted that the town should have so much ground in *common*, next adjoining to this way, as the woman would ride round upon a bare-ridged horse. She undertakes it, and for ascertaining the ground, the King appointed Sir Walter, a knight that waited on him, to follow the woman, or goe with her. Which being done, and made known to the monks at Malmesbury, they (to show their liberality upon the extent of the King's charity)

'* "In those days," says Aubrey, "they (the gentry) had silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand in Sir Ro. Poyntz' park, at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham, they culled their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now the Customs of it are the greatest His Majesty hath." — Letters, &c. from the Bodleian Library, vol. iii. p. 305.'

gave

gave a piece of ground, parcell of their inheritance, and adjoining to the church-yard, to build a house upon for the Hayward to live in, to look after the beasts that fed upon this common. And for to perpetuate the memory of it, appointed prayers to be said upon every Trinity-Sunday in that house, with the ceremonie ensuing. And, because a monk of that time, out of his devotion, gave a bell to be rung here at this house before prayers began, his name was inserted in the petitions, for that gift."

'"*The Ceremonie.* — The parishioners being come to the door of the Hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity: then they entered, the bell was rung; after which, silence being imposed, they read their prayers aforesaid. Then was a ghirland of flowers, made upon a hoop, brought forth by a mayd of the town upon her neck; and a young man (a bachelor) of another parish first saluted her three times in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she puts the ghirland upon his neck, and kisses him three times in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son. Then he puts the ghirland upon her neck again, and kisses her three times in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he takes the ghirland from her neck, and, by custom, must give her a penny at least, which, as fancy leads, is now exceeded, as *2s. 6d.*, or," &c.

'The same antiquary further informs us, that the festival was concluded by a social supper, the remains of which, together with ale, brewed for the occasion, were given to the poor. The Hayward's house being burnt down during the Civil War, the custom of supping had, in 1670, been discontinued, but the remaining ceremonies were still observed.'

Not far from Chippenham are situated the hamlet of Easton Pierse, the birth-place of the singular antiquarian Aubrey, and the manor of Harnish, in the parish-church of which place repose the remains of David Ricardo, Esq. At a little distance again is Bremhill, which acknowledges the Rev. Mr. Bowles for its vicar. Our author notices a custom (likewise on the authority of Aubrey) which prevailed in the market-town of Castle Combe, about six miles from Chippenham. At Whitsuntide the inhabitants met together to make merry and relieve the poor. After a sober entertainment, they proceeded to gentle amusements. From the contributions at such meetings, and the produce of the boxes placed in churches, the poor were chiefly supported before the institution of parochial rates. Trowbridge and Bromham, in the neighbourhood of Devizes, merit notice as the favourite residences of our living poets Crabbe and Moore. A short distance from Marlborough stands Littlecott-House, once the family-seat of the family of Darell. The following horrible narrative is connected with the last of this race.

'On a dark rainy night in November, an old midwife, who resided in Berkshire, was suddenly summoned to attend a lady n labour, for which she was told she should be liberally rewarded; but as secrecy was necessary, she must submit to be conveyed blindfolded to the place where her assistance was required. She consented, and a handkerchief having been bound over her eyes, she was mounted on horseback behind the person who came for her. After a long and rough journey, she was brought to a house, and led through many seemingly extensive apartments till she arrived at a room, in which, on her eyes being uncovered, she saw the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and also a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. After the lady was delivered, this man again made his appearance, and snatching the child from the midwife, threw it on a large fire, blazing in the chimney. The child, struggling amidst its torments, rolled from the flames upon the hearth. The man again seized it, and in spite of the entreaties of the midwife and the agonised mother, thrust it under the grate, and destroyed it by heaping on it live coals. The midwife was then handsomely paid, and conveyed to her home in the same manner in which she had left it. Soon afterwards, the woman went before a magistrate, and disclosed the horrid deed she had witnessed. She had adopted two methods to identify the scene of the murder. While sitting at the bedside of her patient, she cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and brought it away with her, and she had also taken the precaution to count the steps of the stairs, down which she had been led blindfolded. Some suspicious circumstances attached to the conduct of the then owner of Littlecott-House, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He was tried at the next Salisbury assizes; but, notwithstanding the evidence of the midwife, he escaped punishment, as is reported, by bribing the judge.* His death, a few months after, owing to a fall from his horse, was considered as the judgment of Heaven, and the stile where the accident happened is still called "Darell's Stile." This event must have taken place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

Proceeding to the celebrated site of Avebury, Mr. Britton employs a great deal of assiduity in discovering the origin and use of the wonderful structure called the "Temple of Avebury," which, though a curiosity of unparalleled interest according to the testimony of every antiquary, is little known to the general body of tourists. The following short de-

'* Aubrey, who concisely notices this story, in his Life of Sir John Popham, informs us, that "The Knight [Sir —— Dayrell] was brought to his tryall; and to be short, this judge had this noble house, park, and mannor, and (I thinke) more, for a bribe to save his life." The female who was delivered of the infant so barbarously murdered, is said to have been the waiting-woman of Lady Darell. — Letters from the Bodleian Library, vol. ii. p. 493.'

scription

scription of the appearance of this extraordinary monument may convey some notions of its nature:

'In the midst of a wide tract of generally flat country, bounded by a continued but irregular range of hills, at the distance of a mile on the east, by another range more lofty, about three miles to the south, and by rising grounds on the west and north, is situated the village of *Avebury;* the greater part of which is encircled by a deep and wide ditch, and a lofty rampart, or, as Aubrey calls them, a graff and a vallum. Within the enclosure are some very large masses or blocks of stone, standing erect, whilst others lie on the ground. At some distance, to the south of the village, other stones are seen, both erect and prostrate, and two more stand about half a mile west from the vallum. Masses of broken stones, which originally formed part of the monument, have been employed in constructing the houses and walls of the village; and modern economy and customs have, in other respects, infringed on the original arrangement of this venerable structure.'

Our author cites the speculations of a great number of writers who have undertaken the task of inquiring into the construction of this temple, with a view to ascertain the purposes for which it was raised.

'Among the *visionary* theories,' says our author, 'which have been hazarded concerning Avebury, is that of Mr. H. Browne, the manufacturer of ingenious models of Avebury and Stonehenge, who published, in 1823, a pamphlet, entitled "An Illustration of Avebury and Stonehenge." Adopting Dr. Stukeley's idea, that the former was a serpentine temple, this writer imagines that it was *erected by Adam in commemoration of the fall* and previous temptation of Eve by the serpent. He considers Stonehenge also as an antediluvian temple; and the chief arguments offered in favour of this notion are drawn from the supposed effects of the deluge in altering the position of the stones, and from the general appearance of the country between the two antient monuments.'

The greatest number of authorities incline to the opinion that it is a druidical structure, and that it was the site of some peculiar ceremony of that solemn superstition. In the presence of learned and celebrated men, the modesty of Mr. Britton refrains even from conjecture. The following anecdote respecting Standlynch is curious:

'Standlynch-House was the seat of the Dawkins' family. It is a brick edifice, with a park and pleasure-grounds, bounded on the west by the Upper Avon. In 1814 the estate was purchased by Commissioners appointed under an Act of Parliament of the forty-sixth of George III. cap. 146., to provide, at the expense of the nation, a domain to be conferred on the relatives of the late Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte, as an act of national gratitude for his unparalleled services to the country. It was ordered to be called TRA-

FALGAR PARK, in commemoration of the splendid victory in which that great officer lost his life; and it was also intended to erect a splendid mansion at the public expense; but the present Earl Nelson and his Countess are reported to have such an invincible dislike to any establishment of a *splendid* or *expensive* nature, that there is not the least probability of any palace being erected here, as the legislature intended, during *their lives*. It is amusing and curious to reflect on the speedy transition of public feeling, from zeal and enthusiasm, to indifference and apathy. The glorious achievements by the heroes of the Nile and Waterloo excited more than common interest and admiration in the public mind, and the whole kingdom was eager to honour and reward them, by erecting national palaces, or rather mansions, for their descendants. The history of Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, holds out a warning against, rather than an encouragement for, such works. Besides, the philosopher very properly remarks, that the business of war has been too much honoured and rewarded; whilst the real benefactors of mankind are either entirely neglected, or very inadequately remunerated.'

The topographical part of the volume concludes with a notice of the village of Milston, near Amesbury, which is only remarkable as having been the birth-place of Addison. Then follow a list of the provincial words peculiar to Wiltshire; an enumeration of the monasteries, with the date of their foundation, and value; descriptions of the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen, biographical sketches of eminent persons, and remarks on the geology of the county. The book gives proof of extended and patient research, the narrative is plain and sensible, and some of the anecdotes are curious and altogether new.

ART. V. *Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*, 10 Vols. Edinburgh. John Ballantyne. 1821—1824.

IT is a remarkable circumstance attending the literary career of "the Great Unknown," that those publications which, without being acknowledged by him, are reputed to be his, obtain much more celebrity than those which he openly avows. The whole reading world is acquainted with the Waverley tales, while, perhaps, not a tenth part of it is aware that, within the three or four last years, a very interesting collection of the best English novels and romances, from the time of Richardson to that of Mrs. Radcliffe, inclusively, has been printed by Ballantyne, under the editorial superintendence of Sir Walter Scott. We gather from the preface that it was originally intended to include in this undertaking selections from the best German, French, and Italian novelists: this portion of the plan would seem for the present to be suspended;

pended; but we trust that it will ultimately be completed, as it would form a valuable addition to the productions of our own authors. Indeed the execution of the whole plan is the more necessary, as we have no collection of foreign works of fiction, combining those of the three most civilised countries of the Continent. Those of Spain should also be added; for, though they are comparatively few in number, they are important for their merit. Among the latter we should like to see a good translation of "Fray Gerundio de Campazas," written by the famous Padre Isla, which, in the Peninsula, is ranked next to the immortal work of Cervantes. We are aware of the peculiar difficulties attending the translation of this witty satire, on account of the many verbal criticisms which it contains. But all these passages, and such others as are not closely intertwined with the thread of the story, might be very safely omitted.

The contributions which Sir Walter Scott has given to the present collection consist of memoirs of the author's lives, and criticisms on their writings, which, after the manner of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, are prefixed to the works of each writer. The memoirs, we are bound to say, are by no means comparable to those of the admirable biographer of Savage. In truth, they are, for the most part, loosely compiled from scanty materials, and the editor has seldom been able to elucidate them, or to augment their interest, by supplying any thing new. His 'Criticisms,' however, are of a very different character. They are distinguished by sound taste, formed not so much on any given model, as on a deep insight into the construction of those feelings by which men are soothed or inflamed. These commentaries exhibit the results of a great deal of thought, long bestowed on a favourite subject, and matured by experience, to a degree of standard perfection.

If any doubts were entertained as to the real author of the Waverley novels, we think that we might easily dissipate them by references to these criticisms. It is worth remarking, that they make no mention whatever of those celebrated novels, although the latter are uniformly framed on the principles which Sir Walter Scott, in his critical capacity, recommends; and, indeed, the subject would have led him to appeal to those works as the best illustrations of his canons of romance, had he not personal motives for avoiding every allusion of the kind. In his prefatory memoir to the novels of Mackenzie, the editor repeatedly bestows on him the title of the northern Addison. The author of Waverley dedicates his work to Mackenzie under a similar title. There are many

coincidences of thought, feeling, and expression between the Scottish novels and the criticisms in the collection before us, which we might point out, if we conceived the inquiry to be worth pursuing; but, in truth, it would be superfluous.

It is not our intention to take the reader through the whole of the memoirs and commentaries contained in these ten volumes. A few specimens will be sufficient to show the style in which they are executed. The life of Fielding, which is the first, is also the best of the series. It is written, throughout, in a vein of affectionate veneration for the 'father of the English novel,' as Sir Walter repeatedly styles him. We much regret, however, to find in this memoir a vindication of that sort of censorship which is exercised by one of His Majesty's officers of state over the productions offered to the theatres for representation. The passage is as follows:

'During his theatrical career, Fielding, like most authors of the time, found it impossible to interest the public sufficiently in the various attempts which he made to gain popular favour, without condescending to flatter their political animosities. Two of his dramatic pieces, Pasquin, and the Historical Register, display great acrimony against Sir Robert Walpole, from whom, in the year 1730, he had in vain sought for patronage. The freedom of his satire is said to have operated considerably in producing a measure which was thought necessary to arrest the license of the stage, and put an end to that proneness to personal and political satire which had been fostered by the success of Gay's Beggars' Opera. This measure was the discretionary power vested in the Lord Chamberlain, of refusing a license to any piece of which he should disapprove. The regulation was the cause of much clamour at the time; but licentious satire has since found so many convenient modes of access to the public, that its exclusion from the stage is no longer a matter of interest or regret; nor is it now deemed a violent aggression on liberty, that contending political parties cannot be brought into collision within the walls of the theatres, intended, as they are, for places of public amusement, not for scenes of party-struggle.'

The answer to this is, that the power vested in the Lord Chamberlain is in the first place an anomaly in our constitution. It is the birthright of an Englishman to give free expression to his thoughts, through every channel which he thinks fit to use, he being responsible to the laws if he should violate them. The authority vested in an officer of His Majesty's household, of preventing a play from being acted, if he should deem it expedient so to do, supposes the freedom of the subject to emanate from the will of the sovereign, whereas it really emanates from a compact made on equal terms between both, in which this particular liberty was not, nor ever intended

tended to be, surrendered. A peculiarly odious part of this authority it is, that there is no appeal from it, and that the officer who exercises it, is not bound to assign his reasons for rejecting a play; nor is he responsible for his conduct to any tribunal whatever. It is a complete literary despotism in all its parts, and were it not that its abuses are rarely felt, it would and ought to have been long since suppressed. As to the supposition of Sir Walter that this power prevents the collision of political parties within the walls of the theatres, it is a mere theoretic assumption. It does no such thing. The plays which are every night performed afford abundant opportunities for that collision, if the public were at all disposed for it. In point of fact, there is no audience in the world so little inclined to convert the theatre into an arena of politics as a British audience. The reason is, that they go to a theatre to laugh or to weep, not to deliberate: they have enough of politics in their newspapers, their public meetings, and their unrestricted intercourse; and they might, with perfect safety, be left by the Lord Chamberlain to judge for themselves of the merits or demerits of a new tragedy. Even if they wished for a political one, we know not by what legitimate authority that wish should be resisted.

In the memoir prefixed to Smollett's novels there is a comparison instituted between his genius and that of Fielding, which exhibits, in every touch of it, the hand of a master.

'Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances, — both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature, — both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, — and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

'Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

'If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us

heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as a more pleasing character than Smollett was able to present.' —

'Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics. —

'It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognize the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shews the least desire to make the most either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narrative, or makes his characters evolve themselves in the progress. These appeals to the reader's judgment, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction; and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, like Gines de Passamonte, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter.' —

'Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient, too, in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination — now bodying forth the grand and terrible — now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every groupe he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.'

The novels of Le Sage have been so long naturalised among us, that Sir Walter Scott felt no difficulty in admitting into this collection Gil Blas, the Devil on Two Sticks,

and Vanillo Gonzales. Every person, of every age, who has read the first of these celebrated tales, will cordially agree with Sir Walter in his observations upon it. They are written in his happiest style.

'Few have ever read this charming book without remembering, as one of the most delightful occupations of their life, the time which they first employed in the perusal; and there are few, also, who do not occasionally turn back to its pages with all the vivacity which attends the recollection of early love. It signifies nothing at what time we have first encountered the fascination; whether in boyhood, when we were chiefly captivated by the cavern of the robbers, and other scenes of romance; whether in more advanced youth, but while our ignorance of the world yet concealed from us the subtle and poignant satire which lurks in so many passages of the work; whether we were learned enough to apprehend the various allusions to history and public matters with which it abounds, or ignorant enough to rest contented with the more direct course of the narration. The power of the enchanter over us is alike absolute, under all these circumstances. If there is any thing like truth in Gray's opinion, that to lie upon a couch and read new novels was no bad idea of Paradise, how would that beatitude be enhanced, could human genius afford us another Gil Blas!

'Le Sage's claim to originality, in this delightful work, has been idly, I had almost said ungratefully, contested by those critics, who conceive they detect a plagiarist wherever they see a resemblance in the general subject of a work, to one which has been before treated by an inferior artist. It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness, to trace out such coincidences; because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer a level with his critics. It is not the mere outline of a story — not even the adopting some details of a former author, which constitutes the literary crime of plagiarism. The proprietor of the pit from which Chantry takes his clay might as well pretend to a right in the figure into which it is moulded under his plastic fingers; and the question is in both cases the same — not so much from whom the original rude substance came, as to whom it owes that which constitutes its real merit and excellence.'

The Spanish story to which Gil Blas bears the greatest resemblance is that of Guzman d'Alfarache, from which it would appear, in truth, that many of the incidents, situations, and characters were borrowed. There is a story, also, repeated by several Spanish writers, that Le Sage obtained possession of some manuscripts of Cervantes, which he liberally used, without any acknowledgment. This charge, however, stands on no solid foundation. The most remarkable circumstance connected with Gil Blas is, as Sir Walter remarks,

remarks, that, merely by dint of acquaintance with Spanish literature, 'Le Sage should have become so perfectly intimate, as he is admitted to be on all hands, with the Spanish customs, manners, and habits, so as to conduct his reader through four volumes, without once betraying the secret, that the work was not composed by a native of Spain.' The editor, however, very justly adds, that 'this strict and accurate attention to costume is confined to externals, so far as the principal personage is concerned. Gil Blas, though wearing the golillo, capa, and spada, with the most pure Castilian grace, thinks and acts with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and displays, in many respects, the peculiar sentiments of one.'

The reader will not fail to perceive, that Sir Walter Scott betrays, in the following observations, one of the secrets of the novelist's art, which the author of the Waverley novels has not failed to turn to the greatest advantage.

'It ought not to escape notice, that Le Sage, though, like Cervantes, he considers the human figures which he paints as his principal object, fails not to relieve them by exquisite morsels of landscape, slightly touched indeed, but with the highest keeping, and the most marked effect. The description of the old hermit's place of retreat may be given as an example of what we mean.

'In the History of Gil Blas is also exhibited that art of fixing the attention of the reader, and creating, as it were, a reality even in fiction itself, not only by a strict attention to costume and locality, but by a minuteness, and at the same time a vivacity of detail, comprehending many trifling circumstances which might be thought to have escaped every one's memory, excepting that of an actual eye-witness. By such a circumstantial detail the author has rendered us as well acquainted with the four pavilions and *corps de logis* of Lirias, as if we had ourselves dined there with Gil Blas and his faithful follower Scipio. The well-preserved tapestry, as old as the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, the old-fashioned damask chairs — that furniture of so little intrinsic value, which yet made, in its proper place, such a respectable appearance — the dinner, the siesta — all give that closing scene in the third volume such a degree of reality, and assure us so completely of the comfort and happiness of our pleasant companion, that the concluding chapters, in which the hero is dismissed, after his labours and dangers, to repose and happiness — these very chapters, which in other novels are glanced over as a matter of course, are perhaps the most interesting in the Adventures of Gil Blas. Not a doubt remains on the mind of the reader concerning the continuance of the hero's rural felicity, unless he should happen (like ourselves) to feel some private difficulty in believing that the new cook from Valencia could ever rival Master Joachim's excellence, particularly in the matter of the ollapodrida, and the pig's ears marinated.'

Sir Walter pleasantly adds that Le Sage gives such peculiar vivacity to all those scenes which interest the *gastronome*, that an epicure of his acquaintance used to read certain favourite passages regularly before dinner, with the purpose of getting an appetite, and that the recipe was always successful.

A curious circumstance is related of Le Sage by Comte de Tressan, 'to whom the ancient romances of France owe the same favour which has been rendered to those of England by the late ingenious and excellent George Ellis.' Le Sage, towards the decline of his life, he being then aged upwards of eighty years, together with his wife, who was nearly as old, lived at Boulogne with their son, who was a canon of the cathedral of that town.

'"Awaking every morning," says the Comte, "so soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, Le Sage became animated, acquired feeling and force, in proportion as that planet approached the meridian; but as the sun began to decline, the sensibility of the old man, the light of his intellect, and the activity of his bodily organs, began to diminish in proportion; and no sooner had the sun descended some degrees under the horizon, than he sunk into a lethargy, from which it was difficult to rouse him.'

We must pass over the memoir of Charles Johnstone, (author of the celebrated satirical tale of Chrysal, or, the Adventures of a Guinea,) and also those of Sterne and Goldsmith, in order to make room for the following apposite observations on the character of Dr. Johnson, whose charming tale of Rasselas is incorporated in this collection.

'Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It is said of a noted wag, that his bon mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in Lady Macbeth, or Kemble in Cardinal Wolsey.'

For this singular good fortune Johnson is wholly indebted to Boswell, whose work Sir Walter happily, as well as pithily, describes

describes as 'the best parlour-window book that ever was written.' We subjoin his remarks on Johnson's peculiarities of temper.

'The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling, in this particular, Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well at its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.'

It is easy to trace the pen of a partial critic, and an admiring friend, in the editor's observations on the genius and writings of Mackenzie. We think he over-rates them, though we are far from denying that *The Man of Feeling* and *Julia de Roubigné* are works of very considerable merit. Their obvious fault is, that the leading characters are too abstract to be human: they are beings of another world, fine spiritualised sensibilities and passions rather than creatures of mortal mould.

We must here notice a solecism in language which we have more than once encountered in the works of Sir Walter Scott,

Scott, as well as in those of other distinguished writers. 'In *future* compositions,' he observes, 'the author dropped even that resemblance which the style of The Man of Feeling bears, in some particulars, to the works of Sterne.' Our objection is to the use that is here made of the word *future*. It is uniformly applied by the best models of our language, and, indeed, the construction of the word itself imports that it should only be applied, to things which have not as yet been realized in actual existence. When a circumstance, which was once in relation to a particular elapsed time in the chaos of futurity, has actually taken place, it is no longer contingent, as the word future necessarily implies. In the passage here cited the word "subsequent" should have been substituted for 'future;' for the former may or may not be taken in a contingent sense, as the text allows, whereas the latter is always restricted to that sense, and can never be properly used in any other.

The memoirs, novels, and romances, of Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Richardson, Swift, Robert Bage, and Richard Cumberland, follow in a succession somewhat irregular, as the works of Richardson, which alone occupy three volumes, ought, in order of time, to have taken precedence of those of Fielding.

The tenth, and last, volume in this collection, is occupied with the works of Mrs. Radcliffe. In the memoir of her life Sir Walter Scott states, that she died in January, 1822. This is not so: she died in January, 1823, in a state of mental desolation not to be described. Sir Walter, we think, hardly does justice to the precision and singular beauty of her style. We think her Mysteries of Udolpho a model of pure English, animated by the finest inspirations of the muse of romance. Her landscapes are, indeed, sometimes gorgeous, and hazy, but we would refer to her Venetian scenes for some of the most finished pictures that are to be found in any language. It has been justly enough objected to this celebrated tale, that the elaborate solution, at its close, of all the mysterious occurrences which, in the course of the narrative, excite the reader's curiosity, is calculated rather to produce disappointment than satisfaction. This may be so. But he who returns to the perusal of that work will find that its mysteries form, in truth, the most inconsiderable sources of its interest. Its true enchantment lies in the deep and varied succession of feelings, all romantic in the very highest degree, which the author calls up with the power of a magician. We are pleased to learn that a new romance from her pen is about to be published by Mr. Radcliffe. The well-known taste of that gentleman would hardly permit that a work unworthy of her name

name should see the light. At the same time, we much question whether, for several of the last years of her life, her mind was in a situation to produce a work comparable in any degree to the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Some readers may dislike the double columns in which this collection of novels is printed. For ourselves we see no solid ground for such an objection. The type is remarkably clear and agreeable to the eye, and the columns enable Ballantyne to compress in ten volumes a quantity of matter, which, according to more fashionable systems of typography, might easily have been amplified into thirty.

ART. VI. *An Account of Experiments to determine the Figure of the Earth, by means of the Pendulum vibrating Seconds in different Latitudes;* as well as on various other Subjects of Philosophical Enquiry. By Edward Sabine, Captain R. Art. F.R.S. &c. &c. 4to. London. 1825.

THE magnitude and form of the earth have from an early period been objects of human curiosity. Its globular figure was recognised as early as the days of Aristotle; and some efforts seem to have been made to determine its magnitude. But we are ignorant of the success of the ancients in this respect, for the statements of Aristotle and even of Eratosthenes are to us as though they had not been made: since we have no account on which we can depend of the measurements whereon these statements were founded, nor of the value of the stadium in which the measurement or conjecture is transmitted to us.

As Captain Sabine's work contains a determination of the figure of the earth by a comparison of the vibration of pendulums, and, consequently, by a comparison of the force of gravity, at different parts of the earth's surface, it will be needless to say any thing of the efforts made to arrive at this knowledge, by the measurement of arcs of meridians:—a method which has been so often and so amply discussed; and we shall only find it necessary, previously to offering an analysis of his labours, to allude rapidly to the series of measures that had been pursued to attain the same end, by similar means, before that undertaking was entrusted to him, of which we are here presented with the able results.

It is well known that Sir Isaac Newton and M. Huygens first showed that the diminution in the velocity of the pendulum, observed by Richter at Cayenne, was caused by a diminution of the force of gravity in the equatorial regions, in consequence of the diameter of the earth being longer in that direction

direction than in the direction of the poles. But it was not until the French mathematicians, in the progress of an enquiry after an invariable standard for measures of length, had brought to the subject the most minute attention to accuracy in experiment, that any precise determination of the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters was obtained. The pendulum employed by those gentlemen was in some respects similar to that described in the present work; and with it they made experiments in various parts of the arc of the meridian extending through France and part of Spain; viz. from Dunkirk to Formentera. — M. Biot, subsequently, that is, in 1817, went to Scotland with Captain, since Colonel Mudge; where, at Leith and at the island of Unst, the latter place being at the northern extremity of Great Britain, a considerable number of observations were made. From the results of all the experiments, made upon an arc extending through more than 20° of latitude, the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds at the level of the sea was determined by Biot to increase from 39.094187 English inches, which was its length at Formentera, to 39.171776 English inches, its length at Unst.

Since the period of these experiments by M. Biot, Captain Kater was appointed to perform a series of experiments in various parts of the arc of the meridian measured between the southern and northern extremities of Great Britain, with a pendulum invented by himself, and affording the means of practically converting its centre of oscillation with its point of suspension, by which, consequently, the true length of the pendulum might be inferred from the equality of the number of vibrations performed in equal times about either point as a centre. In other respects Captain Kater's pendulum is similar to that of MM. Borda and Biot. From the experiments of Captain Kater, the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds has been determined to increase from 39.13614 English inches, which was its length at Dunnose, to 39.17146 English inches, which he found to be its length at Unst.

From a theorem demonstrated by M. Clairaut, and from the lengths of pendulums observed at two different places, we are enabled to determine the increase of the gravitating force from the equator towards the poles, and the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth; and by discussing the observations made previously to the voyage of Captain Sabine, including one made at Madras, it had been found that, though these indicated a progressive diminution of gravity towards the equator, that diminution was not only greater than it ought to be, according to theory, but was

subject

subject to considerable variation; while the polar compression of the earth varied between about $\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{9}$ and $\frac{1}{3}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{4}$ of the equatorial diameter.

The discrepancies thus found to exist among the determinations hitherto made of the figure of the earth, certainly rendered it an object of importance in the present state of science, to extend the observations over a greater portion of its surface than had been included in the former attempts; and it was in the hope of obtaining a greater conformity in the results of experiment that the voyage which we propose to examine was undertaken.

The measures taken by the British government for the accomplishment of the object of the intended voyage were such as might be expected from its usual liberality. Not only were instruments provided, such as the nature of the service required, but every precaution was taken to ensure a favourable reception at the different stations which were to be visited; so that except at one place, and that subject to the Portuguese government, not the least impediment was offered to the performance of the experiments.

Two kinds of pendulums were employed, one of which was unconnected with any maintaining power, so that it vibrated by the action of gravity alone. The other was attached to the machinery of a clock for the purpose of continuing the oscillations and registering the number of vibrations. Both of them were invariable in length; except such change as might arise from the expansion or contraction of the metal by the changes of temperature to which it might be exposed. As the experiments made with these pendulums were of different characters, that part of Captain Sabine's work in which the subject of the pendulums is treated, is divided into two sections, of which one is allotted to the experiments upon each pendulum.

Both pendulums are of the same kind as those invented by Captain Kater; and the only deviation from his mode of employing them consisted in the manner of observing the number of vibrations performed by them. Consequently the chief merit of the gentleman to whom the conduct of the experiments was intrusted rests on the accuracy with which those experiments were performed; and we are happy to bear testimony to the great attention which must have been constantly paid, — even while subject to the inconveniences attending an abode in the frigid zone, — to ensure all the perfection of which the work was capable. If we may permit ourselves any remark upon the construction of the pendulums, it would be to regret that the prisms of Wootz upon which the vibrations

tions of the detached pendulums were performed, instead of being ground to edges, had not been formed in portions of cylinders, as recommended by the Marquis La Place, by which the apprehension arising from the possibility of their becoming blunted would have been avoided; and the same observation may be made on the knife-edges of steel with which the attached pendulums were furnished.

Voyages undertaken solely for scientific purposes, and especially when confined within the limits of ordinary navigation, afford few opportunities for remarks worthy of notice; and Captain Sabine has judiciously abstained from swelling his book with unnecessary details. The thirteen stations, including London, at which the observations were made, appear to have been selected, with great propriety, for the purpose in view. We find in the first voyage, which was made in the Pheasant, commanded by Captain Clavering, after leaving Sierra Leone, two stations, viz. St. Thomas and Maranham, both at the equator, and separated from each other by the whole breadth of the Atlantic ocean; Ascension Island between the two, but a few degrees to the south; Bahia and Jamaica, situated one on each side of the equator, and within 18° from it; to which, add Trinidad and New York; on leaving which latter place the ship returned to England. In the second voyage, performed in the Griper, which was also commanded by Captain Clavering, the stations were Drontheim, Hammerfest, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, forming a chain extending as far as the utmost limit of practical navigation toward the north; the whole comprehending variations of more than 100° of longitude, and of more than 90° of latitude. Perhaps it might be wished that, in the prosecution of such a plan, some additional points in the midst of the Atlantic ocean had been chosen as stations; such, for example, as would be afforded by the Bermudas and one of the Azores. These would have filled up the chasm which at present is left, and would have nearly completed the information which we might expect to derive from experiments in this part of the world; and we cannot help expressing a wish that if the governments of Europe should extend the research in a similar way into other regions, those places may not be omitted.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that in a work of the kind before us, some explanation had not been offered of the manner of making the observations on the pendulum. This is supposed, indeed, to be known, but it certainly cannot be so to the generality of readers; and, therefore, a descrip-

tion of it would not have been unacceptable. This we shall take the liberty of supplying.

The invariable detached pendulum, which is the subject of experiment, is placed in front of a clock regulated by mean time; but is quite unconnected with its motion. On the pendulum of this clock is placed a disk of white paper, exactly opposite to a vertical line passing through the detached pendulum. A telescope having a circular perforation in a plate situated in the eye-piece is immovably fixed at a distance of several feet in front of the pendulums; so that when the latter are put in motion, the disk of paper may be seen to pass the field of view of the telescope. As the detached pendulum and that of the clock have not exactly though nearly the same velocity, and we suppose the vertical axis of the detached pendulum to be originally in coincidence with the centre of the disk, they will separate from each other by the excess of the motion of the one above that of the other. But after a certain number of oscillations they again coincide, moving in opposite directions; and then the detached pendulum may be said to have gained or lost one oscillation. After this they separate from each other; and, after a certain number of oscillations, rejoin as before: they then move together in the same direction, the detached pendulum having gained or lost two oscillations. These are called coincidences; and every tenth of these is marked in the third column of tables v. and vi. pp. 24, 25, &c. The time of coincidence in the seventh column is ascertained by taking a mean of the hour, minute, and second indicated by the clock, when the disk has just disappeared from, and when it next re-appears in the field of view: these times are given in the fifth and sixth columns.

With respect to the invariable attached pendulums, or those which were connected with the works of a clock, the number of vibrations performed by them was ascertained by observing the minute and second indicated on the dial of the clock to which they were attached, at the end of any equal intervals of time (12 hours in these experiments) shown by a chronometer whose rate was determined by astronomical observations: it therefore requires no farther explanation.

The manner of employing the detached pendulums in the experiments, and of making the reductions, is not described, though some description might perhaps with propriety have been introduced; but we conceive it must have been nearly as shown in the following very brief outline. The number of oscillations made by the pendulum of the clock between any number of coincidences (suppose ten) must have been observed; then this number of oscillations is to the number

of oscillations of the detached pendulum in the same time, (which in the present case exceeds or falls short of the former by ten, according as the velocity of the detached pendulum is greater or less than that of the other,) as 864,000 seconds, or the number of oscillations made by the pendulum of the clock in 24 hours, mean time, are to the corresponding number of oscillations of the detached pendulum. This being corrected, on account of the amplitude of the arc of vibration, by known formulæ, (Captain Sabine uses that given by Mr. Watts, vide p. 16.) reduces the number of oscillations to what they would be, if infinitely small; and, if required, this number might be reduced by proportion to the number of oscillations performed in a sidereal day.

The length of the detached pendulum must then be found by measurement, and reduced to an equivalent simple pendulum moving in vacuo, by applying the usual corrections for figure, weight, and buoyancy; and from this corrected length may be found, by calculation, the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds of mean time in the latitude at which the observation was made.

Another reduction of the length of the pendulum is to be made on account of the elevation of the place of observation above the level of the sea in the same latitude; and if the effects of local attraction were not considered, this might be immediately done by modifying the length of the pendulum proportionally to the square of its distance from the earth's centre, since the force of gravity diminishes in that ratio. But in addition to this, we have to determine the value of a co-efficient which shall modify the general equation so as to include the attractions of the subjacent and surrounding strata, not only on the supposition that they are of uniform density, but even on account of the particular densities of the materials composing those strata. As it is impossible always to elude these difficulties by choosing stations on or near the surface of the ocean, it becomes of consequence that some method should be adopted which may correct the errors produced by them; and it is to be lamented that from the nature of the thing a formula, expressing the correct value of the length of the pendulum, cannot be obtained, unless we are able to determine by experiment the quantities and densities of the materials in the vicinity of the station. We are therefore to consider the employment of the co-efficient $\frac{6}{10}$, deduced from Dr. Young's statement made on the supposition of the experiment being performed on an eminence, whose mean density is equal to two-thirds of the mean density of the earth, as a loose and arbitrary measure, only to

be adopted when all means fail of approximating to a knowledge of the resultant of the local attractions which modify the general gravity of the earth.

Captain Sabine thus follows Captain Kater in applying an arbitrary co-efficient; and he rejects, as a needless refinement, any variation of that co-efficient, depending upon the differences of the densities of the materials under and about the place of experiment. We are, however, by no means willing to admit that these circumstances may with safety be disregarded, even at some of the stations where the present experiments were made. Our opinion is, that the resultant of the local attractions on the pendulum might be determined in a way similar to that employed for finding the attraction of the Shehallien in Scotland, viz. by making an accurate survey of the ground to some distance round the station, dividing the whole plan into small parts, and finding the attraction of the column of earth standing vertically over each part, from whence the resultant in the direction of a vertical line, passing through the pendulum, may be obtained by calculation. A great difficulty will, of course, occur in finding the density of the materials of which the interior of the earth, about the station, is composed; and it is evident that this can only be done by boring to a certain depth; by so doing we shall find the dimensions and densities required, which of course might be employed in the investigation. It is true that this would require long time and extensive means to accomplish; and certainly it could not be done in several different parts of the world within the period allotted to any expedition like this which we are at present considering. But we see no reason why the care of such undertakings should not be committed to competent persons, residing permanently at those places where it might be thought proper to try the experiments. By availing ourselves of such means, it is not unreasonable to expect that, in a few years, a set of experiments might be made, from a discussion of which greater certainty, in the knowledge of the true figure of the earth, might be obtained than by any hitherto employed.

If the earth were perfectly elliptical, the length of the pendulum, in different latitudes, would be proportional to the square of the sine of the latitude, therefore, that length might be expressed by the formula $x+y \sin.^2$ latitude, where x is the length of the pendulum at the equator, and y the increase of the force of gravity between the equator and the pole; these are determined by equations of condition, formed by taking the differences between the observed lengths

of

of pendulums in different latitudes, and the lengths found by substituting in the above formula the values of sin.^{2} latitude; and these differences, which are the values of D^1, D^2, &c. p. 334., represent the errors of the elliptical hypothesis. From these errors by Legendre's method of the minimum squares, the values of x and y are obtained, and from thence, by substitution in the formula $x+y$ sin.^{2} latitude, the lengths of pendulums vibrating seconds at the several stations are obtained, vide p. 335. Of these we only quote four, viz. at Bahia, the farthest station to the south, 39.02589; at St. Thomas, under the equator, 39.01568; at London, 39.13954; and at Spitzbergen, the farthest station to the north, 39.21151. All these measures are in English inches.

Captain Sabine shows, in the same table, the differences between these mean results and the results of the individual experiments. We are content to ascribe these differences to local causes, which, in the present state of our knowledge, cannot be ascertained; and we coincide with the author in the opinion that several stations should be chosen on or near the same parallel of latitude, with such an attention to local circumstances as to produce a compensation of errors in the mean results.

The ellipticity of the earth is immediately inferred from the knowledge of x and y; since from the Newtonian theory of gravitation it is equivalent to the expression $0.008648-\frac{y}{x}$. Now from the mean of the thirteen experiments in this volume, we have $x=39.01568$, and $y=0.20218$; whence the above difference is equal to 0.003467, that is, to $\frac{1}{288.4}$, and a mean of the ellipticities deduced from Captain Sabine's experiments and those made at the stations occupied in the trigonometrical measurements of France and England is shown to be equal to $\frac{1}{288.7}$.

We have thus given an abstract of Captain Sabine's labours, with such observations as occurred to us on reading the work, and have introduced a few explanations where they seemed to be required, in order to render it more acceptable to the generality of readers. Captain Sabine modestly disclaims the power of anticipating the opinion of men of science respecting the conclusiveness of his experiments; but we may venture to predict, that it will be long before any succeeding experiments of this kind will be made, capable of superseding those which he has given us. It must be observed that the difference between the compression of the earth, as determined by geodetical operations and by pendulums is small: in fact, it is nothing more than a difference between

the fractions $\frac{1}{288}$ and $\frac{1}{304}$, which is equivalent to about two miles in the length of the earth's diameter; but we are arrived at an age when small differences in matters of science are almost the only objects of discussion.

If any preference is given, perhaps the generality of persons will be induced still to lean to the side which La Place has taken. The accurate measurements of terrestrial arcs depend almost wholly on the skill of mathematicians and artists. That part of the inequalities of the moon's motions, which depends upon the figure of the earth has been determined with the great precision which modern astronomy admits; and this, indicating a compression which coincides nearly with that determined by geodetical operations, affords a degree of evidence which it is hardly possible to resist; while determinations by the pendulum, depending on circumstances which affect them to an unknown extent, leave a degree of doubt upon the mind that we cannot help desiring to see removed. Upon the whole, however, Captain Sabine may congratulate himself upon having performed a work of considerable utility, both to astronomy and geography.

Captain Sabine, who appears to have made the most of the time and means at his command, has added four papers to that which constitutes the principal part of his work. — The first, entitled 'Geographical Notices,' contains several sets of observations, for the purpose of determining the longitudes of the stations at which the experiments with the pendulums were made; and from the great care taken in making the observations, we cannot doubt that the positions of those places are determined with all the accuracy of which such observations are susceptible. — In the 'Hydrographical Notices,' which form the second appended paper, Captain Sabine gives an account of the direction and forces of the currents experienced by the Pheasant, in the voyage from Sierra Leone to the different stations, which will be read with interest and profit by all who navigate the Atlantic ocean. — The account of the 'Experiments for determining the Variation in the Intensity of Terrestrial Magnetism,' which forms the subject of the next paper, furnishes some important additions to our yet scanty stock of knowledge in this branch of natural philosophy; and we can only regret that we have no room to analyse the results. — In the fourth paper, some notices on the depression of the horizon of the sea over the gulf-stream, and the radiation of heat in the atmosphere at Jamaica, terminate the volume.

ART.

ART. VII. *The Literary Souvenir;* or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London. 1825.

IT is not a little gratifying to us to observe the keen and enterprising spirit of emulation which actuates our countrymen, in carrying, to the highest degree of improvement, any invention which they borrow from their neighbours. Three or four years ago we possessed no annual publication which, for beauty of ornament, or utility of design, could be compared with the embellished almanacks of Germany. We have now several pocket-volumes published yearly, the least elegant of which is greatly superior to any thing produced on the Continent, and the best of which preclude the possibility of rivalry any where out of England. When these undertakings were first commenced, they retained, for a season, the character of the almanack, adding to it a few pieces of poetry, a tale or two in prose, and two or three very indifferent engravings. Now, with the exception of a few minor productions, they exclude every feature which would seem to attach them to one year more than to another; poets and other writers of the highest classes of our literature contribute to their pages, and feel proud to avow contributions which the most precious resources of art are employed to illustrate.

The success which has attended these publications is another circumstance at which we rejoice; for a single glance at their contents convinces us, that it is impossible for them to circulate through the country, without carrying in their train the happiest consequences. Stripped of all religious and political animosities, desiring only to please those individuals in every circle of society, whose taste and virtues best entitle them to the courtship of the muses, these works, wherever they penetrate, cannot fail of informing the understanding, and of attuning the heart and the fancy to the finest issues. A love of the arts is also kindled by their presence in the remotest corners of the empire, whither such admirable specimens of the pencil and the graver might not otherwise have reached in the course of a century.

The Literary Souvenir, produced by Mr. Watts, for the ensuing year, is the most able and finished work of its kind that has ever come under our notice. It has an artist-like touch about it, which skilfully mingles the serious with the gay, and disposes the materials, of which the volume is composed, in the manner best calculated to render them attractive. The embellishments, considering the scale to which they are necessarily confined, are, perhaps, with one or

two exceptions, models of excellence; and their beauty is, for the most part, in perfect keeping with the many gems of poetry by which they are surrounded.

To that portion of the work which is in prose, we must object that it consists entirely of tales, and that of these, the greater number are too slight, if not indeed too fantastic, in their texture. The uniformity of fictitious narrative might, perhaps, have been saved by the introduction of a few "curiosities of literature," inedited letters of distinguished men, an essay or two discussing some interesting question in literature or the arts, or speculating in a gay mood on the features of the past and the signs of the coming year. These, it may be said, are not matters so easy to be attained as the world in general imagines. We know they are not; but, neither are tales — at least good ones. 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' however, is a story which no 'cabinet of romance' might hesitate to own. It is a performance perfectly unique in its way. Let the reader judge.

'I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl. She was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worth satisfying.

'There was a small grotto by the lake that wound before the old arched windows of the hall; a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the kingfisher, who plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen; and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding place. It was

in

in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little paler and more slender, she continued for three whole years.

'On the third anniversary of her resolution, — she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars, — on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time, but, not as on other days; the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back, again and again, at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water-lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox-hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banquetting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

'"Sibyl! — dear Sibyl!" it exclaimed, "wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?"

'Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and, with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

'"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valour back to besiege my citadel again."

'"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

'"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

'"And pray, did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

'"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive; and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days?"

'"I will,

'"I will, as you desire, take both your hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome; and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady."

'Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes.

'"Dear Sibyl," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years? — And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same, — excepting far more lovely, — the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature, half-given, half-stolen, at our last parting; — it has been my shield in a dozen fights, has healed, with its smile, as many wounds; — it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit, — if these were the lips to speak it, — if these were the eyes, — as I live, they are weeping even now!"

'She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to make such minute observations. "I too have had my comforter," she said, drawing the fellow-miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes; — "it has been my shield against a dozen follies, — it has warned me to benefit by said experience; — it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register any thing good, — if these were the lips to speak it, — if these were the eyes, — as I live, they are conceited even now!"

'"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

'"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

'"Did you ever try him?"

'"Oh, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now? No, I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger, and must be indulged,) I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it to him for his head; not for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him; — nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

'"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

'"And will you never counterfeit a head-ache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Dunce, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

'"No, never, Sibyl."

'"And will you never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it?"

'"Never, whilst I live."

'"Why,

"Why, then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you — when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please; — make it appear that, now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself into an accomplished squire; — and then, — and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

Here is as much of elegant coquetry, of picturesque description, and of a charming tale of true love, as would have served, in other hands, for the substance of a volume. We have a lurking objection to the appellation of *Childe Wilfid*: it is puerile, and it breaks in upon the otherwise uninterrupted beauty of the scene. But the portrait of Sibyl, whose name is as enchanting as her lover's is otherwise; the grace of her figure, her eyes 'surprized how they happened to drop out of the skies,' and the 'witchery of her threatening lips,' reveal the touches of a master-pencil. The grotto, too, and its neighbouring lake, are painted so vividly in a few words, that we see the whole picture at once, and can almost hear the lovers talking in the shade.

Sir Lubin, however, master of the finest glebe in the country, had not in vain paid his addresses, during the Childe's absence, to — Sibyl's father. The latter looked upon the young warrior merely in the light of a friendly visitor, endeavoured to initiate him into the arcana of agriculture, and to teach him the value of a prize-ox; lectures which our hero patiently endured for the sake of Sibyl, who had given him an early hint of the old man's humour. But he had more than this to endure, for Sibyl, exulting in the general homage which was paid to her charms by all the fox-hunters of the country round, resolved to torment her lover, without well knowing why. The young soldier's jealousy was up in arms, and 'to keep the peace, Sibyl was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.'

'It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar; and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious, — but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agree-

agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done.

'"My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

'As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

'"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

'"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

'"Ill! — Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

'"Oh, yes; and hind side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

'The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

'"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition is likely to have told very much in your favour."

'"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

'"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

'"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time, — so many more of your smiles, — than you have bestowed upon me?"

'"And is it you who ask me this question? — Oh! — is it possible to mete our attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world? — Would nothing, do you think, — no tell-tale countenance, — no treacherous accent, betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

'The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

'"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time, — let us seek happiness

piness by the readiest means, — and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea; — her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now ——"

Her anger never had been more than a flash, — she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is any thing to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing case, — I pray you stand still now while I read over the wonderous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him.

Childe

Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

'"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said; "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

'This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

'"Nay — nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present; — if you ask me for it to-morrow, I will return it."

'"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

'Her answer was a little indignant, — his rejoinder was a little more provoking, — the maid began to laugh in her sleeve, — and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Childe's.

'"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserved to be treasured up."

'The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

'"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

'"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl, — it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

'The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul; — but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour! Was he to endure the possibility of a possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?'

This is exquisite. It is a real lover's quarrel, the lips chiding under the dictation of pride, while the heart is writhing inwardly with pain. The scene, as it is here told, is completely descriptive of Newton's picture of it, by which it is accompanied, and which is engraved by C. Rolls in his most accomplished style. If there be any fault in the drawing, it is, perhaps, that the face of the warrior does not appear quite so youthful as the lady would have wished it to be; the attitude of his right arm is also, perhaps, too theatrical.

trical. But the drapery, the figure, and the neck of Sibyl, the beauty and expression of her countenance, shaded by the clusters of her raven hair, deserve unqualified approbation. The maid behind her lady's chair 'laughs in her sleeve' with a provoking archness of look, which seems to delight in mischief. The skreen, and the decorations of the boudoir, which evince a great deal of minute and various labour in the artist, seem, by their home-like look, to take part with their mistress in the quarrel, and to bid her lover begone.

The fool *did* go; — as the author happily expresses it, he left the place 'like a spirit turned out of Paradise.' In the course of Sibyl's ride with Sir Lubin she was bewildered, answering 'no' when she should have said 'yes,' and pestering herself with vain hopes that her lover would soon return, or at least write to her. In a little time she received a letter from his sister, informing her, among other things, that he was paying violent attentions to a certain Lady Blanche.

'She tore the letter calmly into little strips; — her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and, in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered, — she knew not what.'

We must not omit the comparison between Blanche and Sibyl. There is scarcely any reader who can pass it over with indifference, or who will not pause on the image, 'she was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose.' As a simile it is perfect.

'It was not long after that the Childe was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful, — but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high-minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated whilst it awed, — it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished; but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart, — the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by Heaven; her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported about him,—wild, exquisite, and mysterious, — which were the same, whether wasted on the desert, or wafting delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose, — she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth.'

The Childe was sadly bewildered: he had a great mind to turn his horse's head towards the hall; but then — his honour! On arriving at home he found there a note from Sibyl's father inviting him to her wedding! We must give the remainder of the tale in the author's words.

'Should

'Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter, he would consider of it on his way. He gave his steed the spur as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

'The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity, upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Childe felt that he was too late. He enquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword,—he was still in time for vengeance,—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph,—to disappoint the anticipations of——Spirits of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes' vigour into his fainting steed. The steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master;—troops of peasant girls, dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin,—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking, amongst her bride's maids, intense as a planet amidst its satellites, and they were all in extacies, which, if possible, increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the old elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party were still standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

'"More water," said some one in a low voice: "she is going to faint again."

'Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated,—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?"

'Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly: her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

'The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

'It was pronounced a third time,—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysteric scream.

'"Oh, merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

'Her

'Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all their sufferings, — to dissipate all their resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

'"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

'"Sweet Sibyl, forgive — forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw!"

'"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this!"

'"By my word!" added the Lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

'"By mine honour!" responded the Lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

'"By my word and honour too," continued the Lady something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

'"And by my grey beard," concluded the old Lord, "I wish I had done so too! — Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride's man still, though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

'Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childe Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable hems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such great occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously; and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

'Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

'"The wedding-feast must not be lost," said the old Lord; "will nobody be married?"

'Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the Cavalier Wilful.

'"Wilt thou take *this* man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

'Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.'

We shall make no comment on this tale; for if it has not already recommended itself to the reader's admiration, nothing that we could say would heighten its attractions. We must, however, congratulate Mr. Watts on possessing such a contributor as the author of this *morçeau*, and express our hope, that we shall soon again meet him in those paths of literature, which his genius seems so well calculated to embellish and extend.

To this tale succeed some pretty verses by Mr. Wiffen, on a drinking cup called 'The Luck of Eden Hall,' from a tradition connected with one of the ancient superstitions of Scotland. But we must pass over these, as well as some pleasing contributions by Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Bowles, in order to make room for a few beautiful stanzas, entitled 'My own Fire-Side,' written by Mr. Watts.

'Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away, —
'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee — my own Fire-side!

'My own Fire-side! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise:
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own — my own Fire-side!

'A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide; —
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou — my own Fire-side!

'What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more,
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth; —
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads — my own Fire-side!

'My

'My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There, all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Have never made their hated lair,
By thee — my own Fire-side!

'Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude,
To thee — my own Fire-side!

'Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried; —
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee — my own Fire-side!

'Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own — my own Fire-side!'

'The Bachelor's Dilemma,' from the same pen, is in a very different style, and shows the happy facility with which Mr. Watts can change from the tender to the playful tones of his lyre.

'"By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair!

'"There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of Spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

'"Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;
Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

" There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a cloud.

" With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

" In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I crown, is a bumper to Fanny!

" But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

" And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;
I would fain keep it even — by wedding them both!

" But since *I must* fix or on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;
Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

' Thus murmured a Bard — predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place!

' So, trusting that "Fortune would favour the brave,"
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay:
Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too gay!

' May so awful a fate bid young poets beware
How they sport with their hopes 'till they darken and wither;
For who thus dares presume to make love to a pair,
May be certain he'll ne'er be accepted by either!'

If we were inclined to be rigid we might object to the legitimacy of the rhymes *lithe* and *blithe*, and to the figurative as well as the grammatical correctness of the line ' whose beauty *a world* of dark ringlets *enshroud*.' But these are insignificant faults in a composition that seems entitled to take its place among the comic effusions of our best lyric poets. The melody of the verse reminds one of Moore, while the sentiments seem to be inspired by the coquettish muse of Shenstone.

It has fallen to the lot of the authoress of " Phantasmagoria" to illustrate Leslie's picture of ' The Rivals,' from which Finden has executed an admirable engraving. Her tale

tale evinces a good deal of her characteristic humour. Indeed, the picture is a comedy in itself; and it is due to the fair writer to say that she has drawn its *dramatis personæ* to the life.

Mr. Hogg's little poem of 'Love's Jubilee' is written with much fervour, but we confess that the style of the imagery and verse does not appear to us to be in good taste. 'The Poet's Den' is another of the editor's contributions, which tends not a little to enrich his miscellany. A few pages beyond that poem we meet Charles Heath's engraving of 'The Forsaken,' from a picture by Newton, which is in itself a magnet. We look again and again at that sweet resigned face, and again return to gaze upon it with renewed delight. It seems instinct with vitality: without at all resembling a Venus or a Madonna, it is eminently beautiful; and her flowing, exuberant hair, wreathed with a simple rose, speaks a volume of tenderness. The hands and arms are not perhaps sufficiently delicate, in proportion to her slender figure and her swan-like neck. Miss Landon, in the verses which she has written to illustrate this lovely portrait, seems not to have caught its true spirit. She will give us leave to say that she imputes to the fair seraph a much deeper feeling of woe than the expression of her features justifies. The gloom on her brow is but that of a summer cloud. She seems to have no notion whatever of the tomb, and at the worst she feels but that "nympholepsy of some fond despair," which the morrow's sun would chase away from her bosom. We shall, however, present the reader with Miss Landon's lines: he will observe that the motto is not only taken by her from one of her own poems, but signed with her initials. We would in kindness recommend her in future to avoid quoting herself: for, however innocent may be her intentions in paying herself a compliment, there are those who might be inclined to impute her preference to another cause. We offer this suggestion to her consideration, because we find that she has exposed herself to this imputation in a variety of instances.

> 'I dreamed a dream, that I had flung a chain
> Of roses around Love, — I woke, and found
> I had chained Sorrow. L. E. L.

'I have caught the last wave of his snow-white plume, —
How fast to-night closes the evening gloom;
I have heard the last sound of his horse's feet, —
Oh, wind! once more the echoes repeat.

'I should not weep thus if thou wert gone
Away to the battle as oft thou hast done;
Or, if I wept, my tears would be
But voiceless orisons for thee.

'Thou wert wont to part my scarf on thine arm,
My last kiss laid on thy lips like a charm:
I could pray, and believe that thy maiden's prayer
Would be with thee in battle, and guard thee there.

'But now thou art gone to the festival,
To the crowded city, the lighted hall,
In the courtly beauty's shining bower,
Little thou'lt think of thine own wild flower.

'Thou wilt join in the midnight saraband,
With thy graceful smile, and thy whisper bland;
And to many another thou wilt be
All thou once wert to only me.

'I might have known what would be my share —
Silent suffering, and secret care;
I might have known my woman's part —
A faded cheek, and a rifled heart.

'Often I'd read in the minstrel-tale,
How bright eyes grow dim, and red lips pale;
Of the tears that wail the fond maiden's lot,
But I loved thee, and all but my love forgot.

'And must this be, oh, heart of mine!
Why art thou not too proud to pine?
Again I will wreathe my raven hair,
With the red-rose flowers it was wont to wear;

'Again I will enter my father's hall;
Again be the gayest and gladdest of all;
Like the falcon that soars at her highest bound,
Though her bosom bear in it its red death-wound!

'But what boots it to teach my heart a task
So vain as weeping behind a mask,
Broken, with only ruins to hide,
Little it recks of the show of pride.

'Will a smile bring back to my lip its red,
Or the azure light from my blue eye fled?
Efface from the faded brow and cheek,
The tale that tells my heart must break?

'No! I will away to my solitude,
And hang my head in my darkened mood;
Passing away, with a silent sigh,
Unknown, unwept, and thus will I die!

'Farewell, farewell! I have but one prayer —
That no thought may haunt thee of my despair;
Be my memory to thee a pleasant thing,
An odour that came and past with thy spring.

'Forget me, — I would not have thee know
Of the youth and bloom thy falseness laid low;
That the green grass grows, the cypresses wave,
And the death-stone lies on thy once love's grave!

L. E. L.'

'The

'The Old Manor-House' is a ghost-story, supposed to be told in a nursery; a region to which, perhaps, it might have been confined without impairing the attractions of the Souvenir. The reader, perhaps, will be pleased to see some exquisite verses by John Clare, the untutored poet of nature. The editor seems to have imparted a little of his own rhythmical elegance to some of the lines, and in one or two instances to have improved the imagery. But this friendly assistance diminishes in no degree the merit of Clare. The stanzas remind us forcibly of Burns.

'First love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung;
As Summer-leaves the stems behind
On which Spring's blossoms hung.

'Mary! I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song:
Had time and change not blotted out
The love of former days,
Thou wert the last that I should doubt
Of pleasing with my praise.

'When honied tokens from each tongue
Told with what truth we loved,
How rapturous to thy lips I clung,
Whilst nought but smiles reproved!
But now, methinks, if one kind word
Were whisper'd in thine ear,
Thou'dst startle like an untamed bird,
And blush with wilder fear!

'How loth to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be!
At sunset with what eager feet
I hastened on to thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have ris'n and set,
Nor found us once together!

'Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone
Would bring thee to mine eye:
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face!

'I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown;
And burning blushes speak my shame
That thus I love thee on!
I felt I then thy heart did share,
Nor urged a binding vow;
But much I doubt if thou could spare
One word of kindness now.

'Oh! what is now thy name to me,
Though once nought seemed so dear?
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,
To please some idle ear.
And yet, like counterfeits, with me
Impressions linger on,
Though all the gilded finery
That passed for truth is gone!

'Ere the world smiled upon my lays
A sweeter meed was mine;
Thy blushing look of ready praise
Was raised at every line.
But now, methinks, thy fervent love
Is changed to scorn severe;
And songs that other hearts approve
Seem discord to thine ear.

'When last thy gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers!'

A charming engraving of Windsor-Castle, by Charles Heath from a drawing by P. Dewint, is illustrated by a tale from the authoress of "London in the Olden Time." It bears evidence of her extensive acquaintance with the topographical episodes of Windsor, but it has no particular relation to the picture, which is a general landscape comprising in a single point of view the unrivalled beauties of that royal domain. We next come to Chantrey's fascinating statue of Lady Louisa Russell, of which a steel engraving by Thomson, from a drawing by H. Corbould, is given. In describing this well known *chef d'œuvre* we must adopt the language of Mrs. Hemans, than which no words can possibly be more descriptive.

'Thou art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form, on each image of childhood's track!

'Thou

'Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers;
When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive dove!

'Are they gone? can we think it, while thou art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair?
Is it not Spring that indeed breathes free
And fresh o'er each thought, as we gaze on thee?

'No! never more may we smile as *thou*
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow!
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine,
A memory of beauty, undimmed as thine!

'To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace;
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn!'

The extent of the extracts which we have already made prevents us from noticing in detail several other pieces which we had selected from the brilliant collection with which this volume is enriched. We must content ourselves with referring generally to the lines on Richmond-Hill, and to the very beautiful engraving of that famed scene which is made from Turner's admirable drawing of it. Mr. Southey has contributed some lines to the memory of a friend, which are rather mediocre. The following lines are from the pen of Lord John Russell:

'It is well that I love the south-west wind,
It is well that I love the sounding verse;
For in its affections my heart hath sinned,
And a fiend o'er my country has breathed a curse.

'Ah! why was I born in affection strong,
(Affection the world was made to sear,)
With a cheek to glow at the oppressor's wrong,
And a heart to throb at a woman's tear.

'How I envy the lark as she springs from her nest,
And chants in the broad sky joyous and free!
No pangs for the past divide her breast,
No hope of things that never must be.

'Then down my heart, and down with its pride,
A chill hath withered its budding May;—
My love's in her grave by the cold sea-side,
And my country is drooping and dying away.'

ART. VIII. *The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn*, Esq. F.R.S. Author of Sylva; or, a Discourse of Forest Trees; Memoirs, &c. Now first collected, with occasional Notes. By William Upcott, of the London Institution. 4to. pp. 849. London. Colburn. 1825.

IN this work we have nothing more than an arranged collection of those miscellaneous tracts from the pen of Mr. Evelyn, which, having been published from time to time, and, in some instances, reprinted more than once, lay secluded in independent volumes, and, by reason of their scarcity, became inaccessible to the general class of readers. Within the limits to which we must confine our notice, it would be impossible to give even an outline of the various contents of a quarto publication which extends itself beyond the measure of 800 pages: but we have thought that it would be neither an useless nor unentertaining application of our labour, if we detached from the voluminous mass before us, those passages which are calculated to elucidate the character of the author, or, what is of more importance still, to throw a light on the social condition of the times in which he lived.

Evelyn was an adherent of the royal cause, as well during the rigorous season of the Commonwealth, as in the sunshine of the monarchy. That his loyalty to the house of Stuart was a pure and public principle, is a fact which we presume stands upon too good a foundation to be disputed at this day: but for any additional sanction to this opinion, we search in vain through the pages of this volume. A bold and passionate invective, styled "An Apology for the Royal Party" against the ascendant faction, was promulgated by Evelyn during the days of the interregnum, when, as he himself boasts in his Diary, "it was capital to speak or write in favour of the King." It is not, however, in the eulogies which Evelyn lavishes on the restored King that we can trace the tone of genuine loyalty. Doubtless so great a deliverance might well excite those transports of national rejoicing, in which there appeared, as it is well expressed by Dalrymple, "not so much the common affectation of public, as the effusion of private, passion." But even this fever of attachment will hardly reconcile us to the bold adulation of the author's strains. The 'Fumifugium,' in which Evelyn proposes a remedy for the foul air of London, was published very soon after the restoration, and was dedicated to the King.

'Sir,—It was one day, as I was walking in Your Majesties palace at Whitehall, (where I have sometimes the honour to refresh my self with the sight of your illustrious presence, which is the joy of your peoples

peoples hearts,) that a presumptuous smoake issuing from one or two tunnels neer Northumberland-house, and not far from Scotland-yard, did so invade the court, that all the rooms, galleries, and places about it were fill'd and infested with it; and that to such a degree, as men could hardly discern one another for the clowd, and none could support, without manifest inconveniency. It was not this which did first suggest to me what I had long since conceived against this pernicious accident, upon frequent observation; but it was this alone, and the trouble that it must needs procure to Your sacred Majesty, as well as hazard to your health, which kindled this indignation of mine against it, and was the occasion of what it has produc'd in these papers.

'Your Majesty, who is a lover of noble buildings, gardens, pictures, and all royal magnificences, must needs desire to be freed from this prodigious annoyance; and, which is so great an enemy to their lustre and beauty, that where it once enters there can nothing remain long in its native splendor and perfection: nor must I here forget that illustrious and divine Princesse, Your Majesties only sister, the now Dutchesse of Orleans, who at Her Highnesse late being in this city, did in my hearing complain of the effects of this smoake both in her breast and lungs, whilst she was in Your Majesties palace. I cannot but greatly apprehend, that Your Majesty (who has been so long accustom'd to the excellent aer of other countries) may be as much offended at it, in that regard also; especially since the evil is so epidemicall; indangering as well the health of your subjects, as it sullies the glory of this your imperial seat.'

In the parenthesis in the last sentence we discover an instance of the *naiveté* of Evelyn, in reminding the monarch of his continental travels. In three years after this he published his translation of Freart's treatise on Architecture, prefaced by a dedication to the King, which breathes the very spirit of oriental devotion.

'Nor may I here omit,' he says, '(what I so much desire to transmit to posterity) those noble and profitable amænities of Your Majesties plantations, wherein you most resemble the Divine Architect, because Your Majesty has proposed in it such a pattern to your subjects as merit their imitation and profoundest acknowledgements, in one of the most worthy and kingly improvements that nature is capable of. I know not what they talk of former ages, and on the now contemporary princes with Your Majesty: these things are visible; and should I here descend to more particulars, which yet were not foreign to the subject of this discourse, I would provoke the whole world to produce me an example parallel with Your Majesty, for your exact judgment and marvellous ability in all that belongs to the naval architecture, both as to its proper terms and more solid use.'

And

And a little after:

'But to return to that of architecture again, (for it is hard not to slide into the panegyrick when once one begins to speak of Your Majesty,) I am witness not only how pertinently you discourse of the art, but how judiciously you contrive; and as in all other princely and magnificent things your notices are extraordinary, so I cannot but augure of their effects, and that Your Majesty was designed of God for a blessing to this nation in all that can render it happy, if we can have the grace but to discern it, and be thankful for it.'

One sample more and we have done.

'If such were those glorious heros of old, who first brought men out of the wildernesses into walled and well-built cities, that chased barbarity, introduced civility, gave laws to republicks, and to whose rare examples and industry we are accomptable for all that we possess of usefull in the arts, and that we enjoy of benefit to the publick; how much cause have we in these nations to rejoyce, that whilst Your Majesty pursues these laudable undertakings, that race of demy-gods is not altogether extinct!'

In other passages, speaking of His Majesty, he says, 'that his person is so lovely, as that it captivates all beholders; his parts and endowments such, that were we to search all nations for a complete and well-accomplished personage to rule over us, common fame and report could not but send us to him!'

That Evelyn, however, was capable of intrepid censure on occasions where eulogy would have served, and neutrality not compromised him, and that he could sacrifice his religious and his national prejudices to the cause of truth, are forcibly attested in several of these pieces. In the tract entitled 'The State of France' he liberally asserts, in a discriminating estimate of their character, the virtues and the institutions of a people, who, as it was inculcated in our popular traditions, were the natural enemies of this country. Another paper, called 'A Character of England,' evinces the candour and impartiality of the writer in circumstances where weaker minds might have been successfully tempted to a contrary course. Great praise is assigned to Evelyn, for the temper with which he conducted the controversy with Sir George M'Kenzie, on the comparative merits of solitude and a life of public employment. It was easy for the combatants to be mutually courteous upon so abstract a matter. Besides, Evelyn, according to his own avowal to his friend Cowley, wrote in the mask of an advocate, and artificially sustained a theory, which was condemned equally by his recorded expressions

sions and the uniform practice of his own life. But it is in the constancy of his passion for the sweets of a sylvan life, (in itself the mark of an amiable and contented mind,) in his domestic virtues, his political consistency, solid piety, extraordinary and curious learning, and the ready devotion with which he lent himself to every scheme of public utility; it is in these traits that we find out that engaging and useful character, which accounts for the influence he held over his contemporaries, and will be the lasting recommendation of his name and his works. The tenderness of parental sorrow was never more beautifully pourtrayed than in the preface to a translation from St. Chrysostom, on the education of children, which was dedicated to his brothers, to console them for the loss of their children, whilst he paid a tribute to the memory of his own child Richard. Who is there that listens to the father bewailing the early loss of a son, who died at the infant age of six years, and yet possessed more than the attainments of fifteen, without participating in his grief? With what mournful pleasure does he range over the narrow biography! how minutely registered, how fondly magnified, are all the little traits of proficiency, and wisdom, and virtue, as if the admiration of the world for this miniature perfection could delude the sorrows of the father, and take its sting from disappointment!

'How divinely,' concludes Evelyn, 'did this pious infant speake of his being weary of this troublesome world (into which he was scarcely entred), and whilst he lay sick, of his desires to goe to Heaven; that the angels might convey him into Abrahams bosome, passionately perswading those that tended him to dye with him; for he told them that he knew he should not live: and, really, though it were an ague which carried him from us, (a disease which I least apprehended, finding him so lively in his interval,) yet the day before he took his leave of us, he call'd to me, and pronounced it very soberly; Father (sayes he), you have often told me that you would give me your house, and your land, your bookes, and all your fine things; but I tell you, I shall have none of them; you will leave them all to my brother. This he spake without any provocation or passion; and it did somewhat trouble me, that I could not make him alter this conceit, which in another would be esteemed prophetick. But that I may conclude, and shew how truly jealous this child was lest he should offend God in the least scruple, that very morning, not many howres before he fell into that sleepe which was his last, being in the midst of his paroxeisme, he called to me, and asked of me whether he should not offend, if in the extremity of his pain he mentioned so often the name of God calling for ease; and whether God would accept his prayers if he did not hold his hands out of bed in the posture of praying? which when

when I had pacified him about, he prayed, till his prayers were turned into eternal praises.'

Evelyn, we have said, merits the character of being an honest and impartial reprover of the national defects. The observation principally applies to the tract already referred to, 'A Character of England,' which is entitled to more detailed notice. It purports to be a translation from the French, (a favourite device of Evelyn,) the original being represented to be written by a traveller from France. His reception at Dover is indifferent: the vulgar familiarity of the landlord at Rochester, where the party spend the first night, is still more intolerable; and then we follow them to the metropolis.

'Arriv'd at the metropolis of civility, London, we put our selves in coach with some persons of quality, who came to conduct us to our lodging: but neither was this passage without honour done to us; the kennel dirt, squibs, roots, and rams-hornes being favours which were frequently cast at us by the children and apprentises without reproofe; civilities that in Paris a gentleman as seldom meets withall, as with the contests of carmen, who in this town domineer in the streets, o're-throw the hell-carts (for so they name the coaches), cursing and reviling at the nobles: you would imagine yourself amongst a legion of devils, and in the suburbs of hell.'

He thus speaks of the state of religious worship:

'Form, they observe none. They pray and read without method, and indeed, without reverence or devotion. I have beheld a whole congregation sit with their hats on, at the reading of the Psalms, and yet bare-headed when they sing them. In divers places they read not the Scriptures at all; but up into the pulpit, where they make an insipid, tedious, and immethodical prayer, in phrases and a tone so affected and mysterious, that they give it the name of canting, a term by which they do usually express the gibberish of beggars and vagabonds; after which, there follows the sermon, (which, for the most part, they read out of a book,) consisting (like their prayers) of speculative and abstracted notions and things, which, nor the people nor themselves well understand: but these they extend to an extraordinary length and pharisaical repetitions; and well they may, for their chaires are lined with prodigious velvet cushions, upon which they loll and talk, 'till almost they sleep; I am sure, till their auditors do.

'The minister uses no habit of distinction, or gravity, but steps up in *querpo;* and when he laies by his cloak (as I have observed some of them) he has the action rather of a thrasher than a divine. This they call taking pains, and indeed it is so to those that hear them: but thus they have now encouraged every pert mechanick to invade, affront, and out-preach them; and having uncan-

uncancell'd all manner of decency, prostituted both their persons and function to usurpation, penury, and derision.'

The state of our taverns is the next subject of reproach.

'There is within this city, and in all the towns in England (which I have passed through), so prodigious a number of houses where they sell a certain drink called Ale, that I think a good halfe of the inhabitants may be denominated Ale-house-keepers: these are a meaner sort of cabarets; but what is most deplorable, where the gentlemen sit, and spend much of their time, drinking of a muddy kind of beverage, and tobacco, which has universally besotted the nation, and at which (I hear) they have consumed many noble estates. As for other taverns, London is compos'd of them, where they drink Spanish wines, and other sophisticated liquors, to that fury and intemperance as has often amaz'd me to consider it: but thus some mean fellow, the drawer, arrives to an estate, some of them having built fair houses, and purchased those gentlemen out of their possessions, who have ruined themselves by that base and dishonourable vice of inebriety: and that nothing may be wanting to the height of luxury and impiety of this abomination, they have translated the organs out of the churches to set them up in taverns, chanting their dithrambicks, and bestiall bacchanalias to the tune of those instruments, which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God's praises, and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world, which are the English in their churches at present.'

The grossness of manners at that period is strongly illustrated by the following example:

'It is esteem'd a piece of wit to make a man drunk, for which some swilling insipid client or *congiarie* is a frequent and constant adjutant. Your L. may hence well imagine how heavy, dull, and insignificant the conversation is; loud, querulous, and impertinent. I shall relate a story that once happened in my presence at a gentlemans house in the countrey, where there was much company and feasting. I fortun'd to come at dinner-time, and after the cloth was taken away (as the manner is) they fell to their laudable exercise; but I, unacquainted then with their custome, was led up into a withdrawing room, where I had the permission (with a noble person who introduced me) to sit and converse with the ladies who were thither retired; the gentleman of the house leaving us, in the mean time, to entertain his friends below. But you may imagine how strangely I was astonish'd, to see within an hour after, one of the company that had dined there entering into the room all bloody and disorder'd, to fetch a sword which lay in one of the windowes, and three or four of his companions, whom the fumes of the wine had inspirited, pursuing and dragging him by the hair, till in this confusion one of their spurs engaged into a carpet, upon which stood a very fair looking-glass, and two noble pieces of porselain, drew all to the ground, break the glass and the vasas in pieces; and all this on such an instant, that the gentleman and

and my self had much ado to rescue the affrighted ladies from suffering in the tumult; but at last we prevail'd, and brought them to tearms; the quarrel concerning an health onely, which one of them would have shifted.'

The state of society at the time we hope is overcharged in this picture:

'There is here, my Lord, no such thing as courtship after the decent mode of our circles; for either being mingled in a room, the gentlemen separate from the conversation of the ladies, to drink, or else to whisper with one another, at some corner, or bay-window, abandoning the ladies to gossip by themselves, which is a custome so strange to a gallant of our nation as nothing appears more barbarous and unbecoming; and this in effect must needs be the reason that those beautiful creatures can so little furnish, that they want assurance, address, and the charming discourse of our *damoiseles*, which are faculties so shining and agreeable in their sex with us in France: and, in truth, even the gentlemen themselves are greatly defective as to this particular, ill courtiers, unplyant, morose, and of vulgar address, generally not so polished, free, and serene, as is universally found even amongst the most inferiour of our nation. I am not ignorant that they impute it to a certain levity in us; but it is a mistake in them, and that because they so hardly reform it without some ridiculous affectation, as is conspicuous in their several modes and dresses, which they vary ten times for our once, every one affecting something particular, as having no standard at court which should give laws and do countenance to the fashion. The women are much affected with gaudry, there being nothing more frequent than to see an ancient ladie wear colours, a thing which neither young nor old of either sex do with us, save in the country and the camp, but widows at no time.'

To pursue the description of manners, we accompany the writer to the Park:

'The manner is, as the company returns, to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the Parke, as our Thuilleries is to the Course; the inclosure not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's: but the company walk in it at such a rate, as you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantases, contending with their woers; and, my Lord, there was no appearance that I should prove the Hippomenes, who could with very much ado keep pace with them: but as fast as they run, they stay there so long, as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usuall here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have been refreshed with the collation, which is here seldome omitted, at a certain cabaret in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruites are certain trifling tartes, neates-

neates-tongues, salacious meates, and bad Rhenish; for which the gallants pay sauce.'

It would seem that the state of forensic eloquence was not at this period very creditable to the national character.

'I was curious before my return, and when I had conquer'd some difficulties of the language and customes, to visite their judicatures; where besides that few of their gown-men are to be compared to those of the robe in our Palais * for elocution, and the talent of well speaking; so neither do they at all exceed them in the forms and colours of their pleading; but (as before I spake of their ralliary) supply the defects of the cause, with flat, insipide, and grossely abusing one another: a thing so trifling and misbecoming the gravity of courts, (where the lawyers take liberty to jeast mens estates away, and yet avow their avarice,) that I have much admired at the temper of the Judges, and their remisseness in reforming it; there was a young person, whom at my being there, was very much cried up for his abilities, and in whom I did not observe that usuall intemperance which I but now reproved; and certainly it springs either for want of those abilities, which the municipall lawes of this nation (consisting most of them in customes like our Normandy), whose ancient dialect their books yet retain, are so little apt to furnish; or the defect of those advantages, which the more polished sciences afford us, without which it is impossible to be good orators, and to maintaine their discourses, without diversion to that vile impertinency.'

As a continuation of this account of our manners and customs, we quote the following passage from the author's preface to a curious poem, suspected to have been written by Evelyn's daughter, entitled "Mundus Muliebris."

'The stile and method of wooing is quite changed, as well as the language, since the days of our fore-fathers (of unhappy memory, simple and plain men as they were,) who courted and chose their wives for their modesty, frugality, keeping at home, good housewifery, and other economical virtues then in reputation: and when the young damsels were taught all these in the country, and at their parents houses, the portion they brought was more in virtue than money, and she was a richer match than one who could have brought a million, and nothing else to commend her. The presents which were made when all was concluded were a ring, a necklace of pearls, and perhaps another fair jewel, the *bona paraphernalia* of her prudent mother, whose nuptial kirtle, gown, and petticoat, lasted as many anniversaries as the happy couple liv'd together, and were at last bequeath'd, with a purse of old gold, rose-nobles, spur-royals, and spankees, as an house-loom to her grand-daughter.

'They had cupboards of ancient useful plate, whole chests of damask for the table, and store of fine Holland sheets (white as the

'* Where they plead as at Westminster.'

driven snow), and fragrant of rose and lavender, for the bed; and the sturdy oaken bedstead, and furniture of the house, lasted one whole century; the shovel-board, and other long tables, both in hall and parlour, were as fixed as the freehold; nothing was moveable save joynt-stools, the black jacks, silver tankards, and bowls: and though many things fell out between the cup and the lip, when happy ale, March beer, metheglin, malmesey, and old sherry, got the ascendant amongst the blew-coats and badges, they sung *Old Symon* and *Cheviot-Chase*, and danc'd *Brave Arthur*, and were able to draw a bow that made the proud Monsieur tremble at the whizze of the grey-goose feather. 'Twas then ancient hospitality was kept up in town and country, by which the tenants were enabled to pay their landlords at punctual day; the poor were relieved bountifully, and charity was as warm as the kitchen, where the fire was perpetual.

'In those happy days, Sure-foot, the grave and steady mare, carried the good knight and his courteous lady behind him, to church and to visit the neighbourhood, without so many hell-carts, ratling coaches, and a crue of *lacqueys*, which a grave livery servant or two supply'd, who rid before and made way for his worship.

'Things of use were natural, plain, and wholesome; nothing was superfluous, nothing necessary wanting; and men of estate studied the publick good, and gave examples of true piety, loyalty, justice, sobriety, charity, and the good neighbourhood compos'd most differences; perjury, suborning witnesses, alimony, avowed adulteries, and misses (publickly own'd), were prodigies in those days, and laws were reason, not craft, when mens titles were secure, and they served their generation with honour, left their patrimonial estates improv'd to an hopeful heir, who, passing from the free-school to the college, and thence to the inns of court, acquainting himself with a competent tincture of the laws of his country, followed the example of his worthy ancestors, and if he travell'd abroad, it was not to count steeples, and bring home feather and ribbon, and the sins of other nations, but to gain such experience as rendred him useful to his prince and his country upon occasion, and confirm'd him in the love of both of 'em above any other.

'The virgins and young ladies of that golden age * *quæsierunt lanam & linum*, put their hands to the spindle, nor disdain'd they the needle; were obsequious and helpful to their parents, instructed in the managery of the family, and gave presages of making excellent wives. Nor then did they read so many romances, see so many plays and smutty farces; set up for visits, and have their days of *audience*, and idle pass-time: honest *gleek*, *ruff*, and *honours*, diverted the ladies at *Christmas*, and they knew not so much as the names of *ombre*, *comet*, and *basset*. Their retirements were devout and religious books, and their recreations in the distillatory, the knowledge of plants and their virtues, for the comfort of their poor

'* Prov. ch. xxxi. verses 13. 19.'

neighbours

neighbours and use of the family, which wholesome plain diet and kitchen-physick preserved in perfect health. In those days, the scurvy, spleen, &c. were scarce heard of, till forreign drinks and mixtures were wantonly introduc'd. Nor were the young gentlewomen so universally afflicted with hysterical fits, nor, though extremely modest, at all melancholy, or less gay and in good humour: they could touch the lute and virginal, sing *like to the damask rose,* and their breath was as sweet as their voices: they danc'd the *Canarys, Spanish Pavan,* and *Selengers Round,* upon sippets, with as much grace and loveliness as any *Isaac, Monsieur,* or *Italian* of them all, can teach with his fop-call and apish postures.'

We gather from other parts of the volume that the buildings in the metropolis were very irregular, and the surface of the streets very much neglected. The increase of those irregular structures, in defiance of public convenience and common taste, Evelyn attributes to the negligence of the master-builders, who chose to do their duty by deputation, and the obstinate ignorance of the mechanics, to whom that duty was exclusively entrusted.

'It were, I say, becoming our great needs that some ingenious person did take this in hand, and advance upon the principles already establish'd, and not so acquiesce in them as if there were a *non ultra* engraven upon our columns like those of Hercules, after which there remained no more to be discovered; at least in the apprehension of our vulgar workmen, who, for want of some more solid directions, faithful and easy rules in this nature, fill as well whole cities as private dwellings with rubbish and a thousand infirmities, as by their want of skill in the profession, with the most shameful incongruities and inconveniences in all they take in hand; and all this for want of canons to proceed by, and humility to learn, there being hardly a nation under heaven more conceited of their understandings and abilities, and more impatient of direction, than our ordinary mechanicks: for let one find never so just a fault with a workman, be the same of what mistery soever, immediately he shall reply, "Sir, I do not come hither to be taught my trade; I have serv'd an apprenticeship, and have wrought e're now with gentlemen that have been satisfied with my work;" and sometimes not without language of reproach, or casting down his tools, and going away in wrath, for such I have frequently met withal.'

In connection with this subject, we may add the following curious passage about the building of St. Paul's. The person addressed is Sir Christopher Wren.

'I have named St. Pauls, and truly not without admiration, as oft as I recall to mind (as frequently I do) the sad and deplorable condition it was in, when (after it had been made a stable of horses and a den of thieves) you, with other gentlemen, and myself, were by the late King Charles nam'd Commissioners to survey the dilapidations, and to make report to His Majesty, in order to a speedy

reparation. You will not, I am sure, forget the struggle we had with some who were for patching it up any how (so the steeple might stand), instead of new building, which it altogether needed; when (to put an end to the contest), five days after, that dreadful conflagration happen'd out of whose ashes this phœnix is risen, and was by Providence design'd for you: the circumstance is too remarkable, that I could not pass it over without notice.'

A great object which Evelyn had at heart was the purification of the London atmosphere, and the great panacea for that purpose was planting. He proposes that all the low grounds circumjacent to the city should be planted with fragrant flowers and shrubs.

'By which means,' he says, 'the aer and winds perpetually fann'd from so many circling and encompassing hedges, fragrant shrubs, trees and flowers, (the amputation and prunings of whose superfluities may in winter, on some occasions of weather and winds, be burnt, to visit the city with a more benign smoak,) not onely all that did approach the region which is properly design'd to be flowery; but even the whole city would be sensible of the sweet and ravishing varieties of the perfumes, as well as of the most delightful and pleasant objects and places of recreation for the inhabitants; yielding also a prospect of a noble and masculine majesty, by reason of the frequent plantations of trees, and nurseries for ornament, profit, and security.'

The 'History of Chalcography,' which was compiled at the desire of the Royal Society, is replete with curious information on the subjects of engraving and design. The papers connected with horticulture in this volume exhibit the degree of practical attention which Evelyn bestowed upon this his favourite occupation. But it is a remarkable inconsistency in this man, that he, whom the splendours of a court could not permanently attract from the pursuit of nature in all her simplicity, should nevertheless distinguish all his horticultural designs by the liberal employment of the artificial decoration of grotto, rock, and engine-labyrinth and ground-work, affectations which are universally supposed to confess the absence of all taste for natural beauty.

We now come to the production of Evelyn's old age. He was verging towards eighty when he composed his 'Acetaria, or, a Discourse of Sallads.' It is a curious relic of octogenarian indulgence. He becomes buoyant at the very sight of the salad-dish, and is refreshed by the flavour of lob-lolly and endive. From that instant all traces of vigour and faint — the learning of life is too poor for illustrating — a half century of horticultural practice serves as nothing in describing the catalogue of ingredients that enter into the composition of a salad. Thirty-five independent vegeta-

are appointed to the service, to be supported by an adequate supply of auxiliary vinegar, mustard, and hard eggs. And up to this time we have said nothing of the salad-gatherer, to the awfulness of whose functions the office of a prime-minister bears about the proportion of that of a beadle. 'I can by no means approve of that extravagant fancy of some, who tell us, that a fool is as fit to be the gatherer of a sallet as a wiser man; because, say they, one can hardly choose amiss, provided the plants be green, young, and tender, where-ever they meet with them.' No such thing: may not deadly hemlock be gathered for parsley, dog's mercury be mistaken for spinage, and horned poppy confounded with eringo? And let no man lightly deem himself qualified for a composer of salads. How shall an unlearned man presume to adjust the acids and the alkalis, the pungents and the insipids? How shall he be sure that in commingling the flats and sharps of this esculent scale, he may not produce discord and confusion? 'From all which,' continues our author, 'it appears, that a wise man is the proper composer of an excellent sallet, and how many transcendencies belong to an accomplish'd sallet-dresser, so as to emerge an exact critic indeed!' So much for this solemn trifling.

We feel that there are many things of importance in these writings which have not obtained our notice; but as we professed to have no other object than that of singling out those passages which illustrate character and manners, so we think we have omitted nothing under that head which would have the effect of changing the impression to be deduced from the extracts we have cited.

Art. IX. *Jerusalem Delivered:* an Epic Poem, in Twenty Cantos. Translated into English Spenserian Verse from the Italian of Tasso; together with a Life of the Author, interspersed with Translations of his Verses to the Princess Leonora of Este; and a List of English Crusaders. By J. H. Wiffen. 2 Vols. Royal 8vo. London. 1825.

"The Gerusalemme Liberata" has at least found in our language no lack of translators; and if the immortal spirit of Tasso were permitted to regard the sublunary fate of his muse, whatever he might deem of their merits, he could scarcely lament the paucity of these ministering satellites of his glory. Even, indeed, before the premature close of his saddened existence, our Elizabethan poesy had poured forth a full tide of homage to the majesty of his genius. That age produced three complete English versions of the "Jerusalem Delivered." Of these the translation of Carew was more dis-

tinguished for its rigid precision and scrupulous fidelity than for any melody of song; and it was accordingly soon consigned to the dust of libraries. The version of Fairfax, on the contrary, has survived to charm the lovers of our old and sterling literature; and, notwithstanding some absurdities, is still deservedly familiar to the scholar, for its racy genuine English, its vigorous versification, and the numerous poetical beauties which it engrafted, though far too unsparingly, upon the simple dignity of the original. The third Elizabethan version, that of Sir George Turberville, was never published; but Mr. Wiffen, who has made a short-hand transcript of the original finished MS. preserved in the Bodleian Library, declares that 'it occupies in merit a middle station between those of Fairfax and Carew.' The three, like the Italian poem, were all composed in the octave stanza.

Until the appearance of the very delightful version with which Mr. Wiffen has here enriched our stores of translated poetry, we know not that the hold of old Fairfax upon our affections had ever been seriously shaken. In the last century, indeed, several obscure writers had given specimens of new translations of the "Jerusalem," all of them (with one blank verse exception) in jingling, rhyming couplets; until these ushered in, to the same measure, Mr. Hoole's *execution* of the poem. Happily the days are past when that wretched and insipid production might longer be tolerated by our national taste. But Hoole's version was a worthy example of the consequences of submission to the French canons of poetical criticism; — those envious canons, which condemned the free and varied march of Tasso, because, in the indignant language of Byron, they would allow

> "No strain which shamed their country's creaking lyre,
> That whetstone of the teeth, monotony in wire."

It is surprising that the example of Hoole should not have deterred a man of genius and taste, a real poet, and a scholar, from again attempting, even in these times, a new translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" in rhyming couplets. Yet, some eight years since, a writer, eminently so gifted, the Rev. T. H. Hunt, was found hardy enough for the essay. He gave to the world a poem, a very beautiful poem, on Tasso's subject, full of polished graces and exquisitely rendered images, but yet monotonous in cadence and changeless on the ear, often redundant in expression, and not unfrequently obscure; and all this, because, rejecting the obvious convenience and various harmony of the *ottava rima*, he was content to assign just ten feet, no less and no more, to every

every pause of idea. In short, as we had a "Mr. Pope's Iliad," as Bentley would have said, so we had now, *longo intervallo*, "Mr. Hunt's Jerusalem Delivered:" but neither Homer nor Tasso.

We have made this rapid estimate of the value of all previous translations of the "Gerusalemme Liberata," because upon their sufficiency must Mr. Wiffen be contented to have the necessity of his labours determined. He has modestly abstained from any depreciation of his predecessors: but there can be no question that a new translation *was* imperiously requisite; for, with even all our partiality for Fairfax, we must give him up, too, the instant that he be put upon his trial for fidelity. He is in imagination completely a chartered libertine; and so that he may roam in excursive freedom, "warbling his native wood-notes wild," as little cares he for his master as an elfin page for its lord. Mr. Wiffen, then, had every encouragement for this undertaking; and it only remains for us to declare, that, while he leaves the train of all other translators far behind, he has executed his task with no less spirit, and with far more fidelity and consistent elegance, than Fairfax himself; and that, while he enthusiastically worships the genius of his Italian master, he has caught the inspiration, and reflected the light, of his ethereal mind.

In one respect, however, we must doubt the judgment and propriety of the course which Mr. Wiffen has pursued, — in the choice of the Spenserian stanza; nor, notwithstanding the complacency with which he proclaims the acknowledged superiority of his preference, and the general justice of his animated eulogy upon the various beauties and advantages of its structure, can we be persuaded that it is wisely chosen for this particular occasion. Our reason is a simple, and will be found, we take it, an unanswerable one. The Italian is a language which, in conciseness and terseness, is certainly not superior to our own; and it therefore follows, that as our octave stanza will contain, as it were, full as many ideas as the eight lines of the Italian, the ninth of the Spenserian must require some extraneous matter to fill it. Accordingly, in almost every stanza which we have compared with the original, we find something added to the expression of Tasso. Generally, we admit, *that* something is an access of beauty; but still it is injurious, in so far as it overlays the severe simplicity of the original, and injures the exact fidelity of the version. Of Mr. Wiffen's redundancies, thus caused, we shall just point out two or three examples at random.

"Cibo non prende già, che de' suoi mali
Solo si pasce, e sol di pianto ha sete:

Ma 'l sonno che de' miseri mortali
E col suo dolce oblio posa e quiete,
Sopì co' sensi i suoi dolori, e l'ali
Dispiegò sovra lei placide e chete.
Nè però cessa Amor con varie forme
La sua pace turbar mentre ella dorme." (C. vii. s. 4.)

'She had had no refreshment, her sole diet
The food that sorrow from remembrance wrings,
But sleep at length, pain's comfort, care's sweet quiet,
O'er her closed eyes displays his brooding wings,
Seals with his opiate rod the thousand springs
Of thought, and in serene oblivion steeps
Her sense of grief: but forms of visioned things
Disturb her fluttering spirit while she sleeps,—
Still fancy's pictured porch unsilenced passion keeps.'

Of this stanza, thus rendered with exquisite beauty, the whole of the last line is absolutely gratuitous. Not a word of the idea belongs to Tasso; and here the stanza of eight lines would exactly have completed the translation, without the excrescence of the last. We may observe, also, by the way, if it be not hypercritical, that the third and fourth lines are too paraphrastical. Tasso had in remembrance the "quies mortalibus ægris" of his model, Virgil; and the simple pathos of the image is lost in the generalisation of 'pain's comfort, care's sweet quiet.' Nor, afterwards, is 'Amor con varie forme' satisfactorily rendered by 'forms of visioned things.'

Thus again, in the picture of Armida:

"Mostra 'l bel petto le sue nevi ignude,
Onde il foco d'amor si nutre e desta:
Parte appar delle mamme acerbe e crude,
Parte altrui ne ricopre invida vesta;
Invida, ma s'agli occhi il varco chiude,
L'amoroso pensier già non arresta,
Che non ben pago di bellezza esterna
Negli occulti secreti anco s' interna." (C. iv. s. 31.)

'Ripe as the grape, just mellowing into wine,
Her bosom swells to sight; its lily breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid by her embroidered vests:
Whose jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, at will, in those delicious nests
And their most shadowed secrecies to see;
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively phantasy.'

Here, also, the ninth line is wholly superfluous, as conveying an idea not to be found in the original. Farther, we might remark of this stanza, that the sense of the second line in

in Tasso is entirely omitted, while Mr. Wiffen's third line is altogether extraneous from the original. But we might go on endlessly citing some whole redundant line in each stanza, or at least a length of redundancy equal to a line, and alike inevitable, from Mr. Wiffen's self-inflicted embarrassment, — the choice of the Spenserian structure for his versification, in preference to the obvious octave stanza.

It is apparently from the same self-inflicted necessity, that Mr. Wiffen has been reduced to exert rather an unwarrantable license, in fleshing his figures with epithets and appurtenances which Tasso never intended, and of many of which his age positively knew nothing. We have not compared his translation throughout with the original, nor was it at all necessary that we should do so, to enable us to form and convey a general estimate of his version. In several parts, however, which we *have* carefully collated, we have detected some two or three dozen of verbal inaccuracies and improprieties: but we pass over these trifling blemishes; for in so vast a labour we should take shame to ourselves to detract from the general beauty of an admirable production by minute and carping criticism. One other error of judgment which pervades the version we must, however, take leave, and are indeed bound, to notice. In a note to his second volume Mr. Wiffen is pleased to say,

'The reader will, before this, have observed that I have not scrupled to use occasionally the oriental terms, with which we have become familiar from the writings of D'Herbelot, &c. He will approve or censure this licence, *according to his own liberal or scrupulous disposition.* Yet how much more perfect a poem would the Gerusalemme have been had Tasso constructed his machinery upon the Arabian rather than the Greek mythology; and, instead of his powerful, yet forbidding picture of Pluto, in the fourth canto, have presented to us the magnificent and melancholy Eblis, as he is represented in the charming tale of "Vathek." Such a structure would have harmonized most admirably with all the incidents of a poem, written to signalize the triumphs of the Christian arms over the followers of Mahomet; and would have disarmed the critics of one of their most serious objections to the plan of this immortal work.'

All this is very true. If the "Bibliotheque Orientale" had been then written and familiar to Tasso, he might have improved the machinery of his epic: but the fates had decreed otherwise; and, therefore, at the hazard of being numbered by Mr. Wiffen among the illiberals of criticism, we are at issue with him upon the propriety of this license, which he has so unscrupulously given himself. We want to see the mind of Tasso, and the machinery which he did actually use, displayed

displayed in an English dress, — not Tasso and his knowledge illuminated and improved by Mr. Wiffen. And farther, to say the truth, we apprehend that there is more confusion introduced than order perfected by this attempt to invest the poem, in some parts, with a tinge of oriental manners and images, which only stands in contrast with its un-eastern colouring in others, and gives a motley hue to the whole. But enough of criticism: proceed we to render such justice to Mr. Wiffen as a single ungarbled specimen of his style may afford. We shall choose for our only extract the description of the gardens of Armida, as perhaps the most popular passage in all the range of the poem. Mr. Wiffen has rendered it admirably; and we doubt if the simple elegance of his version need fear comparison even with that beautiful and celebrated paraphrase of the original, which our Spenser has so happily borrowed and interwoven among the rich profusion of his native fancy.

'These windings passed, the garden gates unfold,
And the fair Eden meets their glad survey;
Still waters, moving crystals, sands of gold,
Herbs, thousand flowers, rare shrubs, and masses grey;
Sunshiny hillocks, shady vales, woods gay,
And grottos gloomy, in one view combined,
Presented were; and what increased their play
Of pleasure at the prospect, was to find
No where the happy art that had the whole designed.

'So natural seemed each ornament and site,
So well was neatness mingled with neglect,
As though boon nature, for her own delight,
Her mocker mock'd, till fancy's self was check'd;
The air, if nothing else there, is the' effect
Of magic, to the sound of whose soft flute
The blooms are born with which the trees are deck'd;
By flowers eternal lives the' eternal fruit,
This running richly ripe, whilst those but greenly shoot.

'Midst the same leaves, and on the self-same twig,
The rosy apple with the' unripe is seen;
Hung on one bough the old and youthful fig,
The golden orange glows beside the green;
And aye where sunniest stations intervene,
Creeps the curled vine luxuriant high o'erhead;
Here the sour grape just springs the flowers between,
Here yellowing, purpling, blushing ruby red,
Here black the clusters burst and heavenly nectar shed.

'The joyful birds sing sweet in the green bowers,
Murmur the winds, and, in their fall and rise,
Strike from the fruits, leaves, fountains, brooks, and flowers,
A thousand strange celestial harmonies;

When

When cease the birds, the zephyr loud replies,
When sing the birds, it faints amidst the tree
To whispers soft as lover's farewell sighs;
Thus, whether loud or low, the bird the breeze,
The breeze obeys the bird, and each with each agrees.

'One bird there flew, renowned above the rest,
With party-coloured plumes and purple bill,
That in a language like our own expressed
Her joys, but with such sweetness, sense, and skill,
As did the hearer with amazement fill;
So far her fellows she outsang, that they
Worshipped the wonder; every one grew still
At her rich voice, and listen'd to the lay,
Dumb were the woods — the winds and whispers died away.

'"Ah! see," thus she sang, "the rose spread to the morning,
Her red virgin leaves, the coy pride of all plants!
Yet half open, half shut midst the moss she was born in,
The less shews her beauty, the more she enchants;
Lo, soon after, her sweet naked bosom more cheaply
She shews! lo, soon after she sickens and fades,
Nor seems the same flower late desired so deeply
By thousands of lovers, and thousands of maids!

'"So fleets with the day's passing footsteps of fleetness,
The flower and the verdure of life's smiling scene;
Nor, though April returns with its sunshine and sweetness,
Again will it ever look blooming or green.
Then gather the rose in its fresh morning beauty,
The rose of a day too soon dimmed from above;
Whilst, beloved, we may love, let to love be our duty,
Now, now, whilst 'tis youth, pluck the roses of love."

'She ceased, and as approving all they heard,
That tender tune, the choirs of birds renew;
The turtles billed, and every brute and bird
In happy pairs to unseen glooms withdrew.
It seem'd that the hard oak, the grieving yew,
The chaste sad laurel, and the whole green grove, —
It seem'd each fruit that blushed, each bud that blew,
The earth, air, sea, and rosy heavens above,
All felt divine desire, and sighed out sweetest love.'

(C. xvi. ss. 9—16.)

After having thus gratified the curiosity of our readers with the only fair example of Mr. Wiffen's versification for which we can afford room, we have only to notice briefly the adjuncts of this edition of his translation. And, first, we cannot bestow too much unqualified praise upon the handsome and tasteful form which has been chosen for the publication of the work. For frontispiece we have a head of Tasso, excellently engraved by Cooper, from a portrait presented to the translator by Mr. Roscoe.

Roscoe. The original picture Mr. Wiffen takes pleasure in supposing to be the identical one which was presented to Tasso by his friend Manso — Milton's Manso — and which the bard in his will bequeathed again to the donor. Mr. Wiffen, indeed, argues the point with much show of plausibility; and, at all events, this copy from the picture corresponds sufficiently with the authentic bust of Tasso, and is by far the finest head of him which the graver has given to us. Besides the portrait we have two interesting *fac-similes* of the poet's handwriting; one of them the same which Mr. Hobhouse published in his illustrations of "Childe Harold;" the other procured by Lady William Russell from the Cardinal Legate of Ferrara.

The other ornaments of the work are exquisite wood-cuts — exquisite both in design and execution — prefixed to each canto, and principally from the graver of Williams, a young artist of much promise; and the volumes themselves are beautifully printed from the press of Mr. Moyes. In short, both in graphic and typographical embellishment, the present edition of the work is a splendid monument of the perfection of art in our times and country; and it is the more worthy of commendation, for the spirit and dispatch with which the first volume has been renewed, since the destruction of a whole impression, types and all, by a fire in Mr. Moyes's establishment. But while we sincerely trust that the disinterested and enthusiastic liberality with which the author has lavished these decorations upon his work will not lose a fair recompense, we are glad to learn that it will soon appear in a form which will render it more accessible to the slender purses of students in general. *

The original literary pieces with which Mr. Wiffen has graced his work are, first, some stanzas dedicatory to the Duchess of Bedford, breathing the sweetest strain of poesy, and offering a manly and worthy tribute of acknowledgment for patronage, which reflects equal honour on the illustrious house of Russell and the accomplished writer. These stanzas are succeeded by a preface, which ushers in a sketch of the life of Tasso. This is a very elegant piece of biography; and we regret that we have not space to analyse it. We may remark, however, that it is distinguished from the numerous former accounts of the bard, principally by the lively and satisfactory manner in which Mr. Wiffen has entered into those very interesting questions of the love of Tasso for the Princess Leonora of Este, and the inhuman treatment which he received

* The copy which we have used is one of those printed for the subscribers. The work is not yet in the hands of the public.

from

from her brother Alfonso. The *fact* of Tasso's passion for the Princess Mr. Wiffen has clearly made out, notwithstanding the reasonings of the Abate Serassi and Dr. Black. The difference of age between the parties it was absurd to urge as an objection, for Leonora is allowed not to have passed the maturity of her charms when the youthful Torquato first became resident at the court of her brother: nor can there exist a doubt that, in the charming love-episode of Sophronia and Olindo in the "Gerusalemme," he designed to sketch the portrait of Leonora as "Vergine era fra lor di già matura virginità," &c.; while Olindo was himself who "brama assai, poco spera, et nulla chiede," who feared much, hoped little, and presumed in nothing. But Mr. Wiffen's proofs of his passion are chosen from numerous sonnets, in which the name of the Princess was either figuratively shadowed out, or openly invoked, in the language of love. Of these pieces Mr. Wiffen has interspersed some very beautiful translations in the life; and one of them, avowedly addressed to Leonora, forms in itself so complete an answer to the objectors that he addressed other ladies in the same strain of gallantry, that we are tempted to give it, as well on this account as for the beauty both of the original and of our poet's version.

'When the blest heat grew cold, which thou, sweet flame,
Shed'st in my eagle spirit, I became
A hoarse dull bird of the' vale, and life has been
A wearying burden or a worthless scene.
Since — I of love have nothing writ nor sung,
Or if some ditties have escap'd my tongue
In truant sport, I oft have felt disdain
For the attempts, and thou no noble strain
Hast heard, no lyric e'er to be renowned,
But feeble chatterings of a vacant sound.
I am but a discordant lute, but like
The' unvalued lyre, which all chance-fingers strike,
Learned, or unlearned, and which in various tones
Now cheerly murmurs, and now harshly moans.
AND SWEET ALONE IN THY ENCHANTING NAME
SOUNDS THE DEAR SONG, AND ONLY WHEN I FRAME
MY THOUGHTS TO LOVE, ILLUMINED BY THE FIRE
OF THY BRIGHT EYES, DOES LOVE THE WORDS INSPIRE.'

There are no proofs, however, either that Leonora returned the passion of Tasso, or, in fact, that it was felt to any great intensity by the poet himself. That his presumption provoked his imprisonment is now an exploded tale of romance. Of the cause of that imprisonment we shall only observe, that no one can peruse the life before us without imbibing a confirmed and thorough detestation of the mean and obdurate inhumanity of

of the tyrant Alfonso. That the soul of Tasso was darkened by morbid sensibility, and maddened by the injurious treatment of rivals and false friends, cannot be doubted; but the Duke of Ferrara only used the plea of insanity that he might gratify some deep-seated malignity, whatever was its cause, under a fiend-like mockery of kindness, which aggravated the malady of his unhappy victim.

The life of Tasso is followed by an authentic list of English crusaders, (gathered from various chronicles and MSS.) which may minister, perhaps, to the ancestral pride of our old families. And, finally, on completing his translation, Mr. Wiffen has closed his labour of love with a poetical L'Envoy, a spirited and touching farewell to the 'Harp of the South,' which only fails to please us entirely, as too palpably recalling to mind, for any merit of originality, the parting invocation of our own Ariosto to the "Harp of the North." The lines, however, are very beautiful, and worthy of the theme which they quit, and of the magnitude and the splendid execution of the task which they close. Nor must we take our farewell of the whole subject without once more acknowledging the great value of the addition which Mr. Wiffen has thus made to our borrowed poetical literature. Charmed by the sweetness of the Italian muse, he has indeed drawn from her pictured urn too many of the elegancies of verse, and thrown them over a poet who is remarkably simple and chaste. Many of his phrases are suited rather to the laboured graces of Petrarch, and the long line, which "reaches to the crack of doom," of his followers. But though we censure Mr. Wiffen for his redundancies, they are the redundancies of genius, — the Ovidian mantle over the manly form of Virgil. Mr. Wiffen's translation will rank with those of Cary and Rose, and form no secondary part of that noble tribute of homage which the stern and grand genius of the north is paying to the gentle and lovely southern muse.

ART. X. *The Influence of Interest and Prejudice upon Proceedings in Parliament stated*, and illustrated by what has been done in Matters relative to Education, Religion, the Poor, the Corn Laws, Joint-Stock Companies, the Bank of England and Banking Companies, and Taxes. 8vo. pp. 210. London. 1825.

AMONG the many improvements that have taken place in this country since the Revolution, none have been more progressive, as indeed none have been more interwoven with the constitution which we enjoy, than those connected with freedom of discussion, and the means of diffusing it through every

every class of the community. Although the press was under no previous controul of law or royal license after that epoch, yet it was not until the late reign that the debates in Parliament found their way into the newspapers with any degree of regularity; and in the commencement the printing of those debates was attended with no inconsiderable peril to the parties who engaged in it. It was then held, and not unfrequently acted upon, that the publication of the proceedings of either House of the Legislature, was a gross violation of its privileges; and several instances are on record of the incarceration of printers, merely for exposing to profane eyes the mysteries of St. Stephen's. The same doctrine is still maintained, though we now never hear of its being called into activity by any member, unless in a case where his sentiments have been wilfully and violently misrepresented. Indeed, in such a case as this, it is rather the abuse than the use of the liberty of the press that is visited with punishment; and the usage of publishing the debates of Parliament has been so long practised without prohibition or protest on the part of the Commons or the Lords, that it may now be looked upon as established, and may justly be ranked among the most precious rights of the people.

So far, in truth, has either branch of the legislature been from making any protest of the kind, that, of late years, both Houses have entered at great length into the discussion of momentous questions, not for the purpose of founding any legislative measure upon them, but solely with the view of informing and guiding public opinion, not only in England, but upon the Continent. Nor was this purpose concealed: it was openly avowed, as well on the ministerial as the opposition benches. For an example we may refer to the famous debates on the interference of Austria with Naples, and on the still more iniquitous invasion of Spain by Louis XVIII., in the face of his word of honour solemnly pledged to the two Chambers of France. Those debates, which were originated by the Opposition, were not only acquiesced in, but avowedly taken advantage of by the ministry, for conveying to the continental powers, in the strongest manner, their sense of the conduct which those powers were about to adopt on those two important occasions. The only means by which their sentiments could have been effectually conveyed beyond the walls of Parliament were to be found in the assistance of the press; thus, therefore, its presence in Parliament, the attendance of its writers, and the utility of its mighty engines of circulation, were recognised and sanctioned in a manner, indirect it is true, but nevertheless perfectly intelligible.

Freedom

Freedom of discussion, as connected with Parliament, had only one step further to advance, and that was, after arranging before it the opinions of each member, to canvass those opinions with fearlessness and candour. This step has been taken only very recently. Indeed it is, we think, but four or five sessions ago that a formal complaint was made by a member of the House of Commons, not of a report of his speech, but of certain observations which were made upon it in one of the daily journals; as if his sentiments, from the accidental circumstance of their having been expressed within the walls of St. Stephen's, became too sacred to be commented upon by any body not privileged to sit in the same sanctuary. Not only, however, have these commentaries been persevered in, but their boldness has been surpassed by sketches of the life and character of almost every individual who takes any prominent share in the measures of the Legislature. Not only is the tendency of his politics discussed, but every circumstance of his life, from his birth and education down to the latest moment of his appearance on the public stage. His intellectual powers, his style of eloquence, his personal appearance, even the fashion of his coat, are all drawn out into a full blaze of light, and nothing is left untold or unsung, that prose or rhyme thinks fit to tell the world concerning him. These, coming as they do from the never-palsied hand of Time, are all innovations which nobody can trace the origin of, or would for a moment endeavour to resist, without exposing himself to such a mass of public ridicule as would literally extinguish him beneath its weight.

Another and a strong proof of this progress of discussion, as connected with the proceedings of Parliament, is exhibited in the work before us, nay even displayed in its title-page. What! is it come to this? Are we really to be told that 'interest' and 'prejudice' exercise any influence in the Legislature? Can such libels be uttered? can we venture to read them without apprehension of a visit from the Sergeant-at-Arms? We tremble for the situation of the author. Him surely Mr. Wynne will attack; him Mr. Brougham defend. Him the messengers of the House will pursue, and Mr. Speaker rebuke in his sonorous voice; and, unless his star be propitious, him will the walls of Newgate enclose from Candlemas until the dog-days!

We may, however, perhaps venture to observe that there is a good deal of sound sense and knowledge of public affairs in this work. It is avowed in the preface to be the production of Mr. Alexander Mundell, whose name we do not remember to have before encountered, either in politics, law,

or

or literature, although, from some hints that are scattered through the book, we collect that he is in some manner connected with the appeals sent to the House of Lords from Scotland. The style of his composition is by no means graceful, and he has been remarkably successful in rendering his observations on the laws relating to the poor, corn, and joint-stock and banking companies, as abstruse as possible. Yet they are not wholly unintelligible; and they, as well as the whole of his essays, have the merit of being in accordance with that generous and wise liberality which so strongly characterises the age.

We are much inclined to agree with him in opinion, that though England seems to be undergoing a continual change, so far as legislation is concerned, yet that every change of that description is by no means an improvement. Too many of our Acts of Parliament arise from the interests of those, who have the influence to get their crude ideas and their confined views of their own prosperity sanctioned by Parliament. Most of such injudicious acts are the results of the proceedings of commissions, or of committees of enquiry, and it is certain that no method could be devised more effectual for putting an end to the mischievous influence of such delegated bodies, than that of rendering their sittings open to the public.

'No one,' Mr. Mundell observes, 'who considers the benefits that have arisen from strangers being admitted into either House of Parliament, and the publicity given to their debates through the medium of the press, or who attends to what takes place in our courts of justice, can hesitate one moment to accede to this suggestion. There may be occasions where the proceedings of a commission or of a committee of enquiry ought to be secret, but these should form the exception, not the rule. In human affairs there cannot be responsibility without publicity. Such is the infirmity of human nature that man is sure to err, if he ever acts without the consciousness of present inspection and of future accounting. The hope of reward and the fear of consequences are implanted in his nature. The one prompts him to action, the other restrains him from evil. This is matter of everyday observation in common life, and the greatest mistake which we commit, perhaps, is in not applying to public life the rules of ordinary action.'

It would render the machinery a great deal too cumbrous, and impair its efficiency, if, upon every question submitted to committees, there should sit a committee of enquiry and a committee of review. This would approximate our legislature to the Congress of the United States, in which every measure is prepared and digested by select portions of the

assembly to such an extent, that the light which might be thrown upon them by repeated public discussions is wholly lost sight of. The only purpose, perhaps, for which a committee ought to be appointed, is the collection of evidence as to facts and opinions, which ought to be effected in the most public manner. To the House which appoints them should be submitted, in the most impartial mode, the results of their investigation, and these should undergo the ordeal of debate, until the House and the country are enabled to form a deliberate opinion concerning them. Of course state-matters may sometimes arise which would demand secrecy, but these should be the only excepted cases.

The Legislature will soon find it necessary to extend and liberalise its rules of proceeding, if it desires to place itself in the van of public opinion. The intellectual agitation which prevails through the mechanical and even the lower operative classes, the institutions which they are adopting, for the purpose of bringing within their reach those sciences and means of mental culture, which have heretofore been monopolised by the classes above them, are calculated to direct their attention so powerfully to public affairs, that it will soon be a hopeless task to set up against their voice, and that of the public at large, the interested votes of any party, or of any coalition of parties, in either House of Parliament.

We cordially agree with Mr. Mundell, that there is no part of the proceedings of Parliament which calls more loudly for reform, than that which relates to the preparation of Bills.

'The manner in which our Bills are framed, and the language in which they are conceived, are a disgrace to the times in which we live. There is perhaps no operation of more importance or more difficult than the framing of Acts of Parliament, yet from the manner in which they are prepared, and the persons by whom they are often drawn, nothing appears to be considered so insignificant or so easy. Every person seems to think himself able to tinker a Bill or a clause, and even where Bills are prepared with care and skill, their meaning and operation is often confounded and destroyed by ill drawn clauses introduced into them, and inconsiderate alterations made upon the different stages of their progress, which do not assort with the frame and structure of their provisions. No clause should be introduced, and no alteration should be made that is not previously submitted to the person by whom a Bill was originally framed; and after it has undergone all the corrections and amendments, which, in its different stages, it can receive, the whole should be carefully considered by him, in order that the different provisions of the Bill so altered and amended may be rendered consistent and intelligible before it finally passes into a law.'

In

In this respect our Statute-book requires a thorough revision. Our laws are said to be the wisest in the world. The principles of our common law certainly are so; but the enormous number of statutes which have altered, and, under the pretext of explaining, tended only to obliterate those principles, are the most absurd that ever any country endured.

The constitution of committees on private Bills was pretty well developed in the course of the last session. It was more than once stated, and not denied, in the House, that members voted in those committees on the final divisions, who had never heard a single word of the evidence given for or against the Bill, although it was impossible that they could have informed themselves of the real merits of the case through any other medium. Much of the abuse that prevails in these instances would be avoided, if the number of members usually appointed to those committees were considerably reduced. The responsibility would thus be proportionally brought home to each member, and, indeed, no member should be nominated upon a committee who would not pledge himself to attend all its sittings. This is a real practical reform, of which the House, and, indeed, the country, stands much in need.

Mr. Mundell's observations on the proceedings that have taken place in Parliament upon the subject of education are too brief, loose, and superficial, to require any notice. Upon the topic of religion, however, his reasoning is very powerful, and the more so as he has drawn his deep veneration for the precepts of Christianity, as well as his discriminating and just notions of toleration, from the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, his native country. He thus distinguishes between religion itself and a church-establishment:

'The supreme power of the state may create a religious establishment, so as to be part of the law of the land. It may thereby influence, but it can neither command nor controul the opinions of its subjects in matters of religion, more than it can command or controul their opinions in any thing else. It should therefore never make the attempt; and yet from the days of Nebuchadnezzar down to our own, wherever the supreme power of the state has interferred in matters of religion, it has never failed to attempt to command and controul the opinions of its subjects, according to the extent of its power, which has in general been in proportion to its ignorance and the ignorance of its subjects.

'The days of Queen Elizabeth, when sound opinions in regard to religion began to prevail generally in England, do not form an exception to the truth of this observation, though the maxims inculcated by her and her ministers were consonant to the good sense and wisdom which distinguished her reign; and it is remark-

able that they were more just than those which influence our government, even in these times. In matters of religion, she and her ministers professed to found their maxims of government on these two rules: 1. "That consciences are not to be forced, but to be won and reduced by the force of truth; by the aid of time, and the use of all good means of instruction and persuasion." 2. "That causes of conscience when they exceed their bounds, and prove to be matter of faction, lose their nature, and that sovereign princes ought distinctly to punish the practice or attempt, though coloured with the pretences of conscience and religion." * '—

'The Church of England not only hath not assumed, but it hath forbid the assumption of power over men's consciences; for it is directed, that "although the Church be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so, besides the same, ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation." (Art. xx.)

'The state, however, has assumed a power which the church has disclaimed. An Act of Parliament has made it a condition of holding office, that persons appointed thereto must take the sacrament of the Lord's supper according to the usage of the Church of England.' —

'The disabilities, for the first time created by the 25 Car. II., are alike repugnant to the precepts of the Gospel, the rules of our national church, and to the principles which guided the statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, when men's minds (and these the minds of some of the greatest men this country has produced) were more immediately directed to such subjects.

'But the condition of receiving the sacrament, as directed by this Act of Parliament, is moreover a prostitution of that solemn institution. When on the eve of His crucifixion our Saviour "took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body, and [when] he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins †," He also said, "This do in remembrance of me." ‡ But that which was enjoined as a memorial of the remission of sin, and in remembrance of our Saviour's atonement for it, is, by this Act of Parliament, enjoined as a condition of being appointed to a worldly office.

'We are told by St. Paul, that "whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." § He also commands a man to "examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

'* Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 360.'

'† Matt. xxvi. 26, 27, 28.' '‡ Luke, xxii. 19.'

'§ 1 Cor. xi. 27.'

For

For he that eateth and drinketh thereof unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." *

' It is revolting to every devout Christian to mix up any religious ceremony with the common business of life; but it is an abomination thus to make a sacrament which was instituted by our Saviour as a commemoration of his mission, and atonement for our sins, in receiving which every worldly consideration should be banished, the condition of receiving a worldly office, when it is perhaps impossible for the communicant to be otherwise than under the influence of worldly passions.'

The argument is here enforced as it applies to all persons dissenting from the Church of England, for the Annual Indemnity Act leaves the noxious principle of exclusion untouched, at the same time that by its practical effect it is an annual censure upon the penal statutes. Mr. Mundell calculates that, without reckoning any one in communion with the Church of Scotland, the subjects of the state excluded from its service by these statutes amount to no less than one fourth part of the total population. He follows up this calculation with an argument that seems to us unanswerable.

' But in a free country, that state of society cannot be sound, where it is not open to every individual, to raise himself from the lowest to the highest station in life, and to qualify himself to fill any office in the state; which is thus not only enabled to avail itself of all the talent and acquirements in the land, but stability is ensured to a government, where an interest is given to every one living under it, to maintain a frame and constitution of society, which enables him to make the most of his talents and acquirements as well as of his industry. In very truth, he is entitled to all the advantages in society, which can spring from the one, upon the very same ground, that he is entitled to all the fruits of the other: but moreover, an exclusion which applies to one description of persons of all ranks in the state, and not to another, cannot fail to excite in the minds of those who are excluded, angry feelings towards those who are not excluded, and even to the government by which they are excluded, not to mention that a superiority which is given by law, cannot fail to exist in fact, in the minds of the included over the excluded.'

It is unnecessary to measure the extent to which prejudice influences Parliament upon this question. With respect to Mr.

' * 1 Cor. xi. 28, 29. If a layman may be permitted to make the remark, I should say that the sacrament of the Lord's supper is too frequently administered, and made too much a matter of every-day occurrence in England, whereby much of its effect is prevented. In administering it publicly only twice a-year at stated times, and in the preparation for it, the Church of Scotland acts more conformably to its solemnity, and more essentially towards the accomplishment of its object, than the Church of England.' (*Note of the author.*)

Mundell's examination of the repeated attempts made by the Legislature to alter and improve the poor laws, it is not our intention to enter into it very minutely. He shows that the 43d of Elizabeth, the original source of those disastrous laws, has been departed from materially in subsequent statutes, and that it is to that departure they owe their most injurious and unjust enactments. The intention of Elizabeth's advisers was confined to the administration of relief to those only who were unable to work, and to provide work for those who, being able to use their industry, had no materials upon which they could exercise it. The latitude of construction which was given to this statute, and the still wider field to which the relief of the poor was unfortunately extended in subsequent acts, have converted the system of our poor laws into an incubus which preys on the vitals of the country. So far as we can collect Mr. Mundell's views, he seems desirous of providing for all the paupers who are unable to work by voluntary associations. We have seen within the last few years a rapid multiplication of societies of every description for the education and religious instruction of the lower orders; but we much doubt whether associations for the support of the poor would be quite so numerous, or so opulent, as Mr. Mundell expects. We are afraid that the prejudices existing on this subject are not wholly confined to Parliament.

Upon the subject of the corn laws, and the extent to which they are founded on 'interest' ill understood, and 'prejudice' blindly cherished, Mr. Mundell's book contains some acute and sound observations. He demonstrates, contrary to what they believe, or we fear ever can be induced to believe, that no persons suffer so much from high prices as the landed proprietors and growers of corn. Yet the demonstration is clear beyond all doubt; for high prices increase the cost of production so much in proportion, that the grower of corn at this day literally gains no more in surplus produce than the agriculturist of 1350. In that year the price of wheat was 6*s.* 8*d.* a quarter, the wages of the labourer were 2½*d.* a day throughout the year. At present the quarter of wheat is sold for 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, which is ten times the price of 1350, but then the wages of the labourer are upon an average 12*s.* a week, which is more than ten times the labourer's wages in 1350. According to these proportions, therefore, it is clear that the agriculturist has absolutely gained nothing. On the contrary, his condition must every day become worse in proportion to the rise of the price of his wheat; for that rise necessarily compels the manufacturer and the importer of foreign luxuries to augment the price of the different articles which they exhibit for sale, in order to support

support the increased expense of maintaining themselves and their families.

If this argument be forcible as to the farmers, it is at least equally cogent with respect to the landed proprietors, as receivers of rent. This proposition is demonstrated by the application of a pound of silver in the purchase of wheat.

'Our pound or twelve ounces of silver, which was originally coined into twenty shillings, and since into a different number at different times, has (with the exception of a short period during the reigns of Hen. VIII. and Edw. VI.) always remained of the same statute fineness. Two years after, the 25th Edw. III., when wheat was 6*s.* 8*d.* a quarter, our pound of silver was coined into 25*s.* A pound or twelve ounces of silver, therefore, at that period, would have purchased nearly four quarters of wheat. But if wheat be taken to be, as it is now, about 66*s.* per quarter, a pound or twelve ounces of silver, which is now coined into 66*s.*, will purchase only one quarter of wheat.

'Whatever, therefore, the difference may be between the price at which wheat would be sold if there were not a prohibitory importation-price, and that at which it is sold by reason of such prohibitory importation-price, such difference falls as well upon the receiver of rents as a consumer of corn as upon any other consumer of corn in the community. Now it appears from a summary of the Population Returns in 1821, that the number of families chiefly employed in agriculture in Great Britain comprises 978,656 males: in trade, manufacture, or handicraft, 1,350,239 males: and that all other families not enumerated in the above classes comprise 612,488 males; so that, by a prohibitory importation-price an increase of price equal to the difference at which corn would sell for, if there were no such prohibitory price, and that at which it does sell for subject to such prohibitory importation-price, is thrown upon the rest of the community, and the growers of corn themselves in the above proportions, without any the least advantage to landed proprietors as receivers of rents, upon whom it also falls as consumers of corn. But besides the increased price which the latter must thus pay as consumers of corn, they must also pay an increased price for every thing else, because the real price of labour (that is, such a price as without which the labourer could not live,) being increased by the rise of prices, the price of raw produce is not only thereby increased, but the price of every article of industry into which the prices of raw produce and of labour enter. Now, as a consumer, no person suffers so much from high prices as a landed proprietor, for he cannot fail to feel that his expenses are chiefly occasioned by his establishment, and the expense of his establishment is increased by the rise of prices.'

Mr. Mundell gives a table showing the fluctuations of prices which have been caused by the operation of the corn laws; and he shows that this system would be seriously injurious to the

country in a year of scarcity, by affording facilities to speculators for converting the corn-market into a complete monopoly. He shows also that the objections usually made, 'that if we had no corn laws, we should depend upon our supply from abroad,' and that 'with the taxes we have to pay, we shall not be able to grow corn at all,' are wholly without foundation.

The author enters at considerable length into the subject of joint-stock companies, with the view of pointing out the erroneous principles upon which it has been treated in the Bubble Act, as well as in several recent statutes and decisions of courts of equity and law. His opinion is, and we concur with him in thinking, that the general interest of the community would be best consulted by allowing persons to associate as freely as possible for commercial or other purposes, and to manage the interests of their respective companies in the mode which seems to them most expedient. In a commercial country like ours, competition should be as unshackled as possible by acts of parliament. There is no good reason why we should not have 100, or 500 persons entering into a joint partnership if they think fit, care only being taken that the whole, or a certain number of the most responsible of these partners, should be liable to be sued for the debts of the company. This personal responsibility would put an end to those fraudulent speculations, which have been lately carried on so shamelessly at the Stock Exchange. It would at the same time restore that freedom of commercial enterprise, which members of parliament, wholly ignorant of the subject, have been too long prone to invade on the slightest pretext, in order to serve the interests of overgrown monopolies.

A similar principle of freedom, Mr. Mundell insists, should be acted upon by Parliament with respect to banking establishments. The exclusive privileges acquired by the national Banks of England and Ireland are the remnants of that old system of restrictions, which has been in a great measure lately exploded. In Scotland the formation of joint-stock banking companies is limited only by the prudence of individuals. There can be no reason, except that of subservience to wealthy monopolists, why an equal freedom upon this point should be denied to the commercial men of England and the sister-kingdom.

Mr. Mundell concludes his able and interesting work with some observations upon our system of taxation, which, like those upon the other questions he has treated, are characterised by sound sense, and a correct view of the interests of the country.

'In

'In imposing taxes,' he justly assumes, that 'these three rules should be invariably observed: 1. No tax should be imposed, the effect of which may be injurious to health: 2. No tax ought to be imposed so as directly to repress industry: 3. Every manufacture ought to be left as nearly as may be in the situation in which it would be if no tax were imposed upon it or upon any material used in it, and in particular neither the process of manufacture, nor the manner of sale and purchase of the raw material or the manufactured article, should be interfered with.'

If these rules were observed by the Legislature, we should get rid of the window-tax, the tax upon soap, the taxes upon bricks and tiles, printed cottons, glass, hides, skins, and above all, the tax upon beer. As the law stands at present, Mr. Mundell observes;

'The family of a poor man are deprived of beer, and he himself can have it only by going to the public-house, where he is sent by those regulations to get drunk; and to depriving the family of a poor man of a wholesome beverage there is added the misery attendant upon want, and the destruction of moral habits thereby occasioned. These consequences raise a paramount objection to the beer duty. The lower orders are not only the most numerous class in civilised society, but upon their well-being depends the healthfulness of the whole body politic. If the base be unsound, neither the column nor the capital can be safe.'

It is no small recommendation of this volume, that while the author is strenuous in combating prejudice in others, he seems, to us at least, perfectly free from its baneful influence himself. His book should be in the hands of all those who, either in or out of Parliament, exercise any control, or feel any interest, in public affairs.

ART. XI. *The Life of Erasmus:* with Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 244. London. Murray. 1825.

WE certainly are not among those, if any such there be, who regret that a gentleman so actively engaged as Mr. Butler in the most abstruse department of a learned profession, finds, or rather perhaps, by a systematic regulation of his time makes, sufficient leisure for pursuits of a more agreeable and miscellaneous nature. It is evident, from his works, that literature forms his most acceptable relaxation from severer employment; and when we look back at the number of volumes which he has produced, the present forming the twelfth of his published works, we cannot but congratulate him

him on the completion of so many useful labours, and on the distinction which they shed over the evening of his lengthened and most industrious life.

Following literature, however, as Mr. Butler does like a dilettante, chiefly for his own amusement, it cannot be concealed that though all his works evince extensive research, accurate judgment, and elegant taste, and particularly are distinguished for the most refined urbanity, wherever he has occasion to controvert the opinions of others, yet there are several of them not calculated to produce any lasting impression on posterity. The reason is that they want originality: they are composed of too many and too extensive quotations from the writings of preceding authors. They thus, indeed, afford collections of excellent materials for the different subjects of which they treat, and in this respect their merit is of the highest description; but we fear that the task of compilation is that which is the least rewarded by fame in proportion to the discrimination, the knowledge, and the labour which it demands.

Thus the work before us is avowedly, and indeed necessarily, framed on several authorities, which are familiar to every scholar. Erasmus has furnished us with an account of his own life from his earliest recollections until his fiftieth year. To the several editions of his works memoirs have been prefixed from time to time, which supplied the incidents attending the close of his career. These, with a good deal of additional matter, were incorporated, with remarks on the works of Erasmus, in a life of him by Dr. Jortin, which was published in 1757, and which left nothing for succeeding writers, however industrious, to add concerning that most able and most eccentric divine.

Mr. Butler, we presume, has taken up the subject, chiefly for the purpose of whiling away the tedium of the long vacation, and of indulging himself in some favourite speculations upon the literary history of Europe, and other topics, not hitherto perhaps sufficiently attended to in the life of Erasmus. Those speculations are not confined to the period between the tenth and sixteenth centuries, as the title-page announces; they begin from a much earlier date, and certainly do not form the least interesting portion of his book. They reveal the impressions made on his mind in a course of reading which must have been various and exceedingly extensive. Though not very closely interwoven with his main subject, we must accompany him through some of his observations on the literature of Greece.

'Th

'The first authors of Greece were her poets: the oldest of those, whose works have reached us, is Homer.

'His work is a prodigy: — we must suppose either that he was preceded by other writers, who had brought poetry to the perfection, or nearly to the perfection, in which we find it in his writings; or that he himself created the poetry of his own immortal work.

'It is observable that Herodotus* seems to declare for the latter opinion: "As for the gods," — these are his words, — "whence each of them was descended, or whether they were always in being, or under what shape or form they existed, the Greeks knew nothing till very lately. Hesiod and Homer were, I believe, about four hundred years older than myself, and no more; and these are the men, who *made a theogony* for the Greeks; who gave the gods their appellations, defined their qualities, appointed their honours, and described their forms. As for the poets, who are said to have lived before these men, I am of opinion, they came after them." Thus Herodotus expresses in this passage an opinion, that the Grecian theogony was the invention of Homer and Hesiod; but, whoever reflects on its nature, its complication, contrivance, and countless, but coherent relations and dependences, must be sensible that this was impossible.'

The passage cited from Herodotus requires something more than the simple denial given to it by Mr. Butler. The authority of that eminent and fascinating historian is extremely questionable when his narrative, or his opinion, relates to a scene and generation beyond those with which he was personally conversant. His assertion, with respect to the age of Homer, is a mere opinion, concerning a period at least four centuries before his own time, and he adds no one circumstance to afford that opinion the slightest countenance. But to say that Hesiod and Homer were the authors of the Greek *theogony*, is upon the face of it a strange absurdity. The Egyptians are generally, and we think correctly, reported by the majority of the writers of antiquity to be the authors of that monstrous system of polytheism, which in Homer's time prevailed throughout Greece. It is not doubted, however, that the early poets of Thrace, who exercised the functions of the priesthood, and wielded all the authority of the state, extended, very considerably, the hints which they received from the neighbourhood of the Nile. They not only gave corporeal substance, human passions and imperfections to the ideal gods of Egypt, but they multiplied their number beyond all bounds of computation, and assigned them a fixed celestial abode on the verge of their own horizon. They further peopled all nature with immortal and happy spirits, which were akin to the heavenly powers, and exercised

'* Ευτερπη.'

a separate

a separate jurisdiction over the mountains and plains, the forests, rivers, brooks, and even the ocean. To relate the genealogy of these various gods and goddesses, nymphs and dryads; to ascertain their peculiar attributes and dispositions; to describe their occupations, and to define the crimes which offended, and the expiations which appeased them, were the most common themes of primitive Greek poetry.

It is manifest from his style, that Homer has invented very little with respect to these personages. Wherever he speaks of them, he appears to treat of beings already well known and accredited. He uses them as the machinery of his poetry, without feeling himself in any degree responsible for their characters, or the obvious improbabilities attending them. Before Homer existed, temples were erected to Apollo at Delphi and Delos; and in other parts of Greece ceremonies were performed in honour of the gods in the open air, under the spreading branches of a palm-tree, or in the recesses of a dusky grove. The people generally entertained towards them a sullen superstitious fear, unredeemed by any gentler quality. The only inhabitant of heaven who was truly loved was Hermes, "the friend of man." Both gods and men were deemed to be under the irresistible controul of fate, though Homer was certainly no advocate for this doctrine. He more than once takes occasion to censure it, being justly of opinion that the sufferings of men were far more the result of their own folly, than of the decrees of any superior power. Indeed it would seem, from a comparison of the whole of his works, that Homer really felt no firm confidence in the system of religion that prevailed in his time, inconsistent as it was in itself, and degraded by the oracles, auguries, and incantations, which composed no inconsiderable part of its influence over the multitude. He frequently represents the inhabitants of Olympus in a most unamiable light; yet it abundantly appears that he was constitutionally pious; that he uniformly inculcated the duties of prayer, sacrifice, and obedience, and that he was guided by an instinctive love of virtue, which raised him, at times, far beyond the sanctity of his age. In the overflow of his happy impulses, he more than once lighted on the grand truth, that there existed ONE GOD, who created and disposed of all things. To him he attributes omnipotence, omniscience, justice, and benignity, in terms which unequivocally demonstrate his intention to distinguish between that Great Being and the haughty ruler of Olympus. Towards Jove he is never borne with a feeling of devotion, but towards Jehovah his secret soul springs with a beautiful affection.

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The

The assertion of Herodotus, that the poets who are said to have lived before Hesiod and Homer really came after them, is not, we apprehend, to be taken in a sense excluding the existence of *any* poets previous to the time of these great bards.

'The poetry of Homer,' Mr. Butler remarks, 'is complete; the structure of the hexameter is equalled by no other mode of versification, in any language: the formation of the phrases, the collocation of the words, the figurative diction, the animation of inanimate nature; whatever else distinguishes poetry from prose, is introduced, in its most perfect mode, into the poems of Homer. The universal opinion of all ages has acknowledged these to constitute the true poetical character, and no succeeding age has improved on any of them. Was he, then, the inventor of them? This exceeds human power. Was he preceded by other bards, upon whom he refined, and whom he transcendently excelled?'

Whoever has attentively read the works of Homer will feel no doubt as to the answer which should be given to this question. He makes frequent allusions to the high estimation in which the genuine bards were held in his time, and to the distinguished receptions which they experienced at the houses of the great. The phorminx was a well known and a favourite musical instrument of the period; and it is remarkable that Homer mentions it in no instance, in which it was not used as an accompaniment to the recitations of the bard. If he was the inventor of the numbers which he has immortalised, he must also have been the inventor of this instrument; an honour which he no where claims. On the contrary, he speaks of it as in use before his own time, as in the instance of Achilles, who soothed his grief with its tones during his temporary secession from the field of his glory.

Besides, we have the authority of Homer for the fact, that in his time there were many wandering bards by profession; which necessarily implies, in such a state of society as then existed in Greece, that the profession must have been long established. Though they occasionally mingled fiction with truth, they were the only historians of past or of passing events which Greece as yet possessed. He informs us that the carpenter, the physician, the prophet, and the bard, were prized in every land, the latter especially, on whom the people lavished their admiration. He points, indeed, with some severity, to a race of spurious bards, who dealt in nothing but falsehood and imposture; but from these, he says, the true poet was easily to be distinguished by the elegance of his expression and the ingenuous and virtuous tone of his genius.

From

From these data it follows that Homer was not the sole but only the most distinguished bard of his age. His poems, as Mr. Butler truly remarks, not only 'fixed the language of Greece, but, what is more surprising, the principles of literary composition for every age;' and, therefore, the notice which, following the author's example, we have here betowed upon them, is not alien to the life of a writer who had so large a share in the revival of ancient literature as Erasmus.

Mr. Butler briefly traces the history of the literature of Rome, and of the effects produced upon it by the invasion of the barbarians. We concur with him in his conclusion, that the extent of the ignorance produced by that invasion has been greatly exaggerated, and that the revival of sound learning and science began in Europe sooner than is generally represented. So early as the tenth century there were several historians, philosophers, theologians, and poets, whose names are even yet respected. The arts and sciences had been carried to a high degree of perfection under the Mahometan princes in Persia, Bagdad, Africa, and particularly in Spain, before the eleventh century. Poetry also, astronomy, and medicine, were cultivated in these countries with great success. In Constantinople and the adjacent provinces much of the learning still remained, which had been transferred thither with the supremacy of empire. From thence they gradually returned to Italy, whence they slowly, but progressively, made their way over western Europe during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, until the invention of printing gave an impetus to their career, and a security to their existence, which no barbarism can again resist, no national vicissitudes overthrow, or even obscure.

It was in 1467, soon after this important invention, that Erasmus was born in Rotterdam. He was the second son of an unlawful union, and at first was a dull and heavy boy. He received his education at the famous school of Daventer, and at a suitable age he made his religious profession in the convent of Austin Friars at Stein. By this time, in consequence of ardent application, his talents unfolded themselves; and during his residence in the convent, he composed one or two religious treatises. He soon grew weary of a conventual life; and having received the permission of his superiors, he proceeded, under the patronage of the Bishop of Cambray, to Paris, in order to perfect himself in theology. The bishop had promised him a pension, of which he never received a sous. This reduced Erasmus to great distress; and in order to relieve it, he undertook the instruction of several young Englishmen of rank, among whom was William Lord Mountjoy, who afterwards

wards generously settled a pension on him, which was punctually paid. His intimacy with Lord Mountjoy induced him to visit England, which was rendered so agreeable to him, that during the subsequent years of his life it was his favourite country.

Erasmus first obtained distinguished notice by his panegyric on Prince Philip, on his return from Spain to the Low Countries. It was followed by several works which at the time were universally admired, but which, though they are for the most part well known to scholars, are now seldom consulted except for the beauty of their style. During his sojourns in England, he became acquainted with all the most celebrated men of the day, particularly Sir Thomas More, for whom he entertained a great friendship. He was also treated with great distinction by Henry VIII.; and indeed wherever he went he was received with singular honour, as one of the greatest ornaments of literature in his day. He was for a while professor of Greek in Cambridge, and rendered material assistance to Dean Colet, in the establishment of St. Paul's school. From England he returned to the Continent, and was deeply engaged at the period of the Reformation in many controversies with Luther, as well as with the most zealous adversaries of that extraordinary man. Of these controversies, as well as of the principal works of Erasmus, Mr. Butler gives a detailed, an animated, and a most impartial account, for which we must refer the reader who may be interested in such subjects, to the work itself. Erasmus died at Basle, in 1536, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, deeply regretted by the whole Christian world. Mr. Butler thus sums up his merits:

'Never did a man possess admirers more numerous, or of a higher distinction. This, his printed epistolary correspondence abundantly shows: he contributed more than any other person to the restoration of letters. That his learning was immense, that his taste was exquisite, and that his industry was marvellous, his friends and adversaries agreed: the former admit, that on too many occasions he expressed himself inaccurately and inadvertently; the latter, that he was often blamed without reason.'—

'His memory is yet in such esteem at Basle, that strangers are taken to see the house in which he died. His name was given by the magistrates to a college, in which theology is taught, and the assemblies of the academy are sometimes held. The magistrates bought his cabinet in 1661, and presented it to the academy. It contains his seal, his sword, his knife, his pincers, his will written with his own hand, and his portrait by Holbein.

'Rotterdam, the place of his birth, showed equal respect to his memory. On the house in which he was born, the magistrates caused verses highly complimentary to his memory, to be inscribed.

'When

'When Philip II., in 1549, announced his intention to make his solemn entry into Rotterdam, the senate, in order to receive His Majesty with greater solemnity, and to raise the town in his opinion, caused a statue of Erasmus, as large as life, to be erected upon the house in which he was born. He was habited as an ecclesiastic, with a pen in his right hand, and a scroll in the left, which contained an inscription. The King, the Queen Dowager of Hungary, and the nobles in their suite, visited the statue, and afterwards the house in which Erasmus was born.

'The statue, thus suddenly erected, was of wood. In 1557, one of stone was substituted for it, by the magistrates. Some time afterwards, the Spanish garrison quartered at Rotterdam threw down the statue and flung it into the Meuse.

'In 1562, after the Dutch had expelled the Spaniards from Rotterdam, the magistrates caused a statue of Erasmus, as large as life, to be cast in copper, and to be placed on a pedestal, surrounded by an iron balustrade. It was the work of Keyser, and is greatly admired. Knight's life of Erasmus contains a good engraving of it. The inhabitants are extremely careful that it should be seen by all strangers of distinction who visit the town. Doctor Knight's Life of Erasmus contains engravings of Holbein's portrait of him; of the house in which he was born; of the Queen's college, which contained his room; of the parish church of Aldington, of which he was rector; the inscription upon his monument at Basle, and the inscription upon his statue at Rotterdam.'

Erasmus is now best known by his "Manual of a Christian Soldier," which Charles V. held in the highest esteem; his "Adages," or "Proverbs," a work of great industry, learning, and talent; his "Encomium of Folly," in which the follies, exhibited by persons in every condition of life, are ingeniously satirised; but above all, by his "Colloquies," with which every school-boy is acquainted, and his "Edition and Latin Version of the New Testament," which, of all his works, is certainly the most honourable to his memory.

It is due to Mr. Butler to observe, that within the compass of a moderate volume he has compressed an immense quantum of matter, that he has arranged his various materials in a lucid order, and that his language, always perspicuous, is sometimes graceful, and uniformly becoming a gentleman and a scholar.

THE APPENDIX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Congrès de Panama*, par M. DE PRADT, Ancien Archevêque de Malines. Paris. Bèchet Ainé. 1825.

ALTHOUGH a considerable length of time has elapsed, since it was announced that the Spanish American states had agreed to depute representatives to a general congress, yet we believe that the idea of holding such an assembly is by no means abandoned. On the contrary, the most recent intelligence from those States mentions the appointment of some of the plenipotentiaries who are to attend at Panama, and there seems no reason to doubt that the congress will be constituted and conducted in such a manner, as that it will command universal attention and respect.

With the exception of the Achæan league, and the general legislature of the North American states, history furnishes no example of the union of a number of republics for the purpose of providing for their common safety. The accession of strength and of moral influence which such an assembly is calculated to confer on Mexico, Guatemala, Columbia, Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru, will probably induce them to consider, whether they cannot meet periodically, and form a closer connection than that which at present subsists between them. The states of the Rio de la Plata will no doubt also be represented at the Congress, but it seems as yet uncertain

whether the empire of Brazil will claim a voice in its deliberations, or, if it will, whether it shall be admitted. This question is one of no slight importance to the Emperor, as well as to the republics surrounding him, and the arrangement of it will afford some indication of the fate which awaits the only throne in the New World. It certainly seems to be the fashion at Rio Janeiro to throw ridicule upon the approaching Congress, but that court will probably discover that it would derive infinitely more advantage from joining the Spanish American league, than it can ever hope for from the Holy Alliance.

The results of the latter combination have already shewn themselves in Spain, by stripping her one by one of her most valuable colonies, by affrighting foreign merchants of every country from her shores, by rendering her best and her ablest citizens, exiles and mendicants, and by reducing the King himself and his government to a condition of impotence and poverty, such as never before disgraced a sovereign actually sitting on the throne of his kingdom. Ferdinand VII. is nothing more at this moment than a mere theatrical king, — dressed up in tinsel, with a pasteboard crown, and a gilt sceptre, fretting his hour away in empty pageantry, conscious the while, if he have any manly faculty about him, of the real wretchedness which lives beneath his tawdry robes. And for this he may thank the Holy Alliance. For if that supreme police of Europe had not sent its legions to his succour, he would have been compelled, in spite of his personal imbecility, to yield to the influence of liberal principles, and to have fixed the true foundation of a Prince's happiness in the prosperity and the affections of his people.

France would in time have reduced herself to a situation similar to that of Spain, if the pervading principles of the charter, an active and in some measure a free press, the existence of her chambers, and the extent of her commercial connections, had not obliged her by the mere force of circumstances to disencumber at least her own national career, as much as possible, from the incubus of the Holy Alliance. Her recognition of Hayti is likely to be followed up by a similar policy towards the Spanish American states, and as such a proceeding on her part would be an open infraction of the anti-democratic league which she has so long observed, she must cease to be a member of it, and so far she must essentially contribute to its dissolution.

Widely different indeed from the principles which prevailed at Vienna, are those which have summoned the Congress that is to be held at Panama. To indicate the probable labours

labours of that assembly, to mark its importance, and to speculate on the consequences which its decrees are likely to produce not only in Spanish America but in Europe, are the principal objects which M. De Pradt has proposed to himself in the publication whose title stands at the head of this article. The Abbè has signalized himself by his activity in tracing to their remote contingencies, some of the greatest events which have happened within the last twenty-five years. In his efforts to outrun the sober reflections of practical men he has exposed himself occasionally to the most blighting of all imputations, that of empiricism; he has often shewn himself a theoretical and sometimes a most eccentric politician; but it would be doing him great injustice not to acknowledge, that he now and then evinces a portion of sagacity, which, though it is not sufficiently predominant to stamp his writings with a character of authority, is nevertheless sufficient to compensate for their mistakes, and to render even his boldest speculations worthy of our attention. His exordium is characteristic.

'A Congress in America! A Congress of the people! Every dog has his day! A Congress for the purpose of putting an end to the war carried on by Europe against America, and to establish the relations of one part of the globe with the other portions of it! Heavens! what an age is this we live in! Productive as it is of so much novelty and grandeur, what is to become of the history of the future, what even of that of the olden time? What epoch of the world has ever witnessed an assembly gathered from the bosom of so vast a territory, and destined to decide on such momentous interests?'

The Abbè exclaims, in a transport of enthusiasm, that if age had not chained him to his native soil, he would forthwith proceed to the seat of the Congress; and after giving vent to his feelings through a page or two of high-flown metaphor, he states the subjects upon which that assembly is to deliberate, and which, according to the official announcement of the Columbian minister for foreign affairs, are to be as follows:

'1. To form or to renew, in the most solemn manner, a perpetual league between all the new states of America against Spain.

'2. To publish a manifesto, setting forth the justice of their cause, and the system of their policy towards the other powers of the Christian world.

'3. To agree upon a treaty of navigation and commerce between themselves as allies and confederates.

'4. To decide whether they should form a coalition for the purpose of delivering the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico from the yoke of Spain, and if so, what contingent of men and money each should furnish.

'5. To take measures for carrying on war in concert in the seas and on the coasts of Spain.

'6. To determine if these measures should be extended to the Canaries and the Philippine isles.'

The above questions are to be submitted to the consideration of the belligerent powers exclusively; the following will occupy the attention of the belligerent and neutral powers in common.

'1. To decide on the best means for giving efficacy to the declaration of the President of the United States concerning any future project of colonizing the American territory, and also those for resisting every attempt to interfere in the domestic affairs of the new states.

'2. To fix in concert the disputed principles of the law of nations, and particularly those which are applicable to questions arising between belligerent and neutral powers.

'3. To arrange on what footing they should place their political and commercial relations with colonies which, like Hayti, are or shall hereafter be separated from their mother countries, without being recognized by any power, American or European.'

Here, indeed, is an outline of proceedings worthy of the natural grandeur of the territories for which it has been sketched. What a change has been wrought in their destinies within a comparatively short space of time! It is but eight or ten years ago since none but a few enlightened minds evinced any degree of curiosity concerning the progress of the insurrection in those vast provinces. Now their proceedings are as generally and as keenly enquired into as those of the European nations; no important discussion arises, in which Spanish America is not directly or indirectly interested; the people every where feel a desire of being connected with the new states, and in two or three years, few will be found even to defend the miserable policy which still prevents that desire from being fulfilled on the Continent.

With respect to the war which the new states meditate against Spain, it is not for the purpose of avenging upon her the oppression which she exercised in their fine country, but simply of compelling her to give up that vexatious though feeble system of hostility, which she has so long and so hopelessly carried on against them. Nevertheless, in its consequences, such a war, if it be commenced, will only afford a fresh and a signal proof of that ever-vigilant justice, which in due season visits nations as well as individuals, exacting a full measure of retribution for the wrongs of which they have been guilty. What effect the appearance of a few Columbian and Mexican frigates on the Spanish coast, might have upon the political parties

parties in the interior, whose very breathings are at present suppressed under the iron hand of power, it is hardly possible to conjecture. Such an array of American force would be only the first step in that contest, which the complete opposition of their civil and political systems will sooner or later produce between the two hemispheres.

'Thus,' observes the Abbè, 'America enters into the political and social world; it sees and hears every thing that is passing, the conflict of opinions, the vacillation and the contradiction that exist in the elementary principles of social order, and an immense mass of evil produced by arbitrary government in those countries which it deforms. Common sense has taught America not to trust her fortunes to such a tempestuous sea, but to establish them on that solid basis, which is to be found in the true principles of society. In a word, America claims for herself that universal *right* which she is willing to allow to others: at Panama, she will declare the rights of a new community in its relations with all mankind. Hitherto a few states—as yet too few—have proclaimed the rights of citizens; theirs were private acts, the effect of which was confined within their own circle: at Panama the scene will be infinitely enlarged: there one part of the globe will declare to its other divisions, that "right is a tutelar and an impartial divinity for all. Behold what the nature of things has done. I take it at its source, where it is pure and exempt from the adulteration of passion, prejudice, and interest. Right acknowledges no limitation as to time; it will be the only rule of my conduct towards you, and the only rule which I shall acknowledge in your conduct towards me."

'The Congress of Panama is, therefore, in the nature of American events; it is the necesary result of a revolution that has pursued its career with a uniformity and a rapidity quite peculiar amongst all the revolutions recorded in history. The liberation of Holland and of Switzerland cost forty or fifty years of war, and ten years at the utmost have completed the vast changes in America. All its districts have attained their object almost at the same moment, and all are equally anxious for a definite solution of their interests, and a complete arrangement with all other parts of the world. Nothing is more natural in itself, or more just towards others. War without an object is an atrocity unworthy of beings endowed with reason: the instinct of destruction and carnage belongs only to the brute. An equivocal and a disputed existence is surrounded by dangers; America knows those which she has to encounter, and she feels also her strength and her value. She demands that security for herself, which is only the common right of man in relation with society, and when delivered from her external enemies, she will proceed to the consolidation of her institutions. Such is the noble and legitimate object which summons her representatives to Panama, and charges them with a mission the most extensive and the most elevated with which diplomacy has yet been acquainted.'

It hardly required a chapter such as that which M. De Pradt has devoted to a parallel between her ancient colonies and Spain, to shew that the latter has very little chance of restoring them to her dominion. In her least embarrassed hour since her happy return to the sway of Ferdinand, she was incapable of making even a vigorous attempt against the rising independence of the new states. What can she do now when she scarcely possesses even the shadow of a regularly constituted government? Her court is nothing more than a scene of low intrigue; her cabinet, if it deserve to be so called, is continually changed, unfortunately without any alteration in its system; her army is without pay, her ports and arsenals without vessels and without arms, and her extensive coasts without trade. Such is her destitute state, that, but for the presence of the French garrison, it is impossible that her government could go on even for a day. The same obstinate folly which has lost America to Ferdinand, will separate also from his crown, the possessions of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Canaries, the Philippines, every island over which he claims authority, and, perhaps, finally, even Spain itself. The following observations upon this subject deserve to be translated:

'European governments fear revolutions and republics as the consequences of revolutions; an apprehension justly founded on the manner in which public affairs are governed by men who have all the appearance of secretly desiring the diffusion of democracy. Does not Spain seem to play such a part by her unfortunate desire of governing every thing? By her obstinate perseverance in endeavouring to keep possession of America by force of arms, she drove that country into republicanism. From this lesson, however, Spain has derived no instruction; she still goes on in her old career, and will not deviate from it until she brings the enemy to her door. And should such a case arrive, who can calculate the effects of a call to independence, addressed to millions of men harassed by a system of misrule which is deeply injurious, not only to themselves and their country, but to mankind in general. Spain, by her inconsiderate conduct, has thus become a sort of conductor, by means of which independence and republicanism pass from country to country.'

In perfecting their plans of domination, arbitrary governments appear seldom to consider, that there is such a thing as reaction constantly preparing or operating in the moral world. The more solid and the more refined the schemes of their policy seem to the judgment of those who arrange them, the more deeply and the more extensively sown are the seeds of resistance, and the more certain they are to bear abundance of fruit in the proper season. In this respect the Congress of Panama will utter principles, differing in no slight degree

degree from those propounded at Laybach. For example, it will not have the folly to declare that "to princes alone appertain the right of modifying the institutions of their states by spontaneous acts of their own will, and that for their conduct they are responsible only to God!" Such an outrage as this upon the common sense of mankind sinks deeper into the mind, than the most inflammatory declamations of the most practised demagogues.

Among the subjects to be discussed at the approaching Congress, we have mentioned that of giving efficacy to the declaration of the President of the United States, against permitting the establishment of any new colonies in the territory of the Union. This prohibition of course implies no more than the assertion of exclusive sovereignty over the countries now comprehended within the circle of the United States. The declaration seems to have been principally intended "for the information" of Russia, which had evinced a disposition to extend its settlements on the north-western coast of the new continent. The introduction of this question into the list of those which are to be discussed at Panama, will probably be followed by the admission of a minister from the United States into the Congress, and perhaps prepare the way for an extension of the new league beyond the limits which were originally contemplated.

It is to be hoped that the commercial regulations which are to be agreed upon at the Congress, will be framed on a sound and liberal basis. The immense extent of their coast, and the innumerable rivers which intersect their continent in all directions, will necessarily render the inhabitants active and enterprising in maritime pursuits. It were pity if their exertions should be embarrassed by any of those ill-advised restrictions, which so long fettered the commerce of this country, and which, now that they are, in principle, exploded, we hope never again to see revived in any shape, or under any circumstances. The recognition of Hayti by France will probably induce the Congress to review the narrow basis, upon which the question concerning it appears to have been framed by the Colombian minister. It is a singular fact that the United States and England have long treated that island as an independent power, and that neither has yet received an envoy from it. It seems that the slave-system pursued in our West Indian colonies, and in the United States, has interposed to prevent Hayti from being treated in the same manner as other independent states, lest too much encouragement to revolt might thereby be afforded to the black popu-

lation. But the Spanish American states have no cause for entertaining a jealousy of this description, as slavery never assumed, amongst them, any of those cruel features which have marked it out elsewhere for the detestation of mankind. It would well become them to give their neighbours a generous example on this subject, and even to go farther by joining with England in declaring the slave-trade piracy.

Such are the most important of those questions which are to be submitted to the Congress of Panama, in the discussion of which we have not uniformly followed M. De Pradt, for, in truth, his ideas are in general so vague, and they are clothed in such a mass of verbiage, that it is often difficult to discover what the ex-prelate is about. We thank him, however, for calling public attention to a subject so novel, and, in many respects, so important, as that which he has treated in this little work. It tends, in some degree, to prepare us for the events which are to come, and it opens a field of speculation, that enables us to imagine at least some portion of the splendid destinies, which seem to await the new states of Spanish America.

Art. II. *William Tell;* a Drama. Translated from the German of Frederic Schiller. London. 1825.

History furnishes few subjects which leave a more defined and lasting impression on the memory, than the dreadful trial of his skill in archery which Willian Tell was wantonly compelled to make, and the noble vengeance which impelled him to achieve the freedom of his country. It is a theme worthy of the proudest period of Greek or Roman story; to either of which it would seem rather to belong than to that of the pastoral mountains of Switzerland. Yet, interesting as it assuredly is, in every point of view, whether we regard the facts or the consequences connected with it, we hardly know of any subject less fitted for dramatic representation. The principal incident, which exhibits the father striking down with his arrow the apple from the head of his child, cannot be transferred to the stage, on account of the mechanical difficulties attending it. Yet it is this scene which, in the narrative, awakens the deepest sympathy of the reader. We watch the preparations, the placing of the child, the arrangement of the soldiery, the bending of the bow, with breathless anxiety; and when the arrow has sped, and left the innocent untouched, we are as much relieved as if the occurrence had actually taken place before

fore us. So agitating is the interest of this triumph of nature over authority, that, in comparison with that triumph, the remaining portion of the story is tedious and redundant. Conspiracies are very much the same in every play. A few indignant advocates of revolt meet together, declaim over their respective wrongs, pledge their mutual oaths, take measures for the accomplishment of their object, enlist as many as they can in the cause, and, after a due course of success or of failure, they subdue the oppressor in the end, or are sacrificed to his better fortune. This description of plot has been so often made use of, that it is now almost grown obsolete; and the main incident being removed, such a confederacy is the only foundation for an acting play, that remains in the history of William Tell.

But although every attempt to represent this subject on the stage has failed, and must always fail, it is a theme, nevertheless, susceptible of considerable effect in a dramatic poem. The associations of the smiling scenery of Switzerland with the events that led to her too transitory freedom, the enthusiasm of her people, their attachment to their native vales, the simplicity of their occupations, contrasted with the grandeur of the glaciers which frown over their villages, and the tempests which sometimes desolate them, are all impalpable to the skill of the actor; but, under the touch of a true poet, they are reflected in their natural colours on the mind of the reader, and there is nothing connected with them in character or sentiment, which he may not be taught to feel.

It is in this point of view that we propose to consider the drama before us. As a stage play it is one of the least effective which SCHILLER has written; but, as a poem, it may perhaps be ranked in the higher class of his productions. It is full of noble appeals to the sympathies of freemen, and to the affections of all men, under whatever form of government they exist. The translation is in many parts very unequal to the original in the sustained dignity and fire of its expression; but it is, upon the whole, a respectable version, considering the difficulties of the task. The story is so familiar to every body, that we need not detain the reader with any analysis of it, but shall proceed at once to the opening of the first act. And here we cannot pass over with indifference, the picturesque and appropriate scene in which the poet, after the example of the Greeks, introduces a kind of chorus.

'*A high rocky shore on the lake of the four Cantons, opposite Schwitz. The lake forms a bay in the land: a cottage near the shore: a fisher-boy conducting a boat. Over the lake are seen the green meadows, villages, and farm-houses of Schwitz, illuminated*

minated by the sun. On the left of the spectator appear the peaks of the Haken surrounded with clouds; on the right, in the distance, the snow-mountains. Before the curtain rises are heard the Ranz des vaches, and the harmonious tinkling of the cow-bells, which are prolonged for some time into the opening act.

'Fisher-boy (*in the boat sings*).

'The lake's smiling waters to bathing invite:
On the green shore the boy slumbers lost in delight,
For the music he hears
Is of lutes soft and sweet,
Or the voices of angels
Who in paradise meet;
And as he awakes to the joys of the blest,
The waters are murmuring over his breast,
From the deep cries a voice,
Thou art mine, lovely boy,
I entice the fond dreamer,
I lure to destroy!

'Shepherd (*on the mountain*).

'Ye meadows farewell!
Ye green sunny pastures!
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.
We shall hither return the mountains among,
When the cuckoo calls, with the bird's early song,
When the vales their fresh vesture of flowers display,
And the fountains burst forth in the sunshine of May.
Ye meadows farewell!
Ye green sunny pastures!
The shepherd must leave you,
The summer is gone.

'Hunter of the Alps (*appears opposite on the top of the cliffs*).

'The heights are thundering, and trembles the bridge,
But nought scares the hunter on yon dizzy ridge:
O'er mountains of ice
Undaunted he goes,
Where spring never blossoms,
And flower never blows.
Below him an ocean of mist from his ken
Conceals in its darkness the dwellings of men.
Thro' the rents of clouds only
The dim world is seen,
Deep under the vapour
The vallies of green.'

This scene prepares the mind for the tempest which succeeds.

'A hollow crackling runs along the glacier,
The Mytenstein *draws on his cap*, and cold
Blows from the Wetterlock the rising blast.'

While

While the storm is still muttering in the distance, and the waters of the lake are beginning to feel its influence, Conrad Baumgarten runs breathless to a fisherman who is drawing in his nets, and implores him to loose the boat and ferry him over to the other side. Conrad had just slain one of the Imperial bailiffs for attempting to dishonour his bed, and Austrian soldiers are pressing close upon his flight. But the storm increases, the fisherman refuses to encounter the raging waters, when William Tell appears, and, upon hearing Conrad's story, springs into the boat and steers him over in safety. While they are contending with the storm, the soldiers approach, and by the brutal vengeance which they inflict on the neighbourhood, they excite indignation against the tyranny that ruled Switzerland. That indignation is increased by the conduct of Gesler, another of the Imperial bailiffs, towards Stauffacher, a man respected throughout his canton, and by the erection of a dungeon-keep at Altorf, for the purpose of overawing the refractory spirits of Uri. Scarce a day passes that some new act of lawless violence is not committed by the minions of the Austrian; but their despotism is carried to its extreme point by the erection of a hat upon a stick in Altorf, to which the people were ordered to pay homage, in token of their submission to the Emperor. This act spreads the discontent through the lower orders of the people; and thus the flame gathers force on all sides, and is ready to explode, when news is brought of a fresh atrocity. Melchtal of Unterwalden was obliged to fly his canton for striking a tax-gatherer who seized his oxen in the plough: his father was summoned to account for his son's absence; but not being able to do so, he was punished by the loss of his eyes. The communication of this intelligence to Melchtal is managed with a good deal of dramatic effect, and the commencement of it bears a striking resemblance to the scene in Macbeth where Macduff hears of that "fell swoop" which deprived him of "all his little ones." But the lamentation of Melchtal is widely different from those accents of nature which burst from the heart of Macduff. SCHILLER has here presented us with a striking example of a fault which is common to most of our modern dramatic writers, that of making an individual, supposed to be under the influence of extraordinary emotion, speak so much and so finely about his feelings, that we are at length convinced he has no feelings at all. True passion is broken and rude in its expression; it comes like a storm, in gusts; it exhausts the most emphatic language in a few words, and then is silent: the feelings melt into tears, or are suffocated in rage. We ask, would any son, really agitated as Melchtal is supposed to be,

and

and from *such a cause*, enlarge upon his father's misery in language like this? —

'Oh! 'tis a noble, noble gift of heaven,
The gift of light. — Each being lives on light,
And all creation feels its gladdening power!
The plants themselves turn joyful to the light:
And he amidst the night must groping sit
Of an eternal darkness. Him revives
No longer the warm meadow's vivid green;
No more can he the floweret's melting dyes,
The roseate-tinted glacier more behold.
To die, — is nothing, — nothing! but to live,
And not to see, — is misery indeed!
Why do you look at me so piteously?
I have two glistening eyes, and cannot give
One to my poor blind father, — not a ray, —
The faintest glimmering of that flood of light,
Which bursts upon my eyes in dazzling splendour.'

It is the poet who here appears, and not the character — it is SCHILLER, and not Melchtal. The same observation applies to the remainder of the scene, not a short one, in which there is a great deal of misplaced declamation.

The progress of the action is unnecessarily embarrassed by the introduction of the Baron von Attinghausen, and Rudenz, his nephew. The object of the episode to which they belong is merely to exhibit the influence of Bertha, the beloved of Rudenz, who persuades him to exchange his prospects at court for a career of nobler ambition in assisting the cause of liberty. The conspirators, in the mean time, agree to meet armed at Rutli. Melchtal and his friends are first at the place of rendezvous. The scene is a charming one.

'*Melchtal.* The mountain-pass opens—follow me, quick!
I know the little cross, which crowns that rock:
We've reach'd the goal, — we are at Rutli.
'*Winhelried.* Hark!
'*Sewa.* It is quite empty.
'*Meier.* None arriv'd; We are
The first upon the ground, — we Unterwaldners.
'*Melchtal.* How goes the night?
'*Baumgarten.* The watch has just cried two
Upon the Selisberg. [*A sound of bells in the distance.*
'*Meier.* Be still, and listen!
'*Am Buhel.* The matin-bell of the low forest-chapel
Sounds sweetly over from the shore of Schwitz.
'*Von Der Flue.* The air is clear, and bears the sound so far.

'*Melchtal.*

'*Melchtal.* Go some, and gather wood, that we may have
A cheerful fire, when our companions come.
[*Two peasants go out.*
'*Sewa.* It is a lovely night! The tranquil lake
Lies like a polish'd mirror.
'*Am Buhel.* They will have
An easy passage over.
'*Winhelried* (*pointing to the lake*). Ah! see there!
See you nought yonder?
'*Meier.* Yes indeed! 'Tis strange!
A rainbow in the middle of the night!
'*Melchtal.* 'Tis form'd by the reflection of the moon.
'*Von Der Flue.* It is a wond'rous sign, and seldom known;
Many have liv'd who ne'er have seen the like.
'*Sewa.* Look! now 'tis doubled! There's a paler one.
'*Baumgarten.* What boat is that which glides so smoothly under?
'*Melchtal.* It is the bark of Stauffacher: the brave man
Makes not his comrades wait.'

The conspirators from Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden being assembled, the three mountain tribes renew their ancient bond of friendship, and the poet takes occasion to introduce an old tradition, handed down in song, which represents them as originally descended from the north, whence their forefathers emigrated in consequence of a famine. The tradition is curious, but too long for our purpose. Referring to their history, SCHILLER also, in some very eloquent and vigorous verses, asserts the ancient title of the Swiss to their freedom, and maintains that the only connection they had with the Emperor consisted in his giving them his protection, in return for which they defended him from his foes.

'For this is the sole duty of the free,
The country to defend which shelters them.'

The following lines are so forcible, and so applicable to the state of Switzerland in the present day, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing them.

'"That which is our's no Emperor can bestow,
And if the empire should refuse us justice,
Little need we the empire in our mountains."
So spake our fathers: and shall we endure
The shame of this new yoke, — from foreign slave
Bear what no Emperor has dar'd to impose?
This soil have we created to ourselves
By labour of our hands; this ancient forest,
Once only the wild haunt of prowling bears,
Have chang'd into a dwelling fit for man;

The

The dragon's poisonous brood, which from the marsh
Spread desolation through the land, have slain;
The veil of mist, which in eternal grey
Hung o'er the wilderness, have torn aside;
Have sprung the solid rock; and o'er the abyss
Thrown for the traveller a steady bridge;
By the possession of a thousand years
The ground is ours,— and shall the stranger now,
The slave of princes, come to forge us chains,
And on our own inheritance do us shame!
Is there no help for tyranny like this?
[*A great agitation amongst the people.*
Yes! tyrant-power has limits! When the oppress'd
No longer can find justice, when the load
No longer can be borne, — with trusting spirit
He springs from earth to heaven, and downward brings
Those rights which hang above, inalienable,
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval law returns again,
Where man stands in his native strength alone
Oppos'd to man, and as a last resort,
When other means have fail'd, within his hand,
Is plac'd the sword. Against the arm of power,
We stand our dearest treasures to defend, —
Our wives, our children, and our native land.'

Rigid criticism might object to some figures and expressions in this passage, as being strained beyond the limits of good taste; but such faults may be excused for the sake of the manly sentiments which the lines convey.

All this time Tell, who is properly represented as a man of deeds, not of words, is well aware of the feeling that is abroad; and when he finds it approaching to a crisis, he hastens with his son to Altorf. There he refuses to pay homage to the Austrian hat, and for this crime he is ordered by Gesler to shoot the apple from the head of his child. This scene is feebly executed, indeed it would be extremely difficult for any writer to add to, or vary, the interest which the mere relative positions of the father and son excite. SCHILLER has endeavoured to help the weakness of this scene by comments upon the deed itself, among which we meet the following passage of rank bombast, supposed to be uttered by a fisherman:

'To aim at his child's head! Never before
Was such an act enjoin'd upon a father!
And shall not nature, with wild horror pale,
Revolt against it? — Oh! I should not wonder,
To see the rocks bow themselves to the lake!
Each pinnacle to see, each tower of ice,

Which

Which ne'er were thaw'd since first they were created,
Down from their lofty summits melt like snow!
The mountains splinter, and the ancient cliffs
Fall in; a second deluge drown the earth,
And sweep away the abodes of living men!'

The iniquity of Gesler is consummated by ordering Tell to be imprisoned after his frank confession, that if the first arrow touched his child, he had a second prepared for the tyrant himself. Tell is ordered to be taken in chains to Kussnacht, Gesler's castle, and, in order to secure his victim, the Bailiff directs him to be put on board his own boat at Fluellen. As they sail over the lake they encounter another storm, which gives rise to some fine verses.

'*Fisherman.* Woe to the vessel, which now on its way
Is rock'd in this terrific cradle! Here
The helmsman and the helm alike are useless!
The storm is master. Wind and water play
At ball with man. Distant or near, no bay
Offers its friendly shelter, and the rocks,
Precipitous and rugged, frown upon him,
Inhospitably rude, nor to his view
Ought shew, except their bare and flinty breasts.
'*Boy.* Father, a bark comes from Fluellen hither!
'*Fisherman.* God help the unhappy people. When the storm
Is once entangled in this glen of waters,
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Which 'gainst its prison's iron grating beats,
And howling strives in vain to find an outlet;
For all around the rocks a barrier form,
Which, high as heaven, walls in the narrow pass.'

It is in this tempest, however, that Tell finds his safety. The vessel becomes unmanageable; and upon its being represented to Gesler that Tell was an excellent pilot, he orders his chains to be unbound upon condition that the prisoner would take charge of the helm. Tell guided the boat near a ledge of rock, sprang out, and left the petty tyrant and his crew to their chance of the elements. The narrative of Tell's miraculous escape is well told. Urged now by a double vengeance, he proceeds towards Kussnacht by a short route, and, armed with his faithful bow, he lies in ambush for Gesler over a narrow pass which he must traverse on his way to his castle. Here Gesler is met by a poor woman, who petitions him for the release of her husband from prison; but her prayer only induces the Bailiff to threaten fresh outrages against the freedom of the country, and while he is thus

thus employed, his heart is transfixed by an arrow from an unseen hand. Gesler felt and exclaimed that it was Tell's.

The fifth act, which follows this scene, might have been altogether spared. It has nothing to do with the main incidents of the drama. It is taken up with the intelligence of the assassination of the Emperor, the return of Tell to his family, and the proclamation of the freedom of Switzerland. The two last results might have been left to the imagination after the death of Gesler, and the death of the Emperor lessens the merit of Tell and his brother conspirators in accomplishing the object which they had in view. In every respect the fifth act is a redundancy, and there is nothing in the poetry or the situations to compensate for the trouble which the perusal of it imposes on the reader.

ART. III. *Storia della Letteratura Italiana,* dall' Origine della Lingua fino al Secolo XIX., del Cavaliere GIUSEPPE MAFFEI, Regio Bavaro Consigliere, &c. Ad uso della Publica e Privata Istruzione. 3 Vols. 8vo. Milano. 1825.

THE history and critical analysis of Italian literature are subjects no longer gifted with the charm of novelty. To say nothing of the ardour with which, during the last thirty years that literature has been cultivated in our own country, and of the successful zeal with which it has been illustrated in our language; its treasures have also been laboriously dug out to exhaustion, and lavishly displayed in all their splendour, by the ability and enthusiasm both of French and native historians. The erudite and accurate *Tiraboschi*, the philosophical *Ginguené*, and the elegant *Sismondi*, have all raised imperishable monuments and landmarks to guide the future student in this delightful branch of graceful knowledge.

Nor, in giving the supremacy to this triumvirate of distinguished names, should it be forgotten to acknowledge the secondary merits of preceding labourers, who had each, though partially, assisted in preparing the materials for those later and more celebrated writers. The Scrittori Italiani (though but an incomplete fragment) of *Mazzucchelli*, the Storia letteratura Veneziana of *Foscarini*, and the similar work of *Soria* on Neapolitan Letters, are all at least still familiar to the Italian scholar.

With such accumulated stories of history and criticism on the literature of Italy, it may naturally be demanded of the Cavaliere MAFFEI, why he has thought it incumbent on him to challenge an achieved adventure, and to traverse a beaten field of enterprize, over which mightier spirits have swept

swept before him. But he has satisfactorily anticipated the enquiry by fairly stating in his preface the objects of his work; he disclaims for it all pretensions to originality either of design or execution; and we are really disposed to concur in much of his argument upon the utility of his labours. It appears that he has for many years held the office of professor of Italian Letters, first at the University of Saltzburg in Bavaria, and since at that of Monaco; and he tells us that, in the course of his experience in tuition, particularly among the German youth, he has found considerable embarrassment from the want of some brief compendium to aid his oral instruction; and to familiarize his pupils with the lives of Italian writers, and the general character of their works. He asserts, and with justice, that even in his own country the elaborate and voluminous work of *Tiraboschi* is adapted to the wants neither of men whose occupations suffer them to consecrate but a brief season to letters, nor of youthful students who desire to gain some general knowledge of their native literature without any great expenditure of time. And he complains that the prodigious industry of that work is consumed on too minute biographical researches; to the neglect of the criticism, upon which it might have been more profitably employed, on the merits and defects of the various productions of the Italian mind. Here also he is right: for the talents and literary habits of *Tiraboschi*, like those of his congenial *Muratori*, lay too much in these petty elaborations.

But our Cavaliere's main objection to the sufficiency of *Tiraboschi*'s work, as a manual of instruction, is that it does not extend through the literary history of the eighteenth century. This want has been supplied, indeed, by *Corniani* and the continuation of *Ugoni*; but even these works are swollen to the bulk of twelve volumes. So also *Landi*'s compendium of *Tiraboschi*, written originally in French and translated into Italian, is in a minor degree open to the same objection, for it extends to five volumes; and both that and the similar work of the Abate *Zenoni* have the disadvantage, in common with their original, of not including the eighteenth century. Of the work of *Sismondi*, our author takes no notice: either that his national pride is not satisfied that Italian letters should be treated only as a portion of the literature of the south; or, because of the labours of *Sismondi* being clothed in a foreign language. For this reason also it is, perhaps, that he alludes only to *Ginguené* to declare a resolution to imitate the spirit of that accomplished Frenchman's more voluminous researches, as far as his own narrower limits will allow.

Upon the whole, we are ready to admit the general justice of our author's remarks upon the want of some such compendium as he has here undertaken to give; and his work, upon the plan which he has pursued, will certainly be found a useful elementary introduction to the study of Italian literature. With this view it has been judiciously intended as an accompaniment to the publication of the collection of ancient and modern Italian classics, which is now in progress at Milan. It has been printed at the same press, and uniformly, we imagine, with that collection, which commencing with *Dante* is to extend to the chosen writers of our own times. The whole edition, when completed, will comprise about three hundred and fifty volumes in octavo, and compose a full and handsome cabinet library of Italian classical literature, well worth the attention of wealthy amateurs in this country. We should add that, judging from these volumes, the typography of the edition will be clear, elegant, and chaste.

To return to the volumes before us: — in delivering our general opinion upon the merits of the Cavaliere MAFFEI's labours, we shall at once declare that his work is very respectably executed; and we cannot better introduce our readers to an idea of its plan and contents, than by proceeding to give the words of the author, rendered into English, from the modest and sensible statement of his preface:

'The present compendium is divided into five books. The first treats of the origin of the Italian language, and of the perfection to which it was carried in the fourteenth century by the divine genius of *Dante*, *Petrarcha*, and *Boccaccio*. The second comprehends the literary history of the fifteenth century, in which the national taste for its own language was chilled, and the national mind diverted to learned research; until *Lorenzo de Medici* induced the most elegant spirits of his age to cultivate the vulgar tongue; and *Poliziano* poured forth such exquisite stanzas; and *Pulci* and *Boiardo* scattered those seeds of romantic poesy which fructified so luxuriantly in the succeeding age. The third book displays the vast literary riches of the sixteenth century. The fourth treats of the seventeenth century, in which, in the midst of so many servile followers of a corrupt and tumid style, there are still to be found not a few spirited and excellent writers. And, finally, the fifth book is devoted to the eighteenth century, in which art, literature, and science, all contended for the mastery.

'In the arrangement of my work, I have been contented to become an imitator of *Ginguené*; who, with an ample knowledge of the Italian, and with a rare spirit of philosophy, has composed the history of our literature, and rendered himself the benefactor, not only of Italy and France, but of every nation into which the cultivation of the French language has been extended. Giving brief

brief notices on the birth, on the life, and on the death of each of our writers, I have reserved myself to speak at more length of their works, though not to compose an analysis of them. All my articles, therefore, will be found divided into two parts: the first of which may be called biographical, the second critical; in which latter, that is in passing judgment upon the works of the great masters of the Italian mind, I have not relied upon myself, but have followed the opinions of the most celebrated critics, as *Gravina, Parini, Muratori, Salvini, Tiraboschi, Gozzi, Zanotti,* and other commentators. I shall thus have avoided the reproach of having followed my own powers of judgment; since I have adopted only the common verdict of the most learned critics. Moreover, in order that the reader may know the source from which my various conclusions are drawn, I have affixed to each page references to the works on which I have been contented to depend; and whoever is not satisfied with my summary may therefore turn to the originals, and study more at length the opinions which I have briefly abridged.

'For having adopted this course, it will not be just to reproach me with plagiarism, because I have ranged in quest of flowers over the possessions of others. My design has not been to present to Italy a new work, but to instruct the youth of Germany in our classical literature, by giving, in three volumes only, a selection from the most valuable and important part of that which has been written on the subject in many great works. Thus have I endeavoured to imitate the industrious bee, who in her excursive flight culls the honey of the surrounding plains, and stores it in the hive.—

'With respect to style, I have endeavoured, as much as in me lay, to avoid the extremes of affectation and culpable negligence; and so far as my feeble powers have permitted, I have laboured to steer a middle course between modern innovations of language and antiquated phraseology.' (Preface, pp. xii—xvi.)

We feel no inclination to go minutely through the familiar contents of a work of mere elementary instruction. We shall therefore be satisfied with concluding our notice by pointing to a few passages in it.—The first book, of course, is principally filled with an account of the great Tuscan triumvirate and their immortal works. But this is prefaced by a very able, though brief dissertation upon the origin of the Italian language, in which the opposite arguments for identifying it with the rustic dialect of ancient Italy, or deriving it from the later corruption of the classical Latin, are fairly and concisely stated. Our author here inclines, we think, with *Muratori* and others, to the arguments for its entire origin in the corruption of the Latin, and its mixture with the barbarian languages: in opposition to the other opinion of its identity with the old rustic Latin, which was first started by *Leonardo Bruni*, and has found subsequent supporters, as *Gravina*, and others. We also have

little hesitation in believing in its origin through corruption: but this curious question of philology is as obscure as it is interesting; and the only safe conclusion is that adopted by our author, (p. 23.), that 'il primo asilo della vaga nostra favella fu la corte dell' imperatore Federico II.' For, whatever may have been the process which formed its silvery tones, the errant Italian certainly found its first elegant abode in the Neapolitan court, and the fostering genius of that prince: — one of the greatest characters of his times, and whose memory accordingly the chronicles of the Guelf party have delighted to vituperate with malignant assiduity.

Of the remaining part of this first book we shall only observe, that the author appears to us to have too readily admitted, with *Tiraboschi*, and the horde of modern commentators, the certain identity of the Laura of *Petrarch* with the grandmother, some twenty degrees removed, of the Abbe *de Sade*. 'Era riservato," says he, (p. 116.) 'ad un discendente del marito di Laura, all' abate di Sade, l' onore di spargere la luce della verità su quest' oscura materia.' This pedigree of the veracious Frenchman has always, we confess, seemed to us but very apocryphal: but we have no fancy for reviving a question, to say the best of it, so utterly insignificant. There is — need it be observed — nothing new in our Cavaliere's biography, and thread-bare criticism on either *Dante*, *Petrarch*, or *Boccaccio*. The same thing may, in a word, be said of his account of the state of Italian literature in the fifteenth century, which occupies the second book; and we dismiss it with the sufficient commendation, that it is a faithful abridgement of the best authorities.

The third book, on the sixteenth century, to do it justice, is carefully compiled; and by a judicious arrangement, we have successive chapters devoted to the poets, the historians, the commentators on the fine arts, the men of science and philosophers, the orators, the grammarians, and the writers of voyages and travels, who thickly flourished in that splendid century of Italian literature. The book closes with a spirited notice on the state of typography in the same age.

Over the fourth book, which treats of the seventeenth century, we must be permitted to pass in few words; with the confession, that in spite of the national prejudices of the author, not even the names of *Galileo*, Frà *Paolo Sarpi*, and *Filicaja*, the melancholy poet of his country's wrongs, can induce us to find any attraction in an age, which was for Italy equally that of disgraceful bondage to political despotism, and grovelling servitude to a corrupt and vitiated taste in literature and art.

The

The fifth and concluding book is devoted, as already seen, to the eighteenth century. Here we are very far from agreeing with our worthy author, that, if that century had not been preceded by the fourteenth and sixteenth, it might, *par excellence*, have been characterized as the age of Italian poetry. Nor, though we *can* forgive him for likening *Vittorio Alfieri* to *Euripides*, are we able, for the life of us, to discover the force and propriety of the comparison in the same sentence which places poor *Metastasio* in juxta-position to *Sophocles!* But still we allow that there is certainly a great deal to interest the reader in the history of Italian literature in the eighteenth century. *Metastasio* and *Goldoni* are names of some celebrity in the musical and comic drama; *Giannone* and *Denina* are respectable historians, though the former has been much overrated; *Muratori* and *Tiraboschi* must always be mentioned with respect in the annals of literary industry; the sublime spirit of *Alfieri* has created tragedy for his country and his language; and the name of *Beccaria*, the politician, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, might in itself confer dignity upon any age. We do not share the enthusiasm with which the Cavaliere MAFFEI champions the century that was adorned by these luminaries; but we can listen to his relation with attention. He has entered on this apparently favourite division of his labours with animation and care; he has invested it with abundant interest; and it may certainly be pronounced to be the best executed part of his book.

But his compendium is at this moment open to the same objection which he has urged against the earlier and more voluminous work of *Tiraboschi*. It affords the reader no acquaintance with the literature of the passing age. The Cavaliere, whether from diffidence, or the fear of giving offence to any living writer, has cautiously abstained from all notice of the state of letters in Italy, in the nineteenth century; and any undertaking of the kind is already liable to the charge of imperfection, which has failed to introduce the student to the writings of *Mazza* and *Ippolito Pindemonte*, of *Monti*, and of *Foscolo*.

Our conclusive opinion of the work before us will be understood from the sum of the preceding remarks. It is very likely to answer the objects with which it has been composed, and is a very good elementary treatise. The last part of it may be read with advantage, even in this country; but for none of the preceding portions have we any demand. We are aware of the boast of the Italian, that his national literature has flourished with uninterrupted splendour, from

the close of the thirteenth century to our own times:—but we deny the justice of the pretension. There is a dark hiatus in the stream of light, after the middle of the sixteenth century. We allow to Italy the honourable title claimed for her by our author, of the parent of science and letters, — 'madre delle scienze e delle lettere;'—but we deny that she has been, as he proceeds to assert, the watchful guardian of the sacred flame of knowledge. Until the eighteenth century, there is absolutely nothing to entitle her to this honour, after the revival of letters and art, which dawned upon Europe from her bright example. And the English student, who would trace the first beams and the meridian light of her glory, need not refer to the pictures of our worthy Cavaliere. We possess, in our own language, and in the work of a distinguished living writer, a full and admirable account of Italian literature and art, up to the epoch at which both were extinguished for nearly two hundred years. In the imaginary travels of Theodore Ducas, Mr. Mills has rendered full justice to these interesting subjects; and every Italian scholar acknowledges the beauties of that elegant production, which deserves to be a text-book in our language, and is only less popular, because less extensively known, than the other works of the same accomplished author.

Art. IV. *Fables Inédites des XII^e, XIII^e et XIV^e Siècles, et Fables de la Fontaine*, rapprochées de celles de tous les auteurs, qui avoient, avant lui, traité les mêmes sujets, précédées d'une notice sur les Fabulistes, par A. C. M. Robert, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque, de Sainte Geneviève, &c. Tomes. 2. Paris. Etienne Cabin. 1825.

Next to those of the Grecian Esop and the Latin Phædrus, the Fables of *La Fontaine* are held in general esteem. The French writers, in the genuine spirit of patriotic pride, exalt the success of their poet into a national triumph, and are laboriously busy to repair his celebrity, lest the common glory should be diminished. A learned lady of France, Madame *Pons de St. Maurice*, in the early part of the last century, formed a digest (as perfect as her opportunities enabled her to render it) of the fables which were extant antecedently to the work of *La Fontaine*. The labours of successive collectors enlarged the contents of this catalogue. Looking to the amount of the accumulation, they naturally concluded that they had exhausted the objects of their search. The fruits of this protracted enquiry were afterwards placed in the hands of M. Robert, the *conservateur* of the library of St. Genevieve in

in Paris. He was enabled, by the facilities of his office, to make some important additions to this curious enumeration. The result was, the publication of a mixed work, which combines interesting matter wholly new to the press; with an edition of a standard production, issuing under auspices which improve its intrinsic value. The Fables of *La Fontaine* are printed in the usual order, and each is followed by a list of references to those performances, whether of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, English, Dutch, or Eastern authors, in which the same subject is treated; and for the like reason, one or more fables are subjoined to the list, which are drawn from the unpublished collection in the hands of the editor. The references do not comprehend those writers who were subsequent to the time of *La Fontaine*. One hundred fables are thus added to the stock of popular literature, chiefly taken from manuscripts of the date of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The preservation of the contents of those manuscripts is now secured; for an appendix to these volumes embraces that portion of the antient fables which found no proper place in the body of the work. Fac-similes are also given of the rude designs which ornamented the manuscript folios, and as serving to mark the progress of art, merit the attention of the curious. The whole is preceded by a notice of the known writers in this department, belonging to all countries and ages, up to the age of *La Fontaine*. This species springs from the illustrious *Esop*, although some critics claim the honour for *Hesiod*. After *Esop*, Greece presents no writer who can claim the honour of having enlarged the sphere of fabular literature. We are under the necessity of waiting for a genius kindred to his, until the tardy accession of *Phædrus*. And again this ornament of learning becomes almost the solitary fabulist of the Roman language. Whether by unhappy accident, or fatal jealousy of contemporaries, this remarkable author obtained no reputation in his day. His name is just saved in a line of *Martial*. *Seneca*, who chronologically should have known him, has a sentence negatively contradicting the existence of such a writer. But *Avienus*, a writer of fables, in the time of the emperor *Theodosius*, bears testimony, by an enlarged reference, to the partial celebrity of *Phædrus* in his day. The number of fables extant in Latin prose exceeds all power of specification. They are principally the productions of periods which followed the era of the decline of learning, and were composed, perhaps, for the purposes of elementary teaching. French literature, we find, was enriched at a very early period, by a translation of that curious fabulary relic, "Reynard the Fox." M. ROBERT has

added to the attractions of the present volumes, by copious extracts from this production, as well as from works in the same language, to which so peculiar a model gave rise. The first attempt at a French version of the classic fables was made by a female of the thirteenth century, whose history is involved in uncertainty. *Marie de France*, it is said, employed her time in translating into French verse the Esopian fables, from an English version: which, according to the same authority, was executed by Henry the First of England.

We look in vain throughout the literature of Europe, from Sweden to the shores of Naples, for some name that deserves to be placed in alliance with those of *Esop* and *Phædrus*. Fables derived from the common Grecian stock, appear to have been naturalized in every country: they are always paraphrased, seldom improved. The fables of *Bilbai*, or *Pilpay*, the Oriental *Esop*, are of great antiquity, and are believed to be original. They have been transferred into the different European languages: and, becoming incorporated with the fables of genuine Greek descent, are indiscriminately arranged amongst the generic Esopian compositions. *La Fontaine*, then, is the only writer who can be mentioned as the worthy companion of the Greek and the Roman fabulists. In his abstract of fabular authors, the compiler has shown very little more than erudition. A great proportion of the learned catalogue of names is without any substantial claims to the rank in which they appear. As to the notice of M. Robert on the English branch of his subject, we can only affirm that it has left ample room for the exertions of a more laborious and exact successor. He alludes only to Shakespeare, Butler, and Ogilby: the first on account of his paraphrase of the celebrated fable of "The Belly and the Members;" the author of Hudibras, for the fable of "The Elephant in the Moon;" and the third, who obtains a more particular notice, for his version of a select number of antient fables. This editor informs us, that the work of Ogilby appeared in London in the year 1665, which being compared with the date of the first publication of *La Fontaine*, would leave the latter the opportunity of three years to become acquainted with the English poet, before he committed his own work to the press. The fact, however, turns out to be, that Ogilby's Fables were published so early as the year 1651; so that instead of the limited term of three years, *La Fontaine* had the opportunity of full fourteen years to avail himself of all the advantages which he could derive from the English interpretation. But M. Robert appears to be utterly unacquainted with the existence of a work which bears much more directly on the object of his speculations.

culations. We allude to a valuable folio publication, consisting of Latin, French, and English versions of 110 of the Esopian fables. The English translation is in verse. The work bears the name of Philpot, and may be seen in the British Museum. The date of its publication is 1661, seven years preceding that of *La Fontaine*. The design was particularly attractive for foreigners; it was adorned with illustrations, executed with a perfection of art, which might force it into notice abroad. Neither this, nor any of the English prose versions of the fabular writings of antiquity have received attention from M. ROBERT. Ogilby's is the first poetical translation of the Esopian Fables which we can boast in our language. We learn, however, that attempts were made before his time, by inferior hands, to render these productions into English rhyme. Shirley the poet, sent a complimentary address to Ogilby, on the appearance of his fables, in which the following lines occur:

——— "Thy pen
Hath raised and made him (*Esop*) more than live again;
When rhymer's vex'd his ghost, and men to see't,
Staining fair paper with their cloven feet."

Such are the various sources, from which it is suggested *La Fontaine* might have drawn, not merely the subjects and the scheme of his fables, but also the elements of those embellishments, where alone he affects to be original. And to what purpose, after all, is this vast repository of learned materials piled up? His own admissions supersede the utility of summoning this confused assemblage of testimony against him.—Fable coming naked from the hand of *Esop*, was arrayed by *Phædrus* in a simple garb: he stopped at use and propriety. From *La Fontaine* it borrowed the graces of various decoration, the smiles of comedy, the charm of serious emotions. In fact, it does not seem to be suspected, that until the time of the French poet, fabular compositions were numbered amongst the means of didactic instruction; and that by *Aristotle* and other masters of the art of rhetoric, fable was so strictly cultivated as a mode of teaching, that nobody ever thought of connecting it with poetry. The distinction between *Esop* and *La Fontaine* may be exactly indicated by stating, that whilst *Plato* would have made the former a citizen of his republic, he would as certainly have included the French author in his sentence of banishment, so many misdemeanours of fancy and art could be laid to the charge of the latter. In *La Fontaine*, then, we have a writer in whom not merely the faculty of happy execution was vested, but who had the sagacity to see that he had no chance of success, except in the attempt

attempt to improve on the subjects which had been left by the famous masters of antiquity. It was only in the confidence of being able to relieve the style of those old fables, that he ventures upon the task. And does not the experience of ages, and especially the literary history of this country, afford enough of evidence to shew the penetration and prudence of *La Fontaine?* Gay thought that he could invent fables by the hour, but he acknowledges too late, that the difficulties of the enterprize were almost insurmountable. Swift tried his genius at the same operation, but with all his copious vocabulary and elasticity of mind, he was not able to command success, and despairingly avows his failure. This indefatigable search, with all its curious fruits, will leave *La Fontaine* then in his former station. Precedent after precedent may be accumulated for the adoption of some particular narratives; but where shall we find the source from which the French fabulist has stolen all the beauty of his immortal verses?

As an example of the manner in which this publication has been constructed, we shall select, on account of its brevity, the well known fable of 'The Cock and the Precious Stone.' The following is the composition of *La Fontaine:*

'*Le Coq et la Perle.*

'Un jour un coq détourna
Une perle, qu'il donna
Au beau premier lapidaire.
Je la crois fine, dit-il;
Mais le moindre grain de mil
Seroit bien mieux mon affaire.

'Un ignorant hérita
D'un manuscrit, qu'il porta
Chez son voisin le libraire.
Je crois, dit-il, qu'il est bon;
Mais le moindre ducaton
Seroit bien mieux mon affaire.

Then follows the catalogue of references:

'*Grecs.* Æs.-Camer. 188.

'*Latins.* Phædr. 51.; Rom. 1.; Rom. Nil. 1.; *Fab. ant.* Nil. 1.; Galfr. 1.; Pant. Caud. 122.

'*Français.* Mar. de Fr. 1.; Ysop. i. 1.; Vinc. de Beauv. 30.; *Mer. des Hist.* 30.; Jul. Mach. 1.; Rabel., *Prologue du* 1^er^ *liv.*; Guill. Haud. 112.; G. Corr. 1.; P. Despr. 14.; Bens. 1.; Le Nobl. 74. bis.

'*Italiens.* Acc.-Zucch. 1.; Tupp. 1.; Ces. Par. 112.; Guicc. p. 56.; Verdizz. 74.

'*Espagnols.* Ysopo. 1.

'*Allemands.* Minn.-Zing. 1.; H. Steinh. 1.

'*Hollandais. Esopus,* i.

'*Orientaux.* Bidpaï, t. 3. p. 187.

Sub

Subjoined to these references is a fable, on the same subject, taken from the Manuscript Collection in the Royal Library at Paris:

'YSOPET I. — FABLE I.

'*Du Coc et de l'Esmeraude.*

'Un coq sur un fumier estoit:
Du bec bechoit, des piés gratoit
Comme pour sa viande querre, *
Tant qu'une précieuse pierre
Et mout riche a trouvé au fiens. †
Cil a qui il n'en fust a riens
Dit, com cils qui point ne la prise,
Riche pierre, mal es assise:
A moy ne pues tu faire preu; ‡
Mal hesbergiée es en ort lieu! §
Si com je t'ay trouvé, t'éust
Celui qui avoir te déust,
Mieux fust ta grant biauté véue
Et ta grante bonté cogneue!
Tu ne m'afiers ne je a toy: ||
Je ne te vueil ne tu vues moy.

'Icest pierre senefie
Sagesse et le coch la folie.
Sens et folie, ce me semble,
Ne s'accordent pas bien ensemble.
L'en dit que le nombre infenit
Sus les fos point ne se fenit.
Le fol demonstre sa folie:
Partout la vet-on en oye. ¶
La condition des gens sages
Toujours amende leurs corages.
Le fol se mue com la lune:
N'est en lui fermetés aucune.'

It will no doubt be acceptable to our readers to place before them the versions of the same fable by other writers. It will be seen how clearly the manuscript fable just quoted has followed the terms used by Phædrus in his composition:

'*Pullus ad Margaritam.*

'In sterquilinio pullus gallinaceus,
Dum quærit escam, margaritam reperit.
Jaces indigno, quanta res, inquit, loco!

'* *Viande querre*, chercher sa subsistance.'
'† *Fiens*, fumier, mot bourguignon.'
'‡ *Preu*, profit, avantage.'
'§ *Ort*, sale, dégoûtant, de *horridus*.'
'|| *Affiert*, convient.'
'¶ *Oye*, oreille.'

'O si

'O si quis pretii cupidus vidisset tui,
Olim redisses ad splendorem pristinum.

'Ego qui te inveni, potior cui multò est cibus,
Nec tibi prodesse, nec mihi quidquam potes.

'Hoc illis narro qui me non intelligunt.'

The next is from an English version, published in 1658, and is curious from the quaint simplicity of its style:

"*The Cock and the precious Stone.*

"As a cock did once seek his living in the dunghill, he found a precious stone: to which the cock said, ah fair stone and precious, thou art here in the filth: and if he that desireth thee had found thee as I have done, he would have taken thee up and set thee in thy first estate: but I in vain have found thee, for nothing have I to do with thee: no good may I do to thee, nor thou to me."—Then follows the moral.

Ogilby supplies the following laboured but spirited paraphrase,—and, as his works are not extensively known, we have the less difficulty in making the extract:

"*The Cock and the precious Stone.*

"Stout Chanticleere four times aloud proclaims
Days signall victorie ore night's vanquish'd flames:
As oft the mighty lyons are affrighted
With his shrill notes, while others are delighted.
In short coat of feathers, warm as furs,
In boots drawn up, and gilded spurs
(Of old the valiant cock the eagle knighted)
He from proud roosts, high as the thatch, descends,
His wives, his concubines, and fair race, attends.

"Scaling a sordid mountain, straight he found
A star in dust, a sparkling diamond.
Then spake the Cock: Stone of the blackest water,
Whom time nor fire can waste, nor anvile batter,
If thee some skilful jeweller had sold,
Adorned thus with purest gold,
To a fond lover: he, his love to flatter,
Would swear his ladies' eyes outshine thy rays,
(Brightest of gems,) although she look nine ways.
Thou embleme of vain mayst adorn
The wisest, but give me a barley-corn."

Another specimen deserves to be added, if for no other purpose than to contrast its humble brevity with the lofty exaggeration of Ogilby. It is taken from the folio volume of Philpots, to which we have already alluded:

"*The Cock and the Margarite.*

"A graine of barly and a gem did dwell
I' th' caskett of a dunghill as their cell,

Till

Till the rude clawes of a keen hungry cock
Did that dull cabinet of dirt unlock,
And, haveing rak't them forth, wth cheape disdaine,
Waves ye bright gem to taste ye coorser graine.

" MORAL.

" Some eerthly natures choycer pleasures finde
In sordid joyes then in a virtuous minde."

In conclusion, it may be observed that the typographical execution of these volumes is worthy of the dignity of the French classic.

ART. V. *Applications de la Morale à la Politique.* Par JOSEPH DROZ, de l'Académie Française. Paris. 1825.

THIS is in many respects a curious and really a very interesting treatise, on a subject which we fear has been too long neglected by the statesmen of every country, — the application of the precepts of morality to political principles. In considering questions of government, kings and their ministers have been too much accustomed to prefer that which they deem expedient, to that which is in itself just, to pay much attention to the doctrines which M. DROZ maintains. Yet they are not, therefore, the less valuable, or the less worthy of that respect which virtuous and enlightened men should afford to honest opinions, expounded with moderation, particularly when upon the strictest scrutiny it is found, that those opinions are the direct and indeed the inevitable results of the great system, which the new Lawgiver came on earth to establish.

Nothing is more easy than to turn over the pages of a work like that before us, and after bestowing a superficial glance at their contents, to set them down as the dreams of an enthusiast, or in less decorous phrase, as the " cant of a royalist." It is impossible for any reasonable man to read a chapter of his book, without feeling that the author has meditated his subject profoundly, and that he has brought to bear upon it a mass of light, derived, not from theory, but from the experience of an age, distinguished above all that preceded it, for the number, the extravagance, and the signal failure of its schemes for governing mankind. He rejects no principle which he has not seen tried in the crucible of the revolution, and reduced to its true standard. He sets up no new system, but calls the attention of all thinking minds to that great fabric of moral government, which has existed in the world for upwards of eighteen centuries, which has witnessed the downfall

downfall and creation of so many empires, itself unshaken and unimpaired amid the vicissitudes which have attended every thing that is of human institution.

Upon an examination of this work, it will be found that the author's sentiments are uniformly characterised by great liberality, and rendered engaging by the wisdom on which they are founded, and by, what is the truest mark of that wisdom, the spirit of mildness in which they are framed. He speculates very little. Where facts or principles do not warrant him in forming an opinion, he leaves the result to *Time*. But when he can appeal to the history of a series of revolutions which he has himself witnessed, when he can refer to precepts of moral duty, acknowledged by the whole of the civilized world, he advances his arguments with a just confidence in their truth, without regarding whom they may flatter or offend. In religion, he denies that one man has any right to controul the opinions of another; in politics, he admires the beauty of the representative system, and acknowledges the trammels of no sect. He sees with clear eyes the errors of kings, statesmen, and parties of every description, and he points them out, not with the view of satirizing them, but as so many deviations from the grand moral principles which he inculcates. He seems to have had the good fortune to have passed through the terrors of the revolution, the seductions of the empire, and the re-action of the restoration with unpolluted hands; his intentions are upright, and his doctrines, so far as we may be permitted to judge, built on a basis which cannot be easily overthrown.

The learned academician has divided his work into fourteen chapters; it is not our intention to follow him through them in detail; we shall endeavour rather to condense within as narrow a compass as possible, the results which they establish. There cannot be two systems of morality, one for private, the other for public life. In every station the obligations of that law are equally binding, with this difference, that in proportion as the sphere in which they are displayed is more enlarged, they become of more importance, and should be more rigidly observed on account of the more extended influence which they acquire. If they ought to guide an individual in a private capacity, who can at most injure or assist but few individuals around him, how much more should they shape the conduct of a magistrate, a legislator, a minister, a sovereign, who may ruin or promote the happiness of a nation!

The doctrine of oppression is founded on the notion that the many are created for the purpose of administering to the caprices of a few. Even in Sparta, miscalled the Virtuous;

in

in Athens and Rome, a handful of citizens domineered over a population of slaves. Under the feudal system, oppression was changed only in its form; the power of the citizen was transferred to the baron; for the name of the slave was substituted that of the vassal. Oppression exists in its extreme rigour in the colonies, where a few white men rule a multitude of negroes by the whip; it prevails in its mildest form in those states where the abuses of power are prevented by wise institutions, or tempered by the progress of wealth and knowledge. In whatever shape or degree, or in whatever country, oppression is found, and we apprehend that it is to be met with under various forms in every region of the globe (the republican states of North and South America excepted), it counteracts the great end of society, which was intended for the amelioration and happiness of all mankind. The misfortune is, that men too frequently mistake power for right, and exercise it according to the impulse of their passions, not considering that it is absolutely incompatible with the welfare of society, that right, even when the possession of it is indisputable, should ever be put into action, unless the interests of society require it.

We cannot agree with M. Droz that it is of little consequence to a nation by what sort of a constitution it is governed, for even according to the doctrine which we have just deduced from his work, the abuse of power is likely to be most frequent where it is least controlled. It is true that whoever enjoys authority *may* use it for the general welfare, if he will; but the good of society demands that he *shall* so use it, and that he shall not have the power of turning it to a contrary purpose. Neither can we sympathize in the apprehensions which he feels against revolutions in the abstract. It is by far too general a proposition to assert *á priori* that all revolutions are to be deprecated. It is not to be denied that changes of an extensive nature are calculated to inflame men's minds, and render them for some time unfit to deliberate with calmness upon questions of government. But the great point to be gained in all corrupt and despotic countries is first the opportunity of deliberation, and the power of introducing a new order of things. The stream of improvement once admitted to the surface, will soon make a channel and work itself clear. The best mode for rendering a people fit for freedom is to give it to them, and to let them shape it to their wants and wishes as they shall see fit in a due course of experiment. One never knows how a garment will suit him until he puts it on. The only mode by which a government can prevent revolution is, to lead the way itself, in introducing such

such innovations as are sufficient to satisfy the reasonable portion of the community.

The three great interests of society are liberty of conscience, personal freedom and security of property. Upon each of these M. Droz has given us some excellent observations.

'The most sacred duty of an intelligent being, he says, is to honour God according to the mode which his conscience prescribes. The word "toleration" is improper; he who only *tolerates* has the right to prohibit. In order that conscience should be free, it is not enough that there is an abundance of churches for every sect; social order requires that those who, differing from each other in religion, support the same burthens, should enjoy the same advantages. Otherwise, a penalty is imposed upon all but the favoured faith, which is an injustice; besides, those dissenting from that faith are thus placed between their religious duties and worldly interests, which is, to say the least of it, immoral. Further, the whole community suffers from exclusive laws of this description, in as much as they are prolific of disquietude and discord, and impede the diffusion of those benevolent and fraternal feelings which are so essential to the promotion of general happiness.

'Next in importance to freedom of conscience is personal liberty. All persons exercising important offices, or enjoying great wealth, necessarily possess extensive influence, which they may, if they choose, pervert to unworthy purposes. One of the most touching and beautiful consequences of civilization is, a disposition on the part of such persons to abstain from the arbitrary exertion of their strength, and to postpone their power to the dictates of justice and humanity. In France, fine theories too often throw practical truths into the shade. One may be said to be free in that country where an arbitrary act excites universal indignation, and is prosecuted and condemned without reference to the party committing it; but in a country where it is asked by whom, and against whom the crime was committed, the people are slaves and deserve to be so. England is, of all other European nations, the most distinguished for the number which it presents of laws to be studied, and of examples to be followed, upon the subject of personal liberty. It is easy, in a theoretical point of view, to display the faults of the English constitution; but the surest safeguard of the people of Great Britain is the diffusion amongst them of those principles upon which their franchises are founded — principles which are known through every class, and prized by all as a part of their existence. Nothing is less common among the French than a feeling of true respect for personal liberty. Despotism existed under the old government; then indeed it was generally exercised with mildness; under the revolution it became sanguinary and ferocious; it assumed a different form under the empire, but retained all its activity, and was rendered inflexible; and as yet where shall we find men who have not received their

tenderness of the learned strumpet, his wife, to give her an excuse for declaring him the real as well as the legal father of her child. The sequel has retribution in it: she loses her life in giving birth to the fruits of her adulterous commerce, and *Voltaire* is overwhelmed with affliction at her death, until, before her interment, he desires LONGCHAMPS to remove from her finger a ring which, inside its cornelian, concealed a small miniature of himself, and might fall into the hands of the Marquis; but *St. Lambert*, who knew that his likeness had replaced that of *Voltaire*, had already caused the gem to be removed by LONGCHAMPS. When the secretary communicated the fact to *Voltaire*, '*O ciel!* dit-il, en levant et joignant les deux mains, *voila bien les femmes! j'en avais ôté* Richelieu, Saint-Lambert *m'en a expulsé; cela est dans l'ordre, un clou chasse l'autre: ainsi vont les choses de ce monde!*'

In the sixth and last division of these volumes, — the mass of writings concerning *Voltaire* and his works by Madame *du Chatêlet* and others, — there is little worth our notice here, and not much perhaps of any value for the future biographer. It is indeed principally with relation to this kind of value, that we have spoken of these volumes at all. The life of *Voltaire* yet remains to be written in our language, and the present collection has added very considerably to the abundant materials which we now possess for such a work. The rare and extraordinary talents of the man, the elegant versatility of his genius, the immense number of his works upon such various subjects, and the extraordinary influence of his opinions upon his age and country, would all contribute to invest a good account of his life with very high interest and attraction, to say nothing of the extensive picture which it must embrace of the literature and literary manners of France during the last century. We must confess that we should ardently desire to see such a work properly executed, with impartiality, good sense, and candour; and we are convinced that it can be so executed only in our own country and language. Who among our numerous writers in the department of biography will undertake the adventure?

ART. VIII. *Elementos de la Ciencia de Hacienda* (Elements of the Science of Finance). Por DON JOSÈ CANGA ARGUELLES. Londres. 1825. 8vo. pp. 402.

DON JOSÈ CANGA ARGUELLES enjoyed the hapless distinction of being minister of finance to *Ferdinand* VII., during a portion of the short period of the constitutional

government. After the invasion by the French army, and the downfall of the liberties of his country, he was, as a reward for his services, consigned, by order of his grateful master, to a dungeon in the castle of Peniscola: and during his captivity there, dedicated his tedious hours to the composition of this work; which, on his arrival in England, he was induced to revise and send to the press, at the solicitation of his friend, Don *Vicente Rocafuerte*, secretary to the late envoy from the Mexican Republic. To this he consented, apparently with a twofold intention; first, that he might have an opportunity of vindicating the financial measures pursued by the administration of which he was a member; and, secondly, that by pointing out and descanting upon the causes of the ruin and bankruptcy of the Spanish treasury, he might warn the New American republics against falling into those errors which had proved so fatal to the mother-country. He has acquitted himself of this task in a way which does him honour: as indeed might have been expected from his well-established character as a statesman of great talents, profoundly acquainted with the history of his country and the nature of his subject.

He has divided his work into four books. In the first, he treats of the nature and elements of public wealth, of the sources from which it springs, and the different causes, which tend either to accelerate or retard its accumulation. In the second, he discusses the nature of public expenses; and in the third and fourth, the various methods employed by different governments to raise subsidies and taxes: concluding with some remarks on the qualities requisite in such agents as dedicate themselves to this necessary and important branch of the public service. He subjoins an appendix, containing various statements and details, to elucidate his reasonings; such as a list of the various *positos*, or *agricultural banks* established in the different provinces of Spain, with an enumeration of the amount of their funds, in seed, corn, and money; an account of the average quantities of foreign corn imported into Spain; a statement of her mercantile shipping and seamen; a calculation of the losses sustained by Spain in her population, from the atrocities of the Inquisition; an account of the mercantile diplomacy of Spain, exhibiting a variety of useful particulars, connected with her commercial relations with foreign states; a full exposition of the nature of commercial treaties, with an examination of those, which have been entered into, at various times, between Spain and the other European powers; and, lastly, a brief abstract of the work, in the shape of a catechism of finance.

This, it will be perceived, is a very extensive range, and it would require a much larger space than we can well allot to it here, to attempt to follow Senor CANGA through all his details. We shall therefore merely content ourselves with noticing a few of the most striking passages. After laying it down as a well established position, that gold and silver do not constitute national wealth, but that the amount of labour and industry is to be estimated in all our calculations on this head, he illustrates his ideas by comparing the opposite condition of Spain and Great Britain, both as to wealth and population; and draws our attention to this singular fact, that in Spain there are five parts in the population out of six, who are perfectly idle; whereas in England, there are only three out of sixteen who are not employed in industrious habits. Hence Spain, with a population of ten and a half millions, only produces eleven thousand millions of reals of income; whereas Great Britain, with a population of little more than thirteen millions (1815), produced forty-three thousand millions of reals, and yet in point of extent and richness of soil Spain has the advantage over Great Britain.

In advocating the tendency of commercial liberty to diffuse prosperity, he cites, in corroboration of his arguments, the economical history of Spain. Whence it appears, that in the course of the sixteenth century, when Spanish commerce was on a more free footing than at present, the city of San Lucar contained within its walls six thousand merchants, twenty thousand looms, and one hundred and fifty merchant ships; all of which have since disappeared. Spain at that period possessed also a mercantile navy of three thousand sail of shipping; whereas at the present hour she can barely muster one thousand. In the year 1778, before the free intercourse with America, the value of goods exported thither was seventy-four millions of reals,—which, within ten years afterwards, had increased to three hundred millions; and of which, in the year 1788, one hundred and eighteen millions were the produce of Spain. Whereas, before that time, their amount was only twenty-nine millions.

In noticing the dreadful catalogue of miseries which weigh down, at this time, the national resources of his native country, Senor CANGA dwells with much force and feeling on the falling off in her population. Religious opinions, he says, having suggested to mankind that matrimony is incompatible with the sanctity of the priesthood, all that class of men are prevented from contracting marriage; which cause alone has deprived the Peninsula of an increase of population amounts

ing to nine millions four hundred and twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight souls in every century. For taking into calculation that each unmarried man of thirty-five years of age might have had at that age - - 2 children,

These two, again, at 25, - -	4
And these four at 25, - - -	8
And these eight at 25, - -	16
And these sixteen at 25, - -	32
Total,	62
Deducting from which, for deaths under 25,	6
There remain,	56

which is the number each bachelor deprives society of in a century, by taking holy orders.

Then, again, the number of individuals destroyed by the Inquisition of Spain, from the date of its first establishment, till the year 1818, amounted to at least - - - 341,021

And, regulating the loss of population by the same sort of calculation commencing from the year 1480, it will amount to - - - - - 60,720,973

Moreover, *Rodrigues de Castro*, in his precious work, called Bibliotheca Rabbinica, asserts that the number of Jews expelled from Spain amounted to - - - 400,000

And by the same geometrical progression, we shall find the loss to the state from that source to be - - 70,400,000

And the Moriscoes expelled were - - 600,000

So that the total loss of population must amount to the appalling number of two hundred and three millions one hundred and twenty thousand. The number, we suspect, is not a little exaggerated; but, nevertheless, it is certain that the population has been seriously diminished by the causes which have been stated, some of which still operate with unmitigated effect.

In addition to which is to be considered the fatal opinion of attaching to a state of poverty a peculiar value; whereby the Spaniards have been led to connect with idleness in this world the ideas of eternal happiness hereafter, and to look down with contempt on a life of honest industry. "The child," says Ward, (in his Proyecto Economico,) "upon observing his mother giving alms to a religious beggar, and at the same time kissing with humility the hand stretched forth to receive it, forms so sublime an idea of a state of poverty, which is thus exalted above labour, that it conceives a degree of disgust and aversion

sion to all employment." And by an extension of the same fatal influence one-fifth of the year is wasted in observing religious fasts and festivals; so that a loss of labour ensues, which is fully adequate in amount to the whole taxes of the country, and therefore increases the prices of all the necessaries of life in the same ratio. Another cause of the increase of poverty is the absurd opinion entertained in Spain of the nature of *usury*, whence the hatred which has been so long felt against the Jews, and which has often been a pretext for many acts of atrocious injustice committed upon them. From the same cause society has been deprived of the use and circulation of an immense mass of real wealth, which has passed from the hands of active individuals into the coffers of the clergy. Lastly, the ridiculous opinion entertained, that there is a degree of infamy attached to the laborious classes of society. Wherefore, a shoemaker in Spain, instead of making his sons follow his own handicraft, will rather persuade them to enter a convent, and thinks it one of the most lucky days in his life when he sees them arrayed in the habit of monks, thinking that some portion of that respect is reflected back on himself, which is paid to the sacred profession of which they are members.

Another obstacle to national prosperity presents itself in that hurtful prejudice which has been handed down from age to age, and has even reached the Spaniards of the present day, that all persons employed in business are merely a sort of bondsmen, and that the soldier's occupation can alone be considered noble or honourable, so that both commerce and the arts are held in a contemptible light. Indeed, the military order of Alcantara does not admit under its banners, nor communicate its honours to, any merchants or traffickers, nor to those who have pursued any profession or mechanical art. And the statutes of the order of Escama, created by Don *Juan* the Second of Castile, condemned to one month's imprisonment, any Cavallero who should hold any interconrse either with a *plebeian*, *merchant*, or *artisan*. All these establishments and prejudices operating forcibly on the minds of a proud and sensitive people, naturally indolent, have tended to root out all spirit of industry, and to render them still more disgusted with labour.

In treating of the natural wealth of Spain, Senor Canga states its surface to consist of fifteen thousand five and a half square leagues, and one hundred and thirty-six millions of fanegadas of land, of which one hundred and twenty-two millions five hundred thousand are capable of cultivation.

All its provinces produce more or less wheat, barley, and rye; twenty-eight produce oil; twenty-nine flax and hemp; seven grow esparto; in eleven, barilla is cultivated; in six, madder; in thirteen, sumach; in one, rice; in another, there is liquorice; in five, saffron; in almost all there are fruit-trees; in six, cheese is made; in twenty-six brandy is distilled; in six, almonds are grown; in fifteen, silk; in twenty, they breed horses; in twenty-one, mules; in twenty-two, horned cattle; in twenty-nine, there are goats and sheep; in thirty-eight, swine; in twelve, they produce fine wool, and coarse in twenty-nine. Mines of lead and copper are abundant; also rock-salt, cobalt, and cinnabar. The mine of this last at Almaden produces eighty thousand arrobas of quicksilver annually; and Spain has also a sea-coast of four hundred and eighty-three leagues, abounding with fish, while in the whole extent of country there is no part absolutely barren.

	millions of reals.
The annual products of agriculture are,	8572
Those of arts and manufactures, -	2078
Those of internal commerce, -	2500
External commerce in years of prosperity,	2968
The net annual proceeds of her commerce, fishery, and navigation, - -	269
Merchant-ships distributed in 22 sea-ports in 1801, - - -	932
Tonnage, - - - -	150,014
Sailors in 1818, - -	38,345
The total amount of national capital, (reals,)	102,743,736,432
Of which there are dedicated to agriculture, - - -	72,476,169,519
To the arts, - -	25,267,566,913
And to commerce, fisheries, and navigation, - - -	5,000,000,000
The sum total of produce, or of annual income, - - -	10,920,310,149
The amount of metallic currency, -	6,473,476,842
Wages of labourers, artisans, and servants, calculated at - - -	640,000,000
Annual consumption estimated at -	6,500,000,000

Senor Canga lays it down as a maxim, which cannot be controverted, that in no state ought the public expenses to exceed one-fourth of the total income of the inhabitants; whereas

whereas in Spain the clergy and church alone absorb much more. He divides the expenses under four heads, viz.

Religion and its ministers, -	(reals,)	1,843,234,080
Municipal expenses connected with the health, &c. of the people, - -		410,000,000
The armed force for ordnance and extras, and besides pay from the national treasury, - -		78,000,000
Military force, civil government, and other services, - - -		730,000,000
	Total,	3,061,234,080

Thus it appears that the church swallows up at least sixteen per cent. of the whole income of the Spanish people.

Almost from the earliest periods of the Spanish monarchy it seems there had been warm disputes carried on between the monarchs and the people, as to the necessity of retrenching and reforming the public expenditure. But towards the commencement of the eighteenth century, when arbitrary principles became established upon the wreck of the national representation, the complaints against the increasing excess of taxes were only met by fresh demands upon them from the government.

The Cortes had been accustomed to enquire minutely into the whole of the public expenditure, and to call in question the necessity of the several items of which it consisted, occasionally even expressing their astonishment at the vast extent of those items, and at all times accommodating their tone to the existing circumstances of the people, and frequently confessing that they could not comprehend how they could possibly be so extravagant. Sometimes they even refused to provide for the liquidation of the proposed charges, and affixed specific sums of expenditure to each service, with the view of opposing some limits to the prodigality of their kings. Still, while the people exercised this their constitutional right, it does not appear that the political system of the nation experienced any detriment. For *Henry* III. of Castile having assembled the General Cortes in the first year of his reign, thus addressed them: "I request you would grant me those things which you may judge necessary for maintaining my own station and honour, and that of the Queen my consort, and of the Infantè, and of the other queens, and the members of my royal house; and for the equipments and salaries and

other particulars appertaining to a state of war, and for the maintenance of my council, and my justice; and for all the other services which are requisite as well for the guarding as for the defence of these kingdoms; and also to place somewhat in my treasury, to be reserved and be at hand when it may be needed." (*Marina Teoria de las Cortes*, tom. ii. p. 389.)

Nevertheless, the expenses of the state went on gradually increasing to such a degree, that at length Philip the Second declared he did not know how he could possibly meet them, as they then amounted to upwards of one hundred and thirty-two millions of reals. In the time of Charles the Second they were one hundred and sixty millions, and upwards of three hundred and thirty-nine millions in the reign of Philip the Fifth and Ferdinand the Sixth. In the reign of Charles the Third, during a period of peace, they had attained to above eight hundred and sixty-one millions, and in Charles the Fourth's time to one thousand one hundred millions, and in the present king's reign, Ferdinand the Seventh, to seven hundred and thirteen millions nine hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred reals. Of these sums a very large proportion had always been expended upon the royal household, and a struggle had been carried on between the monarchs of Spain and their subjects for above six hundred years on the necessity of economy in this particular branch. The Cortes had ever complained most bitterly; at one time soliciting reform, and at another endeavouring to effect it themselves, by making an appeal to the laws in support of their remonstrances. But neither the terrible sufferings of the people, nor the consideration of the national poverty, nor even the sentiments expressed by the Cortes of Bribiesca, assembled in 1387, "that these expenses were wrung from the miseries of the labouring population," were powerful enough to restrain such abuses. Nay, during the disasters of the bloody war of the succession, Philip of Bourbon travelled with a train of six hundred servants, maintained daily three tables of state for the superior officers of his palace, had thirty mules constantly employed in merely carrying his table-linen; three hundred carriage-mules, and one hundred to carry his provisions. And yet this very monarch had been told by his predecessor, when on his death-bed, that it was of the greatest importance that he should limit the expenses of his household, so as not to permit the smallest excess, and that he should not permit any false scruples of pride to interfere with that step, for it was due to his people, both in justice and expediency. On the re-establishment of the constitution

and

and the convocation of the General Cortes, every endeavour was made to pare down the public expenditure; that of the royal household particularly was brought down from seventy-four and fifty-seven millions of reals to forty-five; that of the diplomatic department from eight and a half millions to five; the marine from two hundred to eighty millions; and attempts were made to repair the public credit of the country by consolidating the debt, and putting the various denominations of creditors upon one general footing, without giving any class an undue preference over the others. Unfortunately for the welfare of Spain, all these attempts were withered by the secret treachery of the King, and the overwhelming and ill-directed influence of the priesthood. The Cortes were swept away, all their plans of reform and finance vanished with the projectors, and misery and poverty again took possession of the country.

In describing the efforts which had been made to prop up the agricultural classes, Senor Canga has mentioned the establishments called Montes Pios, or Positos, (Depôts,) which we do not recollect to have seen previously much noticed by any writers on Spain. They are large granaries or magazines of seed, corn, and grain of various kinds, with certain proportions of money which have been formed throughout most of the provinces, with the view of benefiting and assisting the poorer farmers. Many of them were first established by the prelates and by the government, others by private individuals. In the year 1808 *, there existed in the Peninsula five thousand two hundred and fifty-one of these *positos* belonging to government, and two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three the property of private persons, in all eight thousand and eighty-four; containing wheat to the amount of nine millions four hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and ninety-two fanegas, five hundred and seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty of various inferior seeds, fifty-five millions one hundred and five thousand four hundred and nineteen reals vellon in money, and sixteen millions nine hundred and thirty-six thousand reals in bonds of the national bank. In the opinion of Senor Canga they failed in their object; for in the Asturias and Biscay, where there are none, the farmers are more flourishing than in Avila and Jaén, where they are numerous; and Seville and Granada, though they have a large number of

* We rather think that these depôts have been reduced very much in number, if indeed they have not totally disappeared, since the late revolution in Spain.

positos

positos, are not to be compared for agricultural prosperity to Catalonia and Valencia. It is true that in the two latter provinces the number of positos is still greater than in the two former: but the superior success of Catalonia and Valencia is less to be attributed to these artificial aids, than to the advantages of outlet possessed by them, whereby they are enabled to ship off their surplus-produce to a good market, which renders them more enterprising and industrious. We cannot help thinking that some such establishments might be formed in Ireland with advantage to the poorer class of cultivators in that kingdom. At any rate the experiment on a small scale might be made without incurring a great loss.

Senor CANGA is, we perceive, engaged at present upon a Dictionary of Finance; and, judging from the work before us, we can have no doubt that it will be both curious and valuable. We trust that the new American republics will avail themselves of the information imparted by the Senor in constituting their systems of finance; for, as he justly observes, no financier has yet been able to make three do the office of four, and upon a good and prosperous system of finance the happiness, honour, and welfare of all civilised states in modern times are mainly dependant.

We subjoin a comparative table of the public expenses of Spain according to an arithmetical average.

	Years from 1788 to 1792	Year 1817.	Year of Cortes 1820.	Year of Cortes 1822.
	Reals.	Reals.	Reals.	Reals.
Royal Household.....	*74,742,164	56,973,600	45,090,000	45,212,000
Secretaries of State...	8,244,488			
Tribunals.....	18,798,309	12,000,000	11,131,110	16,897,899
Pensions of Treasury	3,239,507	15,000,000	12,000,000	5,626,571
Ambassadors	8,572,026			5,000,000
Secret services	4,620,858			
Extraordinaries of Treasury	44,082,384			
Paymasters of same...	35,263,329			
The Army	346,238,072	350,000,000	355,450,915	328,633,983
Marine.....	200,000,000	100,000,000	96,000,000	80,000,000
Montes Pios	6,471,985			
Payment of debts ...	106,453,182			
Finance		110,000,000	173,351,669	148,894,075
Government.....		10,000,000	9,778,610	38,389,485
Unforeseen expenses		30,000,000		
Payment of arrears		30,000,000		

* Or in sterling money, 1,673,913*l.* 0*s.* 11½*d.*

ART.

ART. IX. *The Magic Ring*; a Romance: from the German of Frederick Baron de la Motte Fouqué. 3 Vols. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Whittaker, London, 1825.

THE present age is remarkable for a tendency to set up *reality* and *use* as the standards to determine the value of all things. Even they who guard over the province of fiction have acknowledged the new doctrine. Heroes must now descend from their castles, and pretensions, and mix with the world, and yield obedience to its laws. The privilege, which they used to stand upon, of cutting and maiming and murdering at discretion, would not now be listened to at the Old Bailey; and the slightest approach to the ancient propensities of witchcraft, or star-interpretation, or cauldrons of potential simples, brings on the inevitable visitation of "a jury of their country." At such an era as this, to produce a tale which draws its leading materials from the beings and usages of chivalry, — a system so opposed to our experience, that its existence has added another to the suspended questions of historical litigation, — is an enterprise that appears in its conception to partake not a little of the nature of the spirit whose operations it professes to represent. But still there is in the performance so much of the grace of minute finishing with occasional brilliancy of colouring, and the general effect is so consistent with all that has been established to be true upon this subject, that the contemplation of the picture inclines us to set off the excellence of the execution against the imprudence of the design.

It is a remarkable feature of these volumes, that they are written in perfect contemporaneous accord with the era in which the relation purports to have had its origin. There is not a single anachronism of sentiment, character, or illustration, to conflict with the even tenor of its antiquarian pretensions. It is indited with all the simple good-will of a legend, of which each principal event is recorded in that tone of conscientious conviction, which is likely to be adopted by one who is not only himself deeply impressed with the truth of his story, but is anxious that it should excite the same lively faith in others. The opening scenes reveal to us some of the principal figures of the romance, and, regarding merely the effect of the details which they embrace, we might not improperly allude to them as delineating an exquisite type of the birth of knighthood. A youth of honourable race, Otto von Trautwangen, living in the retirement of his paternal mansion, on the pleasant banks of the Danube in Suabia, finds his sensibilities affected by some indeterminate notions of glory, and his aspirations are at length directed to that way of life, of whose honourable

honourable dangers he hears so much in the stirring strains of the family minstrel. At length the splendours of chivalry itself present themselves before him in embodied beauty. A knight in armour, and a lady on a palfrey, with a train of attendant squires and dames, — a magnificent pageant, — are seen to approach and pitch their variegated tents over a pleasant plain, where Otto von Trautwangen with his beautiful cousin Bertha was pursuing some pastime of his sequestered and regular life. In the distinguished leaders of this procession we are introduced to Gabrielle of Portamour, the present possessor of the Magic Ring, and Count Archimbald of Waldeck, her voluntary champion, whose prowess is to vindicate her title to the wonderful gem, which not only was endowed with many extraordinary virtues, but decided the ownership of vast inheritances in Normandy. The rival claimant of this ring is the Lady Blanchefleur. The original donor was Sir Huguenin of the North, who was betrothed to a beautiful damsel of France, but afterwards married a still more charming widow of Normandy. The latter, upon her marriage, obtained the Ring from Sir Huguenin, — but the former claimed it as virtually her property; and the conflicting demands of the ladies were transmitted to their respective children. Gabrielle was the daughter of the deserted damsel, who was married to the Knight of Portamour, after Sir Huguenin had violated his pledge to her. Blanchefleur was the actual daughter of Sir Huguenin; and the claims which she set up being founded on a superiority of title, were, moreover, occasionally maintained by her courageous brother Sir Folko de Montfaucon. The temporary repose which Gabrielle was enjoying in this pastoral retreat is disturbed by the alarming appearance of Sir Folko, in quest of the inestimable relic, nor does it appear likely to give rise to fewer combats than that ring of sovereign power to restore the freshness of youth, which was bestowed by the fairy Morgana on the favoured Ogier le Danois in the old romance, and the possession of which he asserted against thirty champions whom he defeated in succession. A fearful encounter by torchlight ensues between the champions thus brought together, and terminates in the discomfiture of Sir Archimbald de Waldeck, and the consequent surrender of the Magic Ring by the weeping Gabrielle. Just as the prize is about to be transferred to Sir Folko, the young Otto, who had with burning interest watched the vicissitudes of the combat, advances to challenge the successful champion, who with a glance of rebuke thus meets the rash proposal:

"Young

'"Young squire! young squire! where are your golden spurs? Do you think yourself already qualified to break a lance with knights in the field? Three sword-strokes on the shoulders, and a midnight watch of your armour, then come to me again, and I shall willingly meet you."'

Gabrielle, whose distress at her privation might well excuse her indifference to the unprofitable condolence of Otto, was so desirous of quitting a place which had proved so fatal to her hopes, that she did not hear in her haste the votive exclamation of the youthful hero.

'"So, may Heaven aid me, noble lady, as I shall certainly not rest till I have become a knight, nor till I have laid the Ring at your feet."'

And, happily, he finds the means beneath his parental roof of crowning his ardent aspirations. The ceremonies of the *accolade* as it is performed by Sir Hugh, the father of Otto, and subsequently the watching of his armour on the vigil of his investiture, borrow a great deal of interest from the manner in which the description of them is wrought.

'Otto sank on his knees, and devoutly folded his hands; thus resembling one of those youthful figures, which we find on ancient marble monuments, of warriors untimely slain, with looks of pious simplicity and faith, waiting the hour of their resurrection. Sir Hugh, meanwhile, touched his son's shoulders three times with the heavy blade, saying, "Suffer these blows now from my hand, but never from that of another man!" Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he said with solemn dignity, "Herr von Trautwangen, I have now, in right of my station as knight and banneret, conferred on you the full rank of the sacred order to which I belong. Fulfil your duties henceforth with honour and integrity, for the protection of distressed damsels, widows, and orphans; above all, for the service of our Redeemer and the glory of our holy religion. For the present, rise up, and let us embrace, like friendly comrades and brethren in arms."'

The young Knight is then conducted to the chapel by his father: he takes his station sword in hand near the altar before which the squires had already laid down the bright-gleaming armour.

'Aloft in the chapel-roof there shone, from afar, a single lamp, illuminating in such manner the fine Gothic arches, with their richly-carved branches and foliage, that one might have deemed himself under the shade of a long leafy avenue in a wood, and have looked up through the trees for the clear blue light of heaven. Meanwhile the ground of the chapel (like the earth itself to the weak eyes of mortals) remained, with all its forms and imagery, dim and doubtful. At first the young Knight's thoughts

thoughts were wholly devout and religious. He knelt down with his hands folded over his sword-hilt, and holding up the cross, with which it was surmounted, like a crucifix before him, lifted up his eyes to the richly-fretted and illumined church-roof, reflecting by some natural associations on an event which had left deep impressions on his youthful mind. He remembered that his now sainted mother had died on a journey, without any other shelter than that of the forest-trees. She was no longer able to speak with him, but, with sweet smiles and eyes still intelligent, had pointed to the bright blue vernal sky that was then visible above them. With his mother's death other associations were soon united, till by degrees his attention came back again to his situation at the present moment. It occurred to him, with a feeling of self-reproach, how little he had hitherto thought of the chapel in which he was thus left alone at midnight, and, with a mixed emotion of curiosity and awe, he started up from his place at the altar.

'Of the various forms that were visible along the walls, some projected so far, that, in the play of light and shadow, they almost moved and started into life. Others were only painted on the stone,—shadows themselves among the grotesque shades, which, by the lamp-light, were cast from other figures upon them. It seemed as if all this imagery must in some way or another be connected with his father's past life; of which his knowledge was only like that which he had just now acquired of the chapel-walls. There were certain scenes and events clear and intelligible, others only faintly guessed at or imagined, and the plan or connection of the whole lost in dim twilight. So much was here plainly visible, — that there were divers sepulchral monuments, with their sombre adornments, — divers trophies formed of ponderous weapons and gigantic armour; for Sir Hugh had been a great conqueror,—had travelled not only in the holy oriental lands, and in the blooming west of Europe, but into the wild regions of the north, where there is far more winter than summer, and where the sun remains for many weeks under the horizon. It might be supposed that from all these distant climes certain spoils or tokens had been brought hither, in order to collect, within the narrow space, proofs how wide and venturous had been the achievements of that ancient knight, whose career was now fast verging to its final close, when he would be confined within far narrower limits than even those of the chapel.'

From these, as well as some passages of a less marked character, it may be concluded, that the story is meant to be connected with an epoch in the progress of the chivalric system, before the union between military habits and religious ceremonies arrived at that state of perfection, of which the institution of the military orders was the offspring and the symbol. The observances so well pictured in the above extracts are yet but a faint outline of the solemn and extended rite with which, in the maturer days of chivalry, the honour

honour of knighthood was imposed. The competency of Sir Hugh Trautwangen to confer that distinction likewise fixes an early time for the story, as we find that as chivalry advanced, a number of its fountains of honour were dried up, and that at the period of its meridian the privilege of imparting the dignity of knighthood was engrossed by kings and nobles of the first class.

Sir Otto von Trautwangen, bound on high adventures, now issues forth from the hall of his fathers, in the pride of glorious qualification, rejoicing in his silver armour and weapons that reflect the sun, the animation of his heart harmonising with the beauty of the natural scenes which he beholds through the bars of his vizor, with the music of the morning birds and the carolling of shepherds leading forth their flocks to the pasture. His ambition for combat soon finds an opportunity of gratification in an encounter with a knight in rusty armour, not far from the old free town of Frankfort, on one of the borders of the silver blue waters of the Mayne. In the conflict he becomes victorious, and the vanquished knight Sir Heerdegen von Lichtenried proves to be the brother of Bertha, and, therefore, his own cousin. One of the consequences of this achievement is an immediate contract of alliance with a merchant-cavalier of the name of Theobaldo, the associate of the unsuccessful knight. Whilst with bounding heart and anticipations more brightened than ever, Sir Otto in company with his newly found partner in arms, is journeying towards the gay region of France, Sir Heerdegen repairs in a contrary direction to the castle of Sir Hugh Trautwangen. There, in the intermissions from the pain of his wounds, the warrior-patient pays back the tender solicitude of his sister Bertha, in recitals of pleasing interest. But the impression which survives all the rest in her bosom, is produced by the account of the Lady Minnatrost, or the Druda, and her habitation of preternatural beauty.

'In East Friesland,' proceeded Sir Heerdegen, in one of his moments of composure, 'there is a wondrous castle stationed on a rock, whence there beams, far and wide, a pale tranquil light, the reflection as it were of the moon and stars, whose radiance falls ever brightly and unbroken on these lofty towers. In the castle dwells a female descendant of that ancient race named the Druden. They were powerful wizards and magicians; and such too is this female descendant, with whom we claim relationship; for she is our aunt. Her name is the Lady Minnatrost *, im-

'* *Minne* (pronounced *minna*) is an obsolete word for *love*, and *trost* means *consolation*.'

porting,

porting, that by love she affords consolation to unfortunate lovers; and all day long she boils wonder-working flowers and roots in a kettle, which is made of pure gold. I had one evening lost my way, and drew up my horse's reins when opposite to her lofty castle, which proudly diffuses its light over all that country, which is elsewhere flat and level. Tired as I then was, and in need of refreshment, I felt as if some mysterious obstacle always lay in my road when I wished to spur my horse up the steep acclivity. The castle, too, was so silent, and so wholly unknown to me, that I felt an unwonted dread of approaching it.'

But he did penetrate into the mysterious retreat; and such a goading impulse did his report of the marvels which he witnessed there, give to the curiosity of Bertha, that nothing but the hope of a personal inspection could soothe the Lady into tranquillity. The journey is undertaken. Sir Heerdegen and Bertha take the nearest direction to the Druda's castle; and after a day of wandering and perplexity in quest of this fairy court, Sir Heerdegen suddenly halted as they came to the foot of a steep ascent.

'"Good Heavens!" cried he, "if I mistake not, we are come earlier to our journey's end than I had expected or wished. How gladly, dearest Bertha, would I have still had you with me till the morning! Look up towards the summit of the hill, and try whether by star-light you can distinguish a fortress." At that moment the full moon, that was now rising, broke forth in refulgence from the east, and immediately the windows of the castle were illuminated in glittering radiance; crosses too were seen gleaming on the towers and ramparts; soft music came floating from afar, through the woods, gently waved by the night wind. Bertha stretched out her arms towards the light, with looks of triumph and rejoicing, while her brother struck his cuirass with his iron-gloved right hand, heaving a sigh of doubt and apprehension.

'Then, among the stems of some tall birch-trees, they saw approaching them a female form, tall and white, even like the trees, and with a green veil over her head and shoulders. Bertha thought this must be the Lady Minnatrost; and when the veil was thrown back, and she beheld the mild gleam of her tranquil eyes, in which shone the spirit of innocence and peace, the damsel alighted from her palfrey, and sunk down, kneeling on the grass before the Druda.—

'They arrived in no long time at the fortress, where Sir Heerdegen kindly, and without expressing any low spirits or displeasure, took leave of his sister. It seemed as if he had never, during his whole life, known difficulties, or been roused to anger. They conversed all three kindly and confidentially with each other, appointing certain days on which he was to come to the castle, in order to visit Bertha. Then he walked (courteously kissing his iron glove and waving his helmet) down the mountain,

their political education under the old government, the revolution, or the empire?"

In the course of his observations on the rights of property the author justly condemns the infliction of death as a penalty for robbery, as it assimilates property, in point of importance, to life itself. On this subject he would find more matter for censure in the laws of England, than in those of any other civilised country, and he might comment upon our criminal code with the more severity, seeing that our distant uncultivated colonies afford us so many advantages over many other nations, for removing from the sound portion of our community those who by their misconduct have forfeited their right to its protection.

From these subjects M. Droz proceeds to the present political condition and prospects of France. Its community is composed of three different orders, the nobility, the middling, and the operative classes. The latter class can no longer exercise the power which they wielded in the time of the Revolution. It is a dreadful aristocracy, that which consists of men accustomed to live by their manual labour! The only compensation for their cruel tyranny is that it is necessarily transient. Their influence was wholly extinct at the period of the restoration, and the contest for power was between the other two classes, one desirous of recovering the authority which it formerly possessed, the other anxious to preserve the ascendancy which thirty years of war had conferred upon it. The question was decided in favour of the middling classes by the first law of election. Under a representative government the class from which the greatest number of electors is taken must enjoy a predominating influence, and while that law remained in force, France possessed a species of aristocracy wholly unknown to it before that time; for an aristocracy it must properly be called, where, among twenty millions of inhabitants, the elective franchise was exclusively vested in about twenty thousand individuals. It was an aristocracy, too which, founded as it was in wealth, might easily have maintained itself. It exercised political rights which were not held by a vast number of other Frenchmen, but at the same time it inspired no distrust in any person, as every man of industry and intelligence might one day hope to belong to that order, and participate in its privileges. While these privileges continued, the nobles of France saw their honours, as nobles, become purely titular, but they had no means of subverting the new aristocracy, which deriving its existence from wealth, not from birth, was in complete consonance

with a notion, then very generally prevalent in France, that all men were equal. Numerous and opulent, such an order seemed well designed for securing the state from despotism on one side, and licentiousness on the other; and it was eminently calculated to engender that public spirit which leads to enterprise in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and to perfection in all the arts which minister to the wants, or embellish the enjoyments, of life.

But the late alterations in the law of election have stripped the middling classes of so great a portion of their preponderance, that in the scale of political influence they are now become subordinate to the minister, and to that aristocracy of office and rank with which the government has surrounded itself, strengthened as it is by the overwhelming majority which it commands in the Chamber of Deputies. This artificial influence, which has been created by the intriguing energies of M. *de Villele*, promises to extend itself every day through the nobility, among whom it will in time be naturalised; and they seem destined to recover nearly all the authority which they exercised before the Revolution. Upon the probable consequences of this important change in the political condition of France, M. Droz offers no distinct opinion. The inclination, however, of his mind on this subject may be gathered from the following observations, which are full of good sense.

'England has wonderfully well understood the art of attracting the aristocracy to the public interests. I am not ignorant that there are those among us who reject all examples borrowed from England, with as much indignation as if they were drawn from the Revolution. When I was told, thirty years ago, that the English were not free, I smiled with regret; in the same manner I smile to-day when I hear it asserted that the English are unacquainted with the means of consolidating power.

'The true aristocracy is that which is in its nature protective, which places itself at the head of every thing that is useful or ornamental to the country. No good can come of a foolish and false nobility. I had occasion some short time since to observe in a provincial town, that the children of the middling classes were brought up with great care, while the children of the nobles received the most insignificant education imaginable. Seeing this contrast, I asked myself how it could happen in the next generation, that the ignorant should rule the enlightened? what would be the result of this subversion of the natural order of things? Doubtless such a small and obscure town as that to which I allude may not be taken as a model of all others, and I know that in Paris many distinguished families take care that their children are brought up in the best manner. These families are aware, that now, more than ever, personal prerogatives must be sustained by

by personal merit. Their children will one day fill an exalted station without exciting remark, because they will be capable of maintaining their rank. The wider the aristocracy is diffused, the more it requires that each of its members should be men of information, talent, and virtue. An ignorant and low aristocracy composed of lordlings and the sweepings of the court is odious when in power, pleasant when it is lashed by the satirists, pitiable when it comes in contact with a turbulent faction.'

M. Droz pursues this subject to some length, and with great force, for the purpose of pointing out the duties which have devolved upon the nobility in the new order of things which has recently sprung up in the world, and which he well observes has rendered the present age as different from all those that have preceded it, as the oak is from the acorn. He sums up the astonishing improvements which have been recently made in every branch of commerce and the arts, and then proceeds to what in France must be considered a peculiarly delicate part of his subject, the influence of the clergy upon the social state of that country. He insists strongly upon the necessity of their being educated in the most liberal manner, in order to secure to them that just influence which it is intended they should exercise over the people committed to their care, and that their minds should be raised above those two most injurious enemies to all religion, superstition and fanaticism.

'With an enlightened clergy,' he observes, 'and with a popular aristocracy, France might aspire to the highest destinies. If the ignorant, and egotistical portion of the nobility and clergy obtain an ascendancy, there is good reason to apprehend that gloomy prospects await us. Those who entertain these forebodings found them on two contingencies, both equally disastrous. In case an oppressive aristocracy should be established, they believe that year after year industry will languish, and that ignorance, with its attendants misery and vice, will ravage the land; not that Frenchmen would ever fall into the brutalised condition of Spain, — they would be more likely to sink into the depravity of Italy. In the contrary case, supposing that the aristocracy fell to the ground in consequence of the violent indignation of the country, we would then be exposed to new vicissitudes. Nor could we hope to prevent them, by calling to our aid the recollections of the Revolution; recollections are speedily effaced: neither could we depend on the strength of the Holy Alliance; alliances are not indissoluble: nor on the measures of wisdom, for these will not prevail against that law of nature which renders a people so formidable who are driven to despair.'

These are, it must be owned, gloomy prospects for France, and unless her government takes a serious lesson from the de-

feat which it lately sustained in its attempt to put down the voice of a free press, it will inevitably bring about the realisation of these and infinitely worse apprehensions, at no distant period. We cannot sympathise in the consolation which M. Droz reserves for himself, in thinking that if a day of intestine danger should arise, the King is likely to avert its consequences by summoning a new chamber of deputies on an enlarged principle of elective right. It is the misfortune of monarchs that they uniformly feel as if they were forfeiting their own prerogatives, by consenting to any measure which would extend the liberty of their subjects; whereas if they rightly understood their duties, as well as their interests, they would know that every new security given to the people, or won by them, is, if properly regulated, a fresh bulwark for the throne.

In a chapter dedicated to the subject of 'False Glory,' M. Droz takes occasion to express his opinion upon the character of *Buonaparte*.

'*Buonaparte* possessed two qualities, which of all others best enabled him to gain an ascendancy over his equals: he had a strength of resolution which defied every obstacle, and a prodigious activity of mind, which perhaps no other man ever displayed to so great an extent. These two qualities, the effects of which are always important, though in themselves indifferent to good or evil, deserve veneration or hatred according to the direction which they receive. The quality which *Buonaparte* most essentially wanted was high-mindedness. Almost all his feelings were centered in himself, very few inclined towards justice, none towards humanity. He was born a warrior, as others are born gamesters. Led away by that convulsive pleasure which is experienced on the field of battle and at the gaming table, from the alternations of fear and hope, that pleasure which renders one insensible to every other enjoyment, he hazarded every day all that he had gained the night before. Although the close of his career would seem to detract from his abilities, he had nevertheless a wonderful talent for the art of war. Fortune, without genius, could never have given him twenty years of uninterrupted success. He had not, however, that particular military talent which implies a great mind; he had not that quality of great commanders, which taught them to be parsimonious of the blood of their soldiers. *Buonaparte* looked upon France as an inexhaustible source of human beings; he consumed myriads of soldiers and demanded more; these he consumed and still demanded fresh supplies; and when he returned to Paris for the last time, he came with renewed demands for more victims. That trait in his character which posterity will most admire, was that he knew how to compel men to live in peace, who were distracted by different interests and ideas, and still burning with the recent frenzy

of the Revolution. But his want of greatness of mind here again showed itself. He gave to the mind of Frenchmen no noble tendency; he was desirous only of exciting their enthusiasm by his victories, and of making himself their idol; he did not change their opinions, he taught them only to bely their own conscience; he united them, but it was in one common bond of oppression and disgrace. His morality and his politics were in perfect accordance; he reduced morality to subservience to himself, and his politics consisted in rendering every man venal. When an individual is without elevation of mind, he wants also justness as well as depth of idea. *Buonaparte* might have considerably accelerated the march of civilisation, he might have opened a new era of which he should have been himself the first example; instead of doing that he sought for models in the barbarous ages, and scarcely thought of any thing except the repetition of what others had done before him. He made himself a conqueror, — an emperor; sometimes he became even a servile copyist; it was particularly ridiculous to observe the care with which he enforced the minutest forms of etiquette practised in the *vieille cour*. His views were sometimes absolutely mean, sometimes gigantic; now he must have chamberlains around him, now he must grasp the sceptre of the world. The man of truly great mind is in advance of his age. *Napoleon* was behind his. As if an internal voice had informed him, that he was not sufficiently great for an enlightened age, he sighed with regret when thinking of those times of ignorance when he might have been deified. His grandeur abroad consisted in vaunting himself as the conqueror of countries which he had desolated; at home in following with perseverance a system of centralisation which placed in his hands all the inhabitants, all the liberties and revenues of the nation. His government was a master-piece of despotism, but let it be remembered that despotism affords the least indication of genius in the founder of an empire. How barren is that glory which hath not its basis in the public good! This man who saw his ensign float on the ramparts of Lisbon and the domes of the Kremlin, perished on a rock, insulted by the jailer of a power which he abhorred, leaving behind him as his only panegyric a collection of civil laws, and a few public monuments!

This portrait is not too severely drawn. Public opinion is fast beginning to pronounce upon *Napoleon* the judgment of posterity; and the farther we advance from the period of his reign, the less are we disposed to exalt his character. Indeed the faithful representation given of this "great Captain" in *Segur*'s Account of the Russian Campaign demonstrates him to have been the most empirical as well as the most insane being that has ever yet wielded "the rod of empire."

We have been induced to notice this work at some length, as it is the best specimen which we have recently met of French political discussion unbiassed by party views, and framed

solely for the purpose of enlightening public opinion. It is written throughout in a clear philosophical style, in the purest idiom of the language, and is arranged in so lucid an order that it may easily be comprehended by the meanest capacity.

ART. VI. *Lascaris; ou, Les Grecs du Quinzième Siècle, suivi d'un Essai Historique sur l'Etat des Grecs, depuis la Conquête Mussulmane jusqu' à nos Jours.* Par M. VILLEMAIN, de l'Académie Française. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

OUR notice of this volume shall be brief: but we shall have difficulty in saying as little of it as it deserves. For the pompous essay of a member of the French Academy, it is, in truth, a sadly unmeaning production: but it has been ushered into the world by a certain literary party in France with such loud notes of preparation, and has been long preceded by so many flourishes of windy eulogium, that we feel ourselves in some measure bound to record the important fact of its publication, lest we should be thought wanting in attention to a part of our literary duties.

The volume is divided, as its title imports, into two parts of a distinct and opposite character: the first, Lascaris, being a tale of imagination; and the second bearing the more dignified pretension of an historical essay on the condition of the Greeks, from the epoch of the Mussulman conquest of their country to our own times. Of the first piece, Lascaris, we really can scarcely attempt to define either the exact objects or tendency. The scene, however, is laid in Sicily and Italy; and the tale opens in the year after the fall of Constantinople to the victorious arms of Mahomet II. The principal personages are a party of fugitive Greeks; who, escaping from the sack of their capital, seek an asylum on the shores of Sicily. The most distinguished of these exiles, and the hero of the piece, is Theodore Lascaris, the descendant of a noble family which had once been invested with the imperial purple of the East; and not altogether, as the Italian scholar knows, a fictitious character, for the name has some celebrity among those expatriated Greeks of Constantinople, who communicated the language and literature of their country to the Latin world. Lascaris is not the only historical personage whom M. VILLEMAIN has pressed into his pages. Cardinal Bessarion, the Medici, Bembo, Alfonso the Magnanimous, and other great contemporary names in Italian literature, all figure — or rather, are disfigured — in our author's narrative.

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As a mere tale, Lascaris has absolutely nothing in it; it is destitute of all attractive incident, and offers not a single example of powerful or eloquent description. Even the relation of the fall of Constantinople, which M. VILLEMAIN has put into the mouth of Lascaris, is a complete failure. At once feeble and turgid, languid and inflated, the reader who has Gibbon in his recollection will, with difficulty, endure for an instant its mouthing vapid declamation. But our learned academician, we presume, aspires to higher flights of mind than the mere composition of an historical novel; and he may have designed only to render his fictitious narration the vehicle for numerous erudite dissertations and reflections on philosophy and letters. If this be his prétension, our readers shall judge for themselves how well he has succeeded in illuminating the world on the mysteries of Grecian wisdom. We take the following passage at random:

"Tout entier aux illusions et aux poétiques images qui se pressent dans son âme, Gémiste reprend bientôt avec chaleur: "N'était ce pas, ô Grecs! une admirable idée de notre maître Platon, que celle qui peuplait l'univers de tant de génies protecteurs, sous la haute puissance et la regard éternel d'un Dieu suprême! O Lascaris, qui voulez porter nos arts en Italie, retrouverez-vous sur cette terre devenue barbare le dieu qui dans la Grèce donnait l'inspiration et l'eloquence? Que ferez vous de nos chefs-d'œuvre qui, pour des peuples ignorants de nos mystères antiques, ne seront plus qu'une lettre morte et stérile? Quand Platon alla visiter les sages d'Egypte, lui suffisait-il d'admirer la forme des caractères et des symboles gravés sur le frontispice des temples? Ne voulait-il pas en pénétrer le sens et le mystère? Que sont nos arts séparés du culte, et des croyances, c'est-à-dire de la vie de nos pères? Souvenez-vous de ces mots qu'un Romain écrivait à son ami: Vous allez à Athènes, adorez donc les dieux. O Lascaris! peut-être, vous n'avez pas senti cette puissante union de nos souvenirs et de notre génie, de nos arts et de nos traditions antiques, vous à demi étranger, vous retenu parmi les vaines querelles de Byzance, aux confins de la Thrace, loin de nos rives sacrées. Si vous aviez habité dans Athènes, si nos regards au lever du jour avaient rencontré le Parthénon, si vous aviez cru retrouver la trace des pas du divin Platon, si les ruines mêmes vous avaient paru immortelles et saintes, que vous seriez loin de réduire le génie de nos pères à la perfection des arts et de la parole! Cette image du beau que vous contemplez dans leurs écrits, et que vous voulez faire connaître aux peuples d'Occident, ne savez-vous pas qu'elle n'est qu'une copie dérobée au divin exemplaire qui se lit dans les cieux? Elevons les ailes de notre âme vers cette beauté céleste, alors nous la retrouverons plus vive et plus vraie dans les traditions et la poésie de nos pères." (Pp. 32—34.)

This passage is a fair specimen of the whole composition — a tissue of rhapsodies, "full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing."

In pronouncing the second part of M. VILLEMAIN's volume — his historical essay on the modern Greeks — to be almost as deplorable a failure as his Lascaris, we shall be careful to render him justice on two points. In the first place, his style is here no longer either florid or tumid: it is only poor and insipid. By retrenching his language of its declamatory redundancies, he has succeeded in leaving to it only its proper nakedness and poverty of ideas. In the second place, the fault of the essay is as much in the subject as in his treatment of it. The truth is, that the political history of Greece since the fall of Constantinople, is absolutely without interest until our own immediate times. Even earlier than that epoch — that is, during the decline, the long agony and the fall of the eastern empire — there is little to invite our attention to the ancient land of freedom and civilisation, art and poesy, eloquence and wisdom; except it be to contemplate the gradual and melancholy ruin of all human grandeur and energy. But when the ferocious and brutal Turk became the lord of Greece, that ruin had already been long and utterly accomplished. For some fifteen centuries, the Grecian mind had ceased to quicken the barbarous population of the country; and its monuments were objects of little less regard to the conquerors than to their slaves.

The Turkish dominion was not likely to improve the character of the Greek population; and from the fifteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century the historian would vainly attempt to discover a germ of patriotism or national spirit in that people. In fact, during the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth centuries, the pretended history of Greece is merely the history of the wars undertaken by the Venetians against the infidels to maintain or recover their precarious possession of parts of its mainland and islands; and M. VILLEMAIN is obliged to eke out his meagre narrative by long common-place spoliations from the annalists of Venice. From these sources, by the way, he has not forgotten to introduce an imposing account of the share of his countrymen in the famous defence of Candia by the Venetians in the last half of the seventeenth century. But if the Venetians "have writ their annals truly," French history has little cause for boast of the particulars of that memorable siege; and in his eloge our academician, in a spirit worthy of the age of Louis Quatorze, has forgotten to record a fact with which every school-boy is

familiar

familiar, — that it was the disgraceful desertion of his French auxiliaries which finally compelled Morosini, the Venetian governor, to capitulate.

Throughout the long struggle between Venice and the Porte, which, after the first Mussulman invasion and conquest of proper Greece, continued, at intervals, for above two centuries and a half, the Greeks themselves appear only as alternately the slaves of the contending powers. Equally oppressed by the party which prevailed, they detested equally the Latin Christians and the Moslems. The Venetians and the Turks emulated each other in the ruin of the country, the debasement of its natives, and the destruction of its beauteous monuments, — its sole remaining glory. The fate of the Parthenon, which, at the siege of Athens in 1687, was converted, by the Turks, into a powder-magazine, and blown up by the Venetians, is one gloomy memorial, among a thousand, of these wars, which M. Villemain has identified with the history of a people, who had no other share in them than to witness and to suffer.

As a people, the modern Greeks will appear only in history from the epoch of the war of 1770—1774, between Russia and the Porte, when they first began to aspire to that independence for which they have since made so desperate and glorious a struggle, — a struggle which, too deeply stained as it has been by their atrocious vengeance against their sanguinary oppressors, we yet sincerely trust is not fated to prove ineffectual.

Art. VII. *Mémoires sur Voltaire, et sur ses Ouvrages.* Par Longchamp et Wagnière, ses Secrétaires; suivis de divers Ecrits inedits de la Marquise du Châtelet, du Président Hénault, de Piron, &c. tous relatifs à Voltaire. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1826.

This is really a publication of some value; for it illustrates the life and writings of "the philosopher of Ferney," and so far, therefore, contributes to the literary history of the last century. As faithful records, however, of facts and opinions, these volumes are not to be received without caution; for they abound in party-statements and prejudices, and are principally the composition of two men, whose relation, as we shall presently show, is not in every case entitled to implicit confidence. Nor have we, indeed, afforded to us, in the work, the guarantee of any living name of literary respectability

ability to vouch even for the genuineness of the papers themselves; and we are, of course, therefore, on this side of the Channel, left absolutely without any other means of forming a conclusion upon this necessary point than from that which appears upon the face of the publication. But the internal evidence contained in the papers themselves is, we think, sufficiently strong to determine the mere question of authenticity; and we have little hesitation in receiving the book for as much as it professes to be, — various memoirs relating to Voltaire, by two of his secretaries, and several of his friends. The pieces in the collection are as follows:

1. Additions to the "Historical Commentary on the Works of the Author of the Henriade."

2. An Account of M. Voltaire's Journey to Paris in 1778, and of his Death.

3. An Examination of the "Secret Memoirs of Bachaumont, and others, as far as regards M. Voltaire.

4. An Examination of another Work, entitled "Memoirs for the History of M. Voltaire," published at Amsterdam, 1785. 2 Vols. 12mo.

All these four pieces being by WAGNIÈRE, Voltaire's secretary.

5. Memoirs by LONGCHAMP, (who had also formerly been his secretary,) extending from 1745 to 1753.

6. A mass of various and hitherto unpublished Writings by the Marchioness of *Châtelet*, the President *Hénault*, *Piron*, *Darnaud*, *Baculard*, *Thiriot*, &c. all relating to *Voltaire*.

Of the pieces in this enumeration, we shall proceed successively to give such account as our space will afford. The first of them, the additions to the "Historical Commentary" on *Voltaire*'s writings, will be found to contain some interesting anecdotes and particulars on the literary habits and private character of that extraordinary man. There is every reason to believe that the Historical Commentary on his works, written in 1776, was by his own hand; although, as he did not care to avow it, he suffered it to pass for the production of WAGNIÈRE and others. Indeed WAGNIÈRE expressly declares in his preface to the additions, that the original work was composed by *Voltaire* himself, and afterwards given to him; but it does not increase our reliance upon the scrupulous veracity of the worthy secretary to find, from the present editor, (p. 6.) that WAGNIÈRE had long continued, after his master's death, to claim the work as his own. However, we learn further from the editor this account of the history of the present

sent additions to *Voltaire*'s own work, that WAGNIÈRE, in his own copy of it, had entered from time to time such remarks and explanations as he derived from the conversation and confidence of his master; and that the present paper is the sum of these remarks, given to us with extracts from the original text to which they relate. Closely attached as he was to the person of *Voltaire*, during the last twenty years of the philosopher's life, and constantly writing from his dictation, WAGNIÈRE certainly must have possessed peculiar advantages for acquiring an intimate acquaintance with his master's opinions, and many curious transactions of his life. The additions appear to have been written in 1781, soon after *Voltaire*'s death; WAGNIÈRE is now no more; and it is not explained, as fully as might have been satisfactory, how these papers became the property of the present publishers.

The principal value of these 'Additions' is the light which they throw upon the private life of *Voltaire* at Ferney. Strangely constituted as the philosopher appears to have been of a medley of conflicting qualities, one of the most interesting circumstances in his character was his extensive benevolence to his dependants and vassals of his signiory of Ferney. Under his zealous and liberal protection his domain became quite a colony of his creation, industrious, thriving, populous and wealthy. His charities to the surrounding neighbourhood are described as most active and persevering. Thus, also, we find him establishing schools, increasing the stipend of the curé of Ferney, assisting indigent men of letters; and upon one occasion, in a season of scarcity in the province of Gex, even importing corn from Sicily at his own cost, and distributing it among the inhabitants. In the same active and praiseworthy spirit it was that he had put himself forward as the eloquent advocate of the unfortunate and injured *Lalli*; and that he now, at later epochs, distinguished himself by his zeal in vindicating the innocence of the unhappy families of *Calas* and *Sirven* against sentences of condemnation which he conceived to have been unfounded and iniquitous.

In this piece, however, there are many notices which exhibit the conduct and character of *Voltaire* in far less agreeable and even in revolting colours. We refer not merely to his unhappy opinions on matters of faith, but to the shocking impiety and the virulent hostility against religion in which it seemed his delight to indulge. The secret opinions of any man are a matter of concern only between his Maker and his conscience; and the deist, who, like Franklin, avoids the proclaiming of his principles, or seeks not to gain proselytes

for

for his opinions, does not offend at least against the happiness and welfare of society. But *Voltaire*, like Gibbon, appears to have cherished a rancorous, and, as it were, personal hatred against both Revelation and its professors. Such men outrage decency, who point their sneers openly at all that is holy and sacred, and audaciously declare their contempt for the divine evidences of truth. But let them be encountered only in self-defence by the bounden champions of the Gospel, and they at once raise the cry of persecution and martyrdom. *Voltaire*'s whole life was a studied insult against Christianity; and yet because his profanations were exposed and held up to merited execration by a Christian priesthood, his disciples have not yet ceased — we have evidence in the volumes before us — to keep alive their outcry against the bigotry and intolerance of the French clergy towards him.

There never was a more audacious or disgusting profanation, committed by man, than his contrivance for entrapping a poor priest to administer the sacrament to him at Ferney, in mere wantonness of spirit, because the Bishop of Annecy had interdicted its administration to him. This well known and scandalous incident is here coolly repeated as an excellent jest; and the account is terminated by the following memorial of cold-blooded blasphemy:

'Dès l'instant que le curé eut donné l'hostie à M. *de Voltaire*, celui-ci, élevant la voix, prononça ces paroles: "AYANT MON DIEU DANS MA BOUCHE, je déclare que je pardonne sincèrement à ceux qui ont écrit au Roi des calomnies contre moi, et qui n'ont pas réussi dans leurs mauvais desseins; et je demande acte de ma déclaration à *Raffo*, notaire."' (Vol. i. p. 82.)

The next piece by WAGNIÈRE, his account of *Voltaire*'s last journey to Paris, and death in 1778, is by far the most interesting paper in these volumes; and we regret that we cannot copy many of its details. It may be regarded, as the editor observes, as a supplement to the Historical Commentary, and is full of curious matter; though open to one serious objection, as the whole account is evidently distorted by violent animosity against Madame *Denis*, the niece of *Voltaire*, and his other friends, by whose persuasion he was induced to quit Ferney. Indeed the whole of WAGNIÈRE's narrative is discoloured and tediously interrupted by his perpetual reference to the petty cabals and intrigues of his master's household; and, with mean and grovelling spirit, he dwells much more on these contemptible squabbles, and the destruction of his own selfish prospects, than on matters in which the world would be

be inclined to take a far deeper interest. He was purposely sent away to Ferney by the domestic faction, to remove him from his master's person, and was not therefore with him in the closing scene of his long and remarkable life; but, notwithstanding all his efforts to dignify the conclusion of the philosopher's career, he betrays enough to confirm our impression of the miserable, hopeless vacillation of spirit, which marked the last illness of the aged deist. He, who had passed an octogenarian life in heaping blasphemy and ridicule on revelation and its ministers, he

> " Who for the bane of thousands born,
> Built God a church and laughed his word to scorn,
> Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
> And stab religion with a sly side thrust;"

he no sooner found his life in danger, than he demanded the presence of an ecclesiastic; " not choosing," such was his pretext, " that his remains should be cast out on the highway." But it is evident from the sequel that there was some deeper impression lurking under this poor weakness of our nature; and that superstitious fears had a power over his spirit, in the agony of impending dissolution, which salutary conviction had never exercised upon his life. A scene which followed is too remarkable to be omitted.

' Fort peu de temps après, l'Abbé *Gautier* vint chez M. *de Vilette.* On l'introduisit auprès de M. *de Voltaire,* qui lui dit: *Il y a quelques jours que je vous ai fait prier de venir me voir pour ce que vous savez. Si vous voulez nous ferons tout-à-l'heure cette petite affaire.* " Très-volontiers," répondit l'Abbé. Il n'y avait alors dans la chambre que M. l'Abbé *Mignot,* M. le Marquis *de Villevieille* et moi. Le malade nous dit de rester, mais l'Abbé *Gautier* ne le voulut pas. Nous sortîmes; je me tins à la porte, qui ne consistait qu'en un cadre revétu de papier des deux côtés, et n'avait point de loquet. J'entendis M. *de Voltaire* et l'Abbé causer un moment ensemble, et celui-ci finit par demander à mon maître une déclaration de sa main, à quoi il consentit.

' Je soupçonnai alors que le confesseur était un émissaire du clergé. J'étais au désespoir de la démarche qu'on exigeait de M. *de Voltaire;* je m' agitais prés de la porte, et faisais beaucoup de bruit. MM. *Mignot* et *de Villevieille,* qui l'entendirent, accoururent à moi et me demandérent si je devenais fou. Je leur répondis que j'étais au désespoir, non de ce que mon maître se confessait, mais de ce qu'on voulait lui faire signer un écrit qui le déshonorerait peut-être.

' M. *de Voltaire* m' appela pour lui donner de quoi écrire. Il s'aperçut de mon agitation, m'en demanda avec étonnement la cause. Je ne pus lui répondre.

" Il

"Il écrivit lui-même, et signa une déclaration dans laquelle il disait, "qu'il voulait mourir dans la religion catholique, où il était né; qu'il demandait pardon à DIEU et à l'eglise, s'il avait pu les offenser." Il donna ensuite à l'abbé un billet de six cents livres pour les pauvres de la paroisse de Saint-Sulpice.

"Madame *Denis*, presque au même moment, venait d'entrer dans la chambre pour témoigner à M. *Gautier* avec fermeté qu'il devait abréger sa séance auprès du malade.

"Alors l'Abbé *Gautier* nous invita à rentrer, et nous dit: "M. *de Voltaire* m'a donné là une petite déclaration qui ne signifie pas grand' chose; je vous prie de vouloir bien la signer aussi." M. le Marquis *de Villevieille* et M. l'Abbé *Mignot* la signèrent sans hesiter. L'Abbé vint alors à moi et me demanda la même chose. Je le refusai; il insista beaucoup. M. *de Voltaire* regardait avec surprise la vivacité avec laquelle je parlais à l'Abbé *Gautier*. Je répondis enfin, lassé de cette persécution, que *je ne voulais ni ne pouvais signer, attendu que j'étais protestant.* Et il me laissa tranquille.

"Il proposa ensuite au malade de lui donner la communion. Celui-ci repondit: *Monsieur l'Abbé, faites attention que je crache continuellement du sang; il faut bien se donner de garde de mêler celui du bon Dieu avec le mien.* Le confesseur ne répliqua point. On le pria de se retirer, et il sortit.

"C'est pour moi quelque chose d'étonnant que cette espèce de lacheté avec laquelle la plupart des prétendus philosophes et des prétendus amis de M. *de Voltaire* approuvèrent sa démarche et sa déclaration, sans même en savoir le contenu; lesquelles n'ont servi cependant à rien, comme on l'a vu à sa mort.

"Le 28 Février, étant seul avec lui, je le priai de vouloir bien me dire quelle était exactement sa façon de penser, dans un moment où il me disait qu'il croyait mourir. Il me demanda du papier et de l'encre; il écrivit, signa et me remit la déclaration suivante:

"JE MEURS EN ADORANT DIEU, EN AIMANT MES AMIS, EN NE HAISSANT PAS MES ENNEMIS, ET EN DÉTESTANT LA SUPERSTITION.

"28 *Février*, 1778. (*Signé*) "VOLTAIRE."

(Vol. i. pp. 131—133.)

What a picture of his hero and of himself has our notable secretary here, as if unconsciously, rendered! It is evident, we think, that the followers of *Voltaire* were suspicious of the firmness of their master, and fearful of the exposure of his inconsistency in the maintenance of his precious principles. The whole scene brings conviction to our minds of the truth of the report, that *D'Alembert*, *Condorcet*, and other infidels, reproached him with a pusillanimity which might bring discredit upon their hopeful philosophy; and we attach no weight to the strenuous denials of the fact, either by WAGNIÈRE, who was not a spectator of *Voltaire's* death-bed, nor by the present

editor; who, as well as WAGNIÈRE himself, is evidently a worthy disciple of that pseudo philosophy, in the worst spirit which it inculcates.

The third piece in these volumes, the Examination of the Secret Memoirs of *Bachaumont*, occupies by much the greatest portion of the whole work. Those literary memoirs themselves fill thirty-six small volumes; and no inconsiderable part of their contents has relation to *Voltaire*. The whole work is merely a collection of literary bulletins, all anonymous, and apparently by various persons, which, beginning in 1762, were for many years distributed daily from hand to hand among the *savantes* coteries of Paris. These bulletins originated, it appears, at the house of a Madame *Doublet*, where a number of men of letters, theatrical amateurs, and politicians, used to assemble. This society was, in the words of our editor, 'un espèce de bureau d'esprit,' to which every member contributed his collection of the day: epigrams, bon-mots, scandalous anecdotes, true or false, of the city and the court; novelties of all kinds; nothing escaped the research of this inquisitive society. At length all the bulletins, extending from the year 1762 to 1787, were gradually collected and published at different intervals, and received their name from M. *Petit de Bachaumont*, a member of the society, and a collector of them, although he died before the publication.

Such is the work, the desultory statements of which WAGNIÈRE has undertaken to examine so far as they relate to *Voltaire*. We cannot attempt to follow him in his strictures upon the truth of some hundreds of anecdotes; nor will his criticism be interesting, except it be perused together with the Memoirs of *Bachaumont* as a sort of running commentary upon the original. The piece may be exceedingly useful, however, in the future compilation of the life of *Voltaire*, as some check upon the truth of various anecdotes: although WAGNIÈRE's adoration (in *more Boswell*) of his master, as well as his flagrant partiality, must render it expedient not to repose too entire faith in his dicta. Indeed we observe that, confirming only the truth of incidents favourable to *Voltaire*, he regularly and stoutly *gives the lie* to whatever may cast odium or ridicule upon his memory. These observations will all apply equally to the next and fourth piece, WAGNIÈRE's Examination of the Memoirs of *Voltaire*, published at Amsterdam, and we pass it over accordingly.

The fifth piece in the collection, the Memoirs of LUCHET, is a very amusing narrative, a complete scandalous chronicle

chronicle of *Voltaire* and some of his associates. LONGCHAMP was *Voltaire*'s secretary from 1746 to 1754; and in his memoirs of these eight years he has drawn a most remarkable picture of the society in which *Voltaire* moved, a society perfectly characteristic of his country and his times, occupied with a heterogeneous mixture of literature and science, gambling and intrigue, sentiment and impiety. LONGCHAMP himself was but the mere amanuensis, rather than the secretary, of *Voltaire*, who took him into his service principally because he wrote a good hand, and discharged him because he detected him in making two copies of the MSS. which he received to transcribe, and in surreptitiously keeping possession of one for his own purposes. This trait of dishonesty has not prepared us to entertain much confidence in the man; but his narrative is simple and *naïve*, and bears every mark of truth. We are informed that LONGCHAMP survived *Voltaire* about fourteen years; and it was during this period, the editor declares, that he obtained the present Memoirs from him. Unfortunately they have lost much of their charm of novelty; for the editor suffered *Duvernet* to use the MS. for his Life of *Voltaire*, and the Abbé made copious extracts from it for his second edition.

But we have here the original of LONGCHAMP, and it is really very well worth perusal for its curious details. It enters into all the circumstances of *Voltaire*'s well-known *liaison* with the Marchioness *du Châtelet*, the mode in which he was superseded by St. *Lambert*, and other matters not very creditable to any of the parties, nor very easily invested with decency in an English dress. One circumstance, which had a tragical termination, displays in very flagrant colours the profligacy, not only of these three conscientious personages, but of the relater also, who tells the whole story with true French levity, and without a single expression of disapprobation. After having ceased for many years to occupy the same apartment with her husband, Madame *du Châtelet* discovers 'que malheureusement les assiduités de M. *de Saint-Lambert* auprès d'elle l'avaient mise dans le cas d'être mère à l'âge de quarante-quatre ans.' *Voltaire* is consulted on this awkward dilemma: it is debated by the trio to what father the child shall be assigned; and *Voltaire* exclaims, with his usual wit, to relieve the embarrassment of the scientific lady, '*Nous le mettrons au nombre des œuvres mêlées de Madame du Châtelet.*'

A plot is then contrived, of the villanous profligacy of which we cannot bring ourselves to speak with indifference or lightness. The Marquis of *Châtelet* is lured, by the affected

tenderness

while Bertha went with the smiling Lady Minnatrost into the mansion.

'The gate opened, and then closed immediately behind them; whereupon Bertha perceived with surprise, that they had to cross a small lake of the purest water, wherein the moon and stars were reflected in all their loveliness. A bark came, self-impelled, floating towards them, in which they took their places, and were gently ferried across. Bertha perceived immediately, on the ramparts and towers, the waving and fragrance of the tall white flowers of which her brother had spoken with her when he lay on his sick bed. Now she understood for the first time the full force of his descriptions, when she was sailing on the tranquil waters of that lake, with the odours of those white flowers bathing her temples and floating around her. From the building within came the sound of harps and cymbals, as if in friendly salutation; and when the two voyagers had disembarked, and begun to walk through the long vaulted halls, those pleasant sounds became always louder and more articulate. Every room was illuminated, but with a mild pensive light; for it was from the reflection of the full moon, by mirrors so contrived, that her rays were multiplied and cast without shadow on every object. At last, entering into a great hall with Gothic arches, Bertha perceived whence had arisen that music with which her senses had before been refreshed and delighted. This apartment was filled with wonderful mechanism, such as no artisan could imitate. Golden rings, self-moved, turned round their endless circles, and as they touched each other, produced the most exquisite melody. These rings also set in motion the cymbals, and awoke the harp-strings, which were stretched, like a magical net-work, between the pillars. Bertha was now able to imagine how that damsel must have been soothed into refreshing sleep, as her brother had described; she, too, having seated herself on a soft couch, soon lost herself in pleasant dreams; from which, if at times she half awoke, she beheld and heard those magic rings circling around her, and the tranquil eyes, with their moon-like radiance, of the watchful Druda.'

But the damsel, dismayed by the appearances which occasionally attracted her attention, and the general solitude of the place, resolves upon flight; and this determination she carries into effect in company with her brother, only to fall into the hands of a Norman warrior who bears them away as a friendly prize to his ships. It was the happy fortune of Sir Otto to have his expedition into France compensated by a rencontre with the Knight of Montfaucon, whose scoffing rebuke at his too hasty gallantry on the banks of the Danube he can now return in the confidence of equal pretensions and tried valour.

'"Can you still remember the young squire on the banks of the Danube, who was present during that eventful evening, when you

so gloriously overcame the powerful Count Archimbald of Waldeck? I wear now the golden spurs; nor have the three strokes of a knightly sword on my shoulders, nor a moonlight watch, been forgotten."

The challenge is given and accepted at a feast in the hall of Montfaucon, where Sir Otto had the satisfaction of meeting a band of knights of different countries, whose histories vary the entertainments of the board. The description of this interesting combat imitates the minuteness of detail in which the ancient romancers were wont to expand themselves upon such themes, and of which Lancelot du Lac and Perceforest furnish such tedious specimens; but it is animated with the warm breathings of a fancy which these primitive persons, if they would affect such a flight, might strive in vain to reach.

'On the morning of the following day, at an early hour, there arose great tumult and bustle in the spacious court of the castle, which was covered with green turf, and planted on all sides with rows of tall lime-trees. There were posts driven into the ground, and rails laid upon them, as a grating, which should keep the by-standers at a proper distance, and this grating was also hung with embroidered drapery. Within the lists there were brought carts full of dry white sand, which the squires spread carefully over the turf, so that both man and horse might have firmer footing thereon, than the slippery grass would have afforded. Meanwhile, Don Hernandez and the Count de Vinciguerra were seen hastening hither and thither, giving orders, and attending to all the preparations; for, on the preceding evening, it had been agreed that they were to act as umpires and seconds at the combat. After mature deliberation, they laid down the exact dimensions for the lists, and tried how both champions might be placed with equal advantages of wind and sunlight. For the ladies they had erected a grand stage among the branches of the lime-trees; so that, sitting therein, they were at once shaded and protected, yet at the same time had a free view of the battle-field. A multitude of spectators had already collected, waiting with impatience for the knights and ladies, who were to play the principal parts at this tragic festival.

'The Chevalier de Montfaucon and the Knight of Trautwangen meanwhile donned their armour in separate chambers. The latter was thus employed when the door opened suddenly, and in his armour of blue and gold, gleaming like the vault of heaven in a starry night, appeared at it Sir Folko de Montfaucon. He wore his golden helmet with the visor still open, and a squire followed bearing his great battle-sword. "Dear brother," said he to Sir Otto, "we have spent the time like good friends together up to this day, and interchanged many kind looks. Now, however, it may come to pass, that after we have drawn down our visors, we shall never behold each other again. Therefore have I come to you at this time, that I may once more heartily embrace you;

and that, ere our meeting in the lists, we may pray together in the chapel before the altar." Therewith he spread his arms, into which Sir Otto threw himself, and the two champions embraced with such fervor, as if the warmth of their friendship could have melted the cold iron with which they were covered. Then a trumpet sounded from the court, and they broke asunder suddenly. "It is the first signal," said Sir Folko. "My noble adversary will now, if it so please him, gird on my sword, and I shall render him the like service." This was accordingly done; and, as the massive glittering weapons were adjusted, they related on both sides by whom these swords had been presented to them, Sir Folko's being the gift of his stepfather, Sir Huguenin, and that of Sir Otto, as we have already told, being received from his father, Sir Hugh von Trautwangen. Thereafter they went arm in arm down to the chapel, where they kneeled together, one on each side of the altar, and remained there in silent prayer, until the trumpets sounded another signal. Then rising up, they looked once more with great kindness on each other, drew down their visors, and came forth into the castle-court, which was now brightly illumined by the sunbeams.

'The ladies were already seated in their balcony, amid the foliage of the lime-trees; and Sir Folko said to his companion, "In those northern realms, from which our family is sprung, we have an old legend touching the golden apples of immortality. Brother, do you mark them yonder, among the branches above us?" These words he had intended to be playful and light-hearted; but uttered as they were from behind the cold motionless visor, unaided by a smile or lively glance, hollow too and suppressed in tone, they sounded rather like a mournful forewarning of death. The knights now shook hands before the assembled spectators, and went severally to mount their horses. As Sir Folko, on the left of the balcony, approached his silver-grey charger, his noble falcon, which had now almost recovered from the wound inflicted by Theobaldo, flew down from a window of the castle, and took his place on the knight's helmet, which he would not leave till he was taken thence by his master's hand. The latter then stroked him kindly on the neck, and, pulling down the hood over the faithful creature's eyes, gave him in charge to one of his squires, who carried him away. A deep-sounding murmur then arose through the multitude; by some it was interpreted as a sure anticipation of victory for Sir Folko; while others thought the poor bird wished to take his last farewell, and that his master would of necessity die. Then, for the third time, the herald sounded his trumpet; all voices were hushed; and now, mounted on their war-steeds, the two champions came from opposite sides into their proper places.'

The conditions of the combat having been proclaimed, the Knights closed on each other. The vicissitudes of the contest are described with great force and distinctness. The victory was gained by Sir Otto, who, having received

the casket with the ring, knelt down, and in this attitude placed the important circlet on the finger of the Lady Gabrielle. He was rewarded for all his toils by a soft kiss which he felt breathed on his forehead.

A banquet is next held, the revels are disturbed by the approach of strangers, and the Norman sea-king appears leading Bertha and her brother. They are followed by Gerda an evil genius, who contrives unobserved to interpose a goblet among the bowls, the contents of which are unconsciously drunk by Sir Otto. The effect is madness. The lunatic Knight wanders forth into the wilds, and there, meeting with the sea-king, as soon as the potent draught has exhausted its power, he accepts the monarch's invitation to accompany him to Finland, for the purpose of waging battle against its Pagan inhabitants. Fresh laurels accumulate about the brows of Sir Otto, won by his dexterity in the various strife of Norwegian sports, or more dearly earned by his valour in the field of mortal combat. The ladies Gabrielle, Bertha, and Blanchefleur, strive, meantime, to forget the eventful scene in which the banquet-night was closed, by mutual condolence; and the prospect of hideous war in the north being closed for a space, the gracious presence of the damsels is restored to the history.

They had, however, scarcely composed themselves to peace in a pleasant forest of Gascony, when Sir Folko paid them a visit, attended by the Moorish Prince Mutza. After remaining with the ladies a short time at their castle, Sir Folko suddenly and mysteriously took his departure, leaving them to the care of the Prince alone, who contrived to get them into new embarrassments. While Sir Folko was present the Prince was the pink of chivalry. But all the confidence which his fraudulent show of gallantry was able to inspire, became only the successful means for accomplishing the abduction of the ladies: — Gabrielle and Blanchefleur are forced away to Africa. Bertha escapes by an act of heroism, to which the religious terrors of those who would have otherwise made her their victim, give effect only to render her in the sequel the more assured partner in the fate of her lovely companions. The interest of the scene is now divided between the events which are occurring in the north, and those which succeed each other in more rapid progression in Carthagena, for it was to that place that the damsels had been conducted by order of him, the Emir Nureddin, who appears to be the avowed contriver of the act of violence, and whose capricious pleasure alone was consulted either by Prince

Prince Mutza, or by the emissary who had completed the work of rapine, which that hypocrite had left unfinished, by adding Bertha to the number of the lovely exiles. The descriptions which then follow of the sojourn in Carthagena, — of the escape of Gabrielle and Blanchefleur by means of the devoted courage and address of Sir Folko and Theobaldo, — of the departure of Bertha in the company of the Emir, whom she has the happiness of converting to the Christian faith, — all these, blending as they do the various charms of music,—the aromatic fragrance of Arabian gardens, — and the happiest combinations of ocean and land-scenery, whilst they exhibit in succession natural objects and events, appear only to be the representation of some splendid vision, warm from the touch of fancy in her most fortunate mood.

The result of the fight in Finland is never for a moment doubtful. The Christian cause is aided by the preternatural influence of the Druda; whilst the Pagan side is as naturally espoused by Gerda, a malignant enchantress of opposite but less prevailing power. The battles in the north having terminated in a moral as well as physical triumph, and the lucky chances in the south giving freedom to so many of the interesting personages of the drama, they are all seen hastening from their opposite quarters to one common goal at Suabia. Unexpectedly the place of meeting is anticipated, and the hut of a charcoal-burner in the Hartz forest becomes the witness of their mutual congratulations. The recollections which are allied with that traditionary haunt of supernatural existences render it impossible for the Baron Fouqué to retire from its sacred precincts without yielding a tributary legend of horror to the gloomy genius of the place. During the delay of the party in the Hartz forest, they are informed of the vicinity of the subterraneous castle of Gerda, the Pagan enchantress, and thither, Sir Otto, the sea-born king, and Sir Heerdegen the brother of Blanchefleur, are resolved to make a desperate expedition. Having reached the myserious abode, they penetrated some way into the narrow descent.

'They met not with any obstacles. On the contrary, the farther they descended, the wider and loftier became the roof, and the steps less uneven, till suddenly they found themselves once more on plain ground. Here, too, the wind blew on them as if they were once more in the open country; and on looking up, they could almost have believed that they had left the cavern; for the roof was now lost in distance, and glimmering lights were visible like stars above them. On this strange appearance they were reflecting in silent wonder, when the falcon started from Sir

Otto's breast, and, rejoicing to find himself once more with the realms of space around him, he flew up, and disappeared amid those twinkling lights. All of a sudden, however, he came back terrified, and tumbling through the air; they saw well that he had begun his flight after prey, and had been scared by hideous shapes, which had now descended along with him, and floated right over their own heads. So strange and shadowy were these shapes, that they knew not whether they were gigantic birds of some unknown race, or vapours bred by the noisome damps of the cavern, that assumed those living forms: for now that their eyes had become more accustomed to the uncertain light, they could no longer doubt that they were still in a vast cavern, of which the roof was indeed so lofty, that it might be compared to the firmament, and lamps were hung therein, that shone downward on them like stars.

'Moreover, a great lake now lay at their feet, reflecting gloomily the black vault with its twinkling lights. The knights assayed to prove its depth with their swords; and Sir Arinbiorn groped therein with his long halbert. Even close to the shore, however, they could find no ground; and though shuddering to think of this horrid and bottomless abyss, they determined in all haste to go through with their adventure, walking boldly round the banks of that subterraneous sea, while the falcon now sat quietly on Sir Otto's helmet.

'They had walked thus for more than a mile along the shore, when, lo! there arose before them a steep hill, crowned by a fortress with many towers. When they had determined to proceed thither, they found to their great disappointment, that the lake now changed into a wild roaring stream, which came betwixt them and the mountain. The waters foamed and raged in such manner, that to swim across was impossible; the strongest giant would have been borne away by such a current. They continued their landward course, therefore, till they arrived at a bridge built of iron and brass; the metal rung beneath their steps almost like the notes of a frightful battle-march. Having come to the other side, they saw before them a wide level field, and might, at first, have named it a blooming meadow, for it seemed studded over with bright flowers; but when they came nearer, these were changed into yellow flames, that rose in many strange forms, and almost choked them with sulphureous smoke as they trod upon them. Yet to their greater amazement, there were living creatures, like horses, deer, and bulls, in the field, that had their noses on the ground, and cropped these fiery flowers as if they had from thence derived good refreshment; and when the strangers approached, they lifted their heads and trotted away.'

The events which take place in this fearful habitation may be summed up in a brief statement: Sir Heerdegen meets with death, and the remaining two are only saved from the like imminent fate by the seasonable interposition of Sir Archimbald von Waldeck, who had obtained by some means

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an influence over the malignant empress of the place. But the rash experiment of the three knights, though ending in disaster to one, is not to be lamented, as it leads to the sure destruction of Gerda and her infernal authority. In the following passage we meet with one of those developements of tender sentiment, which are sometimes so strangely blended with the most repugnant of the spectral creations of the German school.

'The last red gleams of the sun were now shining into their apartment, when Sir Otto started up from a couch whereon he had just before thrown himself, and coming with a grave solemn demeanour to his friends, he said, "There is left for us one sacred duty to be fulfilled, and, methinks, so long as the body of our beloved friend is suffered to remain visible on this unquiet earth, we dare not sleep;—methinks, too, this village, with its lime-trees and clear fountains, looks like a pleasant resting-place for our departed comrade. One question remains to be answered,—whether, in this remote hamlet, we can find consecrated ground?" Hereupon their host offered to show them the way to a small chapel, around which many pious Christians had already been interred, and where the earth had been duly blessed by the good monks;—so they directly set out on their way, having covered the bier of Sir Heerdegen with an embroidered mantle, and his arms laid cross-ways thereon. As they began at length to ascend the hill, on which stood the chapel, it was a pleasure to see the never-dying gleams of the lamp over the altar, shining through the green shades of the trees, amid the now settled gloom of evening; and Sir Otto, who could not refrain from joining in their procession, now wept unobserved and silently. At the chapel they found, as they had been informed, an enclosed burial-ground; and one might have said too, that there was here a higher and more solemn chapel than could have been built by mortal hands; inasmuch as a lofty grove of elm and beech rose, as it were, into the sky, with their branches entwined together, and forming that natural archway which our noblest cathedrals but imitate. Through the roof of this lofty aisle, as the wind played among the leaves, they caught at intervals the light of the stars, which had now begun to shine forth in heaven. Under this light the three champions joined in digging Sir Heerdegen of Lichtenried's grave;—they wrapt his mantle round him, laid him deep in the earth, and made his outward monument of green turf. Thereafter they remained for a space kneeling in silent prayer,—Sir Otto at the head of his lamented friend, and his comrades one on each side. At length they rose, and, lost in silent melancholy thoughts, went back to the village.'

The stream of the narrative, after taking a course of the usual evolutions, arrives at last at that sort of termination in which all such stories are wont to subside. All miseries are ended, doubts removed, extraordinary discoveries create

wonder, and ordinary marriages obtain approbation, and the Baron Fouqué approves himself a right impartial minister of poetical justice. Sir Huguenin of Normandy, mentioned at an early stage of the history, turns out to be the living Sir Hugh, the Druda appears to be the actual mother of Sir Otto, and this disclosure involves so many agreeable changes of relationship between the members of the party, that there is scarcely one of the number who does not find some cause for personal satisfaction.

'So it came to pass, that, as if the Magic Ring had been converted into a living circlet of blooming swains and damsels, the venerable Sir Hugh, who had before been so lonely and desolate, now came forth with wife, children, and friends, all smiling and joyous. Amid the sweet evening-landscape, behold! there was stretched over the woods a magnificent rainbow; and all that happy assemblage, clasping their hands, greeted in silent prayer, that far-gleaming token of Heaven's grace and forgiveness.'

The praise of having executed so admirable an imitation of the old romance is enhanced by the judicious exclusion which our author has made of the grossnesses of giants, dwarfs, and monsters, which no compulsion of dramatic keeping could reconcile to modern reading. The 'Magic Ring' is likewise discriminated from the early productions to which we have alluded, by its unity of design, and general subserviency in the parts, to the conduct of the plot and the solution of its mysteries. But, certainly, the principal faults which strike us in the romances of chivalry, want of distinctness in the characters, and interest in the story, are preserved with more than desirable fidelity. The principal merits of this work then, and its leading attractions, must be admitted to lie in the descriptions which throw their charms over the whole performance, investing even its defective parts with the hues of enchantment. The diction is not merely that chosen and polished vehicle which a brilliant fancy would form for itself, out of the stores, supplied by various learning; it glows with the flame of poetry, and yet never swells into exaggeration. Without the formality, it possesses very much of the dignity of the epic measure.

The translation, it is but justice to add, is in every respect worthy of the genius and the fancy of the author. This is the fourth tale of the Baron Fouqué now naturalised amongst us, and it promises him a very considerable accession of popularity.

Art.

ART. X. *Mémoires de P. L. Hanet Cléry*, Ancien Valet de Chambre de Madame Royale, aujourd'hui Dauphine, et Frere de Cléry, dernier Valet de Chambre de Louis XVI.; Munitionaire Général des Armées, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

WE were led to expect, in these volumes, many very interesting domestic particulars relative to the family and court of *Louis* XVI., both in the years immediately preceding the French Revolution and during the last calamitous scenes of that unhappy monarch's life. Memoirs, by the brother of his faithful valet, and the writer of which had himself also been attached to the royal household, seemed to promise considerable attraction; and we were prepared to find the work a valuable addition to the collection of personal narratives, which the elder *Cléry*, Madame *Campan*, and others, have given to the world on the same subject.

We cannot say that we have risen from the perusal of these volumes without, in this respect, some disappointment. Of the confinement of the royal family in the Temple, the elder *Cléry* composed, as most of our readers probably are aware, a deeply interesting journal, which was published in London in 1798. That faithful servant, who adhered with so much courage and fidelity to his master, even to his last hour, has himself been dead for many years; and it does not appear that he has rendered his brother the depository of any facts that are not already before the public. HANET CLÉRY, the compiler of the present Memoirs, was separated from the royal family after the massacre at the Thuileries; and of his service at the court before that period he has not a great deal to tell that is worth remembrance or repetition. But his Memoirs are, notwithstanding, really very amusing, considered merely as the biography of a man who has undergone a more remarkable series of vicissitudes and accidents, than is usually the lot of a single individual.

The book is the composition of a lively garrulous adventurer: a perfect Frenchman, full of whimsical egotism and vanity, who carries us on with him by his gossiping, easy relation, engages our curiosity in his chequered fortunes, and not unfrequently moves our compassion for his numerous reverses and real calamities. With all his self-sufficiency, too, there is in general a good tone of feeling about the man; and even his assiduity in recording all the benevolent actions of his life—and it may be to swell their sum—is in itself a homage to virtue. But, assuredly, he is not overburdened with modesty. In the first place, in true French style, we are favoured with two smirking lithographic portraits of himself and his brother.

brother. Next, he is pleased to inform us, that 'corpulence, strength, and agility,' a curious union, are hereditary in his family; and we find, in the course of his narrative, that he is, moreover, an inimitable swordsman, 'one of the best runners in France,' that he rides like a centaur, and has performed divers wonders in agriculture, in mercantile contracts, in seamanship, and in medicine.

In a word, he is an universal genius, an admirable Crichton; and, to crown all his accomplishments, the beauty of his person has responded to his corporeal and mental vigour. 'J'etois,' says he, 'd'une belle taille;' and then he adds with charming simplicity, 'Si j'ai quelquefois entendu dire aux femmes que j'etais assez bien, l'âge, et les nombreux accidens d'une vie très active ont éteint en moi depuis long-temps tout sentiment d'amour propre, attribut de la jeunesse;'—a renunciation for which there is apparent cause, when we discover, in the issue of his story, luckless wight, that he has lost the use of a leg and an arm, and that he left one eye at Stettin, and two-and-twenty teeth, grinders and cutters, in St. Domingo. He is, in truth, a very entertaing personage, with his *naïveté* and self-complacency: but we must proceed to note some of the more general matter of his Memoirs.

The family of CLÉRY had been occasionally employed in the royal household of France ever since the beginning of the last century. The father of the two valets, however, was a substantial farmer; and the brothers were indebted for their reception into the family of *Louis* XVI. to the circumstance of their mother having nursed the son of the Princess *de Guémenée*, who took the two youths into her service, and, on being appointed gouvernante to the royal children, attached our author as valet to the person of the infant Madame Royale, the present Dauphiness. The elder *Cléry* soon after became, in like manner, valet to one of the other children. From this period, about ten years before the Revolution, our author was constantly at the court; and, of course, humble as was his station, he saw a great deal of the private life of the royal family. His picture of the domestic habits of the King and Queen is, as far as it goes, very pleasing; and making, as we must, a large allowance for his present dependence upon their daughter, his report may yet be received with sufficient confidence to confirm the ample though tardy justice which recent publications from all parties have rendered to the character of the unfortunate *Marie Antoinette*. In private life *Louis* and his Queen might have been respectable and happy: he, a virtuous, well-intentioned man,

man, a good father, husband, and master; she, the ornament of her circle, a lovely, attractive, and, we doubt not, an innocent woman, with no more than the thoughtless gaiety of a youthful heart, which time and its cares might have effectually sobered. Many very amiable traits are recorded by their servant in the demeanour of the royal pair to their children and dependents. One little scene we shall give, in the words of the original, as illustrating both their kindness of feeling and the gossiping style of these Memoirs.

'Un jour la reine, en ouvrant avec vivacité la dernière porte du corridor de communication à l'appartement de sa fille, cassa dans la serrure même le passepartout qui servait à ouvrir toutes les autres portes, de sorte que, après avoir refermé celle qui précédait, Sa Majesté se trouvait emprisonnée dans un sombre corridor; il ne recevait de jour que par un œil de bœuf donnant sur un cabinet où je me trouvais. La reine m'aperçoit à travers le vitrage; elle frappe, et, forçant un peu sa voix, m'ordonne de courir à ses petits appartemens lui chercher un autre passepartout. Il ne laissait pas d'y avoir un assez long trajet, et c'était précisément pour l'éviter que ces corridors avaient été pratiqués. Je mis tant de promptitude à remplir ses ordres, que, ne pouvant supposer que ce fût déjà moi qui arrivais, elle eut quelque frayeur. Le morceaux du premier passepartout, étant resté dans la serrure, empêchait de se servir de celui que j'apportais; ainsi la reine, ne pouvant plus arrivir par là à l'appartement de sa fille, fut forcée de regagner le sien. Elle me fit l'honneur de s'appuyer sur mon bras, et je la reconduisis chez elle. Arrivée dans son cabinet, Sa Majesté me dit: — Vous croyez peut-être, Hanet, que votre absence de quatre mois, occasionée par la mort de votre femme, vous a privé de la gratification accordée à la maison de ma fille à raison de son séjour à la Muette pour son inoculation? — En prononçant ces mots elle tirait de son sac à ouvrage un papier qui m'était destiné. Au même instant le roi parut. La reine s'empressa de lui raconter l'histoire du passepartout, en appuyant sur l'extrême promptitude avec laquelle je l'avais délivrée. — Cela ne m'étonne point, dit le roi, c'est le meilleur coureur de Versailles, et quand il peut aller à la chasse je le vois toujours un des premiers à la mort du cerf. — La reine alors lui remit le papier qu'elle tenait encore; le roi le lut, et, s'appuyant sur la cheminée, y écrivit en disant tout haut: — *Et une année d'avance;* il faut bien lui payer sa course. — Et il me remit le papier; c'était une pension de 60 francs par mois payable sur la cassette des enfans de France.

'Un moment après Louis XVI., toujours muni d'instrumens de serrurerie, — Venez, Madame, dit-il à la reine, nous allons réparer l'accident du passepartout. Hanet, prenez un flambeau, et éclairez-nous. — Nous arrivons; la serrure est bientôt démonté, et la reine passe chez sa fille.

'Mais

'Mais le roi voulut achever la réparation. Resté pour l'éclairer, je fus bientôt témoin d'une scène très comique.

'Le roi avait remonté la serrure, et, pour essayer si la clef tournait bien, il était sorti de cette partie du corridor: ma lumière n'éclairait pas l'autre; il se trouvait ainsi dans l'obscurité. Le hasard fit que Delmas, garçon de la chambre, attendait précisément un serrurier pour travailler dans l'appartement de Madame. Voyant un homme qui lui tournait le dos et faisait mouvoir en tous sens une clef, il le prend pour cet ouvrier, s'en approche, et lui frappe un peu rudement sur l'épaule, en disant: — *Eh! papa, vous vous faites bien attendre!*

'Le roi ouvre la porte, se retourne, et Delmas, reconnaissant son maître, jette un cri de frayeur. La reine, qui l'entend, accourt de l'appartement de Madame, et voit d'un côté Delmas épouvanté, et de l'autre le roi riant de tout son cœur en se frottant l'épaule. Il était bien en position de dire comme le maréchal de Saxe: *Et quand c'eût été Georges, il ne fallait pas frapper si fort.* Leurs Majestés, touchées de la confusion de ce pauvre Delmas, le rassurèrent avec bonté.'

In the same colloquial way we have two or three amusing anecdotes of the old court. The following story may show how much of the servile adoration of royalty which had distinguished the nation in the days of the two last monarchs, still remained when *Louis* XVI. began his reign. We shall at once translate and abridge the verbosity of our author.

'After the entire recovery of Madame Royale, the court continued to reside at Muette, and taking advantage of the fine season, the Queen was found walking with her daughter in the Bois de Boulogne, then the resort of much good company, particularly on Saturdays when there was always a ball at the Ranelagh. The Queen heard the expression of public attachment as she passed; and in order to prolong this enthusiasm, she used to condescend to honour the ball by her presence. Upon one of these occasions, she happened to tear her gloves, and observing me behind her, desired me to bring her another pair. When I returned with them, she gave me the torn pair, which I put into my pocket. Simple as was this occurrence, it led to a singular result, and procured me some envy.

'The Queen shortly after retiring and leaving me at liberty, I hastened to return to the dance; and while I was looking round for a partner, I observed a pretty woman, whose dress and diamonds indicated distinction or opulence, with her eyes fixed upon me. I went up to her, and asked her to dance; and she at once accepted me with an eagerness which appeared to me at the moment rather too marked. My vanity immediately anticipated some great adventure; I was a good dancer, my partner was an excellent one; and we attracted the attention of the assembly. Excited by the attention which we drew, we acquitted ourselves to admiration and carried off the palm of the evening.

'At

'At the conclusion of the ball, the husband, who was doubtless in his wife's secret, came up to me and gave me an invitation in flattering terms to supper: I was surprised and delighted; I went with them to Passy, where we were ushered into a superb apartment; and we sat down to supper with a large party, the post of honour next to the lady of the house being assigned to me.—During the meal I observed that none of the party wore decorations or were titled; and I at once concluded that I was among bankers and wealthy merchants. I was treated with marked attention; and the conversation being studiously devoted to the praise of the royal family, I was at last asked if I belonged to their suite. I replied, that I had the honour of being valet-de-chambre to Madame. The lady of the house, then affecting an air of great earnestness, told me I could lay her under a great obligation. I replied by a compliment, and desired to know how? "What I ask, Sir, is in your possession."—"The gloves of the Queen, Madam?"—"The same, Sir; and if you will permit me to keep them, I in return will allow you to repeat what has passed, and to say that Madame *Limoges*, the wife of a banker at Paris, esteems herself but too happy in the possession of a trifle which has merely touched the hands of Her Majesty."

'My surprise and admiration at this proof of enthusiastic feeling towards our sovereign may be conceived; and my emotion was increased when I saw the gloves of the Queen handed round the table to receive the kiss of each guest.

'Next morning I could not resist my desire to relate this interesting anecdote to Madame *de Makau*; and she hastened to repeat it to the Queen, who was not insensible to it, for at the next ball when she saw me dancing with the same banker's lady, she gave her a sign of approbation which soon fixed the eyes of the assembly on my partner. The courtiers in particular were surprised; and so surrounded her, that the poor valet who had given her the gloves, could not longer retain possession of her hand.'

Cléry gives another anecdote, exposing the scale of prodigality on which the expenditure of the royal household was regulated, as remarkably as the story just related illustrates the enthusiastic servility of the rich *bourgeoisie*. In the reign of *Louis* XIV., one of the royal children had so severe an illness, that the attendants were obliged to sit up for several nights in his apartment. Some refreshment being necessary for them, the Grand Monarque put forth, in the plenitude of his wisdom and power, an immutable *ordonnance*, which regulated the quality and quantity of provisions for the royal bedchambers, not during occasions of illness only, but for every night *in perpetuo*. This *ordonnance*, under the name of precautions for the night (*en cas de nuit*), decreed as follows:

'Tous

' " Tous les soirs on aura soin d'apporter chez le roi, chez la reine, et chez chacun des enfans de France ;
' Deux grands pots de bouillon, ou consommé ;
' Une poularde, ou bien deux poulets rotis ;
' Huit petits pains de beurre ;
' Huit œufs frais ;
' Deux bouteilles du meilleur Bourdeaux." '

This *ordonnance* of course grew immediately into a gross abuse. The provisions became every morning the perquisite of the grooms of the chambers, who sold for five or six francs that which had cost forty or fifty. So fruitful, too, are court-abuses that the *en cas de nuit* soon generated other *en cas — dejour, de matin, de soir*, &c.; and the total expense of all these *en cas*, says CLÉRY, for the household of four royal children only, exceeded 200,000 francs per annum! It was only in 1788 that *Louis* XVI. suppressed this shameful system of peculation and waste.

It is, however, too much in this strain of anecdote of little value that these Memoirs are occupied; and where we might expect the detail of more important circumstances, we find a complete hiatus. Scarcely any account is given of the history of the royal family, as the terrors of the Revolution gradually deepened the gloom of the palace. Indeed our author only enters apparently into any of the later transactions at the court, for the purpose of refuting two or three of Madame *Campan*'s stories, which he does somewhat unceremoniously and sneeringly, even while he professes great respect for the memory of that lady. He certainly, however, we think, has succeeded in disproving two of her statements: 1st, that the intention of the royal family to abscond was entertained so early as 1790; and, 2dly, the whole story of the apprehension felt in the following year by the King of an intention to poison him in his pastry. He analyses (vol. i. pp. 191—200.) at rather more length than it deserves Madame *Campan*'s tale of her contrivance for substituting safe food for the royal tables; and he details some awkward improbabilities in her whole account of the transaction.

Louis XVI. had patronised a speculation of our author for the erection of corn-mills on some heights near Versailles; and this scheme probably removed him from the royal household. But he was present, as well as his brother, at the fearful scene at the Thuileries on the 10th of August, 1792; and, after the royal family had taken refuge with the Convention, the two brothers escaped the atrocious massacre which followed at the palace, by leaping from a window some fifteen feet from the ground. It was now that the elder *Cléry* determined,

termined, notwithstanding this narrow escape, to abandon his wife and children, to share the captivity of his master in the Temple: a design which, whatever may be thought of his preference of a superior or a secondary duty, is at least to be praised as a courageous and disinterested act of devotion and fidelity. He solemnly committed his family to the protection of his brother, and succeeded in obtaining admission into the prison of the royal family. While he was thus voluntarily incarcerated, our author's trials also commenced. He appears at great trouble to explain, and very unnecessarily, why he did not emigrate at this period; and, as if he felt it to be, even to this hour, a crime in the eyes of his royal protectors to have longer breathed the air of his regicide and polluted country, he labours most strenuously to justify himself for not having violated the dearest claims upon his affections. He remained, supporting his brother's family, his mother, and his own wife, until he was, during the reign of terror, himself denounced, and compelled to fly from the neighbourhood of the capital. Then commenced a long series of hair-breadth escapes, and strange vicissitudes in his fortunes. For his first means of security he was indebted to the benevolence of a stranger, — a contractor for bullocks for the army, — who, at Valenciennes, concealed him among his cattle in the disguise of a drover. Here, however, as he tells us, *the whiteness of his hands* betrayed him, and he was on the point of being denounced and guillotined, when an accidental rencontre with a friend, employed in the commissariat department, again saved him, and prepared his second course of prosperity. It was the season of strange elevations and levellings; and we have no space to recount the caprice of fortune by which *Hanet*, the valet-de-chambre, the speculator of mills, and the cattle-drover, suddenly became M. *Hanet*, inspector-general of provisions for the army.

During the reign of terror no individual of any party was safe for an hour from fanatical suspicion or private malice; and these Memoirs well describe the dreadful state of feverish anxiety, excitement, and suspense in which men held their lives, by a thread; ultimately, however, both our author and his brother escape all the horrors of that period: the former emigrates to re-join the remains of the royal family, and dies in exile in 1809; but our author continues with the army, serves in the commissariat department under *Pichegru*, *Moreau*, and *Massena*, obtains the regard of those celebrated men, and becomes at last general contractor for the supplies of the whole armies of the Rhine, Switzerland, &c.

Here

Here he appears already to have amassed a very considerable fortune, when he was as suddenly overwhelmed by a long train of reverses. He was unable to obtain a settlement of his accounts from the republican government: he was violently pursued by his creditors; and in the issue he found himself completely ruined, after (by his own account) a succession of zealous and valuable services to his country. In this part of his work, he gives an interesting account of the public transactions in which he was engaged; and relates, in particular, some pleasing traits of the humanity of *Moreau*, and the stern republican disinterestedness of *Rapinat*, who has rendered his name detestible by his spoliations of the Swiss, for the benefit not of himself but of his nation.

In the utter ruin of his affairs, our author now fled from Paris, and resolved to try his fortune in St. Domingo during *Le Clerc*'s expedition. Here he passes through many adventures and disasters, which we cannot enumerate; until at length he is taken prisoner, and brought to England. Of his residence on parole in this country, he gives a curious relation. This is intermingled with so many mis-statements and evident exaggerations, that, judging from it alone, we should not form a very high opinion of his general veracity.

After a detention of two or three years in England, our author was released under a cartel, and returned to France, where he entered the service of *Napoleon*, still in the commissariat department of the army. But there is little to interest in this concluding part of his Memoirs. It is filled only with complaints of unmerited distresses, and unrequited services. The return of the Bourbons, and the kind recollection of the present Dauphiness, raised him to the office of inspector-general of forests at Corsica, only to lose his place again with his usual ill-luck, or improvidence; and it appears that he is now, in declining years and straitened circumstances, supported principally by a bounty which does honour to the enduring patronage of his royal benefactress.

ART. XI. *Tableau des Mœurs Françaises aux Temps de la Chevalerie: Tiré du Roman de Sire Raoul et de la belle Ermeline, mis en Français moderne, et accompagné de Notes*, &c. &c. Par L. C. P. D. V. 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

WE have some difficulty in discovering the exact character of 'the Romance of the Sire Raoul and the fair Ermeline,' which is here made the vehicle, or apology, for the introduction of a mass of second-hand and common-place notes

upon the institutions and customs of chivalry in France. But we feel much less embarrassment in determining that, in any case, the whole publication is absolutely unnecessary and worthless. In a tedious preface, remarkable only for attempted vivacity and real dulness, the commentator, or author, has been at great labour to mystify the question of the genuineness of his romance. In a mingled strain of assertion and equivoque, he seems strenuously to insist upon its authenticity. If he is pleased to banter, he is very solemnly jocose; if he be in earnest, he has very adroitly contrived to leave his assurances open to the heavy suspicion of a jest. He has, in short, altogether avoided giving any satisfactory history of his romance; and he has attempted to produce no explanation, or evidence, of the antiquity of the piece, except the remark, to which, certes, no literary antiquary will have the least hesitation in acceding, that *it cannot be older* than the close of the fourteenth century. But whether this wearisome romance be his own production or not, is fortunately a doubt of the utmost insignificance. One conclusion we shall pronounce, without the slightest apprehension of error: the piece is certainly NOT a composition of the chivalric times. Its tone of thought, and description, and narrative, has none of the racy vigour and quaintness of those times, and is altogether so different, as at once to satisfy our minds that the piece is a mere imitation. The appeal, in the preface, to the peculiar character of antique originality, which it is declared to offer, as an internal evidence of authenticity, is therefore rather unfortunate; and the hardiness of the challenge betrays either the ignorance of the commentator, if such merely he be, or the defective invention of the author, if author and commentator be one.

But if, indeed, this composition be really any thing more than the leaden coinage of some modern brain, it is only one of those numerous heroic romances, or imitations of the proper tales of chivalry, which were concocted by the vicious taste of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These heroic romances were the worst legacy which the genuine mind of chivalry bequeathed to succeeding ages. The passion for chivalric fiction long survived the decline of chivalric achievements; and the feeble successors of the minstrels and jongleurs of the olden time knew no other mode of renewing the exhausted stores of popular amusement than by eking out the stale and elaborate repetition of favourite incidents. Thus the interminable romances of later days recorded only a monotonous succession of single combats and amatory distresses, knights lost in a labyrinth of absurd adventures, and damsels perplexed with a thousand suits of tender idolatry.

Thus, too, love was sublimated and passion volatilised into flights of extravagant sentiment. But who, in a word, that has ever steeped his sense of the ridiculous in the exuberant wit of *Cervantes*, needs be told the absurd character of these long-drawn heroic romances?

Whatever be the age of 'the Sire Raoul and the fair Ermeline,' its wearisome verbosity and endless incidents are at least such as might have fatigued the unquenchable thirst of the Knight of La Mancha himself. But to expect the languid readers of these days to wade through the monotonous farrago of four such volumes, is really estimating modern patience rather too extravagantly. We tolerate the length of such a tale as Amadis de Gaul for its celebrity, and the influence which we know it once held over the fancy of society: we read of the prowess of Charlemagne and his paladins, or of our own Arthur and his companions, for the high romantic associations by which these fictions are entwined with our poetry: but we shall not equally tolerate the illustration or composition of mere jejune and secondary adventures. If the writer before us had really designed to illustrate the state of chivalric manners in France by a commentary upon some genuine romance, he should have selected the well-known tale of Perceforest, the favorite of *St. Palaye*, which abounds above all others in references to those manners: or he might, with almost equal advantage, perhaps, and certainly with more novelty to the French reader, have preferred the romance of Percival, the exemplar of that wretched production, the Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen of Büsching. Either of these would have afforded him numerous pegs whereon to hang the precious shreds of antiquarian lore, which he has torn from their lawful owners, and converted into a parti-coloured pendant of notes for his romance.

Of these notes we must say a few words before we dismiss the goodly compilation altogether. They profess to illustrate the general and private wars of the chivalric times: — the relation of the great vassals with the king, and with their inferior vassals, all which, by the way, is a mere feudal, and not a chivalric point of enquiry: to comment on the ban and arriere ban, also a feudal subject; on the oriflamme, banners, cries of arms, kings at arms, and heralds; on combats to the utterance, judicial and otherwise; on tournaments, jousts, and passages of arms; on fraternity of arms and adoptions; on knights, esquires, damsels, and pages; on the trouveurs and troubadours, minstrels and jongleurs; on the languages of Oyl and Oc; on the chase, festivals, &c.

Now, of all these notices, it is sufficient to say that they are, without a single exception, pilfered from other writers,

with only a general admission of the fact. We have detected the commentator helping himself most largely from the stores of *St. Palaye*, and copying ten times without acknowledgment, for once where he confesses his obligation; also, from the earlier and less remembered pages of *Colombiere*, without any acknowledgment at all; and even from contemporary writers, *Millot* and *Raynouard*, with only the poor salvo to his conscience of a general reference to their works. What he abstracts, he seldom avowedly borrows; what he honestly does borrow, he never improves; and the reader who has the misfortune to be seduced by the attractive title of his volumes will find only in them a negation of those three most essential qualities, —instruction, interest, and amusement.

ART. XII. *Edouard.* Par L'Auteur d'Ourika. Tomes II. Paris, chez Ladvocat. Imported by Dulau and Co., Soho-Square. 1825.

THOSE who have read Ourika, cannot fail to remember the peculiar charm that was imparted to a tale of great simplicity, by the beauty of the language in which it was told, and the purity and ardour of the sentiment by which it was inspired. It was in itself a little world of elevated thought and intense feeling, to which a variety of incident would have been an interruption rather than an auxiliary. We followed Ourika into the recesses of her heart, and communed with that secret spirit of love, which she cherished with so much ardour, which ought to know, as she imagined, no distinction of colour, or difference of rank or fortune. Hers was the history of an angelic woman, prevented by her African descent from taking that station in civilised society, which her intellect and her manners were so well calculated to adorn. Edouard is her brother in every respect. His mind is the counterpart of hers: his heart is consumed by a similar passion, and it terminates in a manner equally unfortunate and touching. He is not indeed a "child of the sun;" nor has he to reproach his destiny with any outward singularity of form or feature, which should disqualify him for social happiness. His passion, too, was returned by a being, who, though in purity of sentiment she was much inferior to Ourika, yet was worthy, from her rank and accomplishments, to be the object of his homage. The impediments, however, which oppose the felicity of these lovers, arise from a cause equally powerful in France, as the darkest hue of Ourika's countenance, —a difference in the descent of the parties. Their souls were drawn to each other by an irresistible power, but the barriers of conventional man-

ners interposed to blight their hopes, and both became victims to that inexorable law which is founded on "what the world would say."

The theme is common enough; indeed so much so that it seems impossible to build any fabric of the imagination upon it, which shall have the charm of novelty. Nor does the author of this tale attempt any such thing. Her object, for we believe we are not mistaken in attributing it to a French lady of rank, is not merely to paint the struggles of affection with pride in a breast endowed with magnanimity, or to satirize those artificial forms of society which are enforced with so much rigour by the nobility of France. She has a still higher view in shaping the conduct, and in giving expression to the feelings of her principal characters, that of diffusing notions of respect for true merit wherever it is found, and of investing the virtues of domestic life with all the charms of passion. She does not a little for the success of her work when she decorates it with that undefinable air of polished society, which gives effect to her sentiments, not so much by their truth, as by the manner in which they are conveyed.

We are first introduced to Edouard on board a vessel in which he took his passage for Baltimore, to join one of the French regiments engaged in the American war. The paleness of his countenance, his uniform silence, the gloomy tone of his manners, and his indifference to every thing around him, excite the curiosity of his fellow-passengers; a feeling in which the reader is not slow to participate. A young officer, who is supposed to be the editor, commiserating his situation, endeavours to win his confidence, and to afford him consolation, but without success. At the conclusion of the voyage they, however, become comrades in arms, and Edouard relates to his friend the story of his misfortunes. He was the son of a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris, who was universally respected for his legal acquirements and the worth of his private character. Born on the banks of the Rhone, Edouard, from his earliest youth, loved the solitude and the grandeur of nature; and when his father thought he was at his books, he might be found watching the last rays of the evening, or poring over the rapid stream which rolled at his feet. The tenderness of his mother was not to be deceived: she observed his wanderings, and more by her looks and caresses sought to correct them than by her language. Among the mountains of Forez his father possessed a cottage and a foundery, which he visited every year. This was Edouard's favourite place. The scene was wild, and not without

without beauty. The foundery-mill was turned by a mountain-stream, which brawled among the rocks, and harmonised with the still returning sound of the ponderous anvils below. Edouard delighted in this music, and bounded from rock to rock with sensations of pleasure which knew no limit. As he grew apace, his ambition was directed to his father's profession. He was inflamed with the prospects which it held out, the exalted range of study which it required, the noble objects to which it was consecrated, when made the bulwark of the weak against the oppression of the strong. Living in the secluded bosom of his own family, he sought no society beyond theirs, and had no occupation save that of books, and the generous hopes to which they formed his mind.

The time arrived when he was to see the world. His father had had the good fortune, in the course of his professional career, to render an important service to the Marechal *d'Olonne*, who in consequence honoured him with his personal friendship and esteem. They corresponded constantly, and were upon the most intimate terms. Edouard having reached his twentieth year, was taken to Paris, and in a fortnight was completely tired of its amusements and curiosities. The Marechal, who had been at his seat at Fontainebleau, returned at the end of that period to his hotel in Paris. His earliest attentions were given to his friend; Edouard was charmed by the engaging simplicity of the venerable nobleman, and the kind reception which he experienced from him. A slight conversation, which occurred after dinner, will prepare the reader for some of the scenes which followed this introduction.

'"I left Natalie at Fontainebleau," said the Marechal to my father; "I expect her here this evening. You will find her a little taller, I imagine," he added with a smile. "Do you remember when you said that she would be unlike any other person, and that she would be the most engaging of her sex?"—"The Duchess de Nevers promised at that time to be every thing which she has since become," said my father.—"Yes," resumed the Marechal, "she is charming; but she is unwilling to marry again, and that afflicts me. I have lately mentioned to you my feelings on this subject; her obstinacy is invincible." My father made some observation in reply to this, and soon after we went away.'

Natalie, it is scarcely necessary to add, was the only daughter of the Marechal. She was married at a very early age, but never saw her husband, except at the altar, and she was now a widow in her twentieth year. Upon his second visit Edouard saw, and of course surrendered at once to this matchless beauty. She captivated him not less by the loveli-

ness of her person, than by the elegance of her manners and the refinement of her mind.

'She chatted to my father with that gracefulness which she spread over every thing she did; she endeavoured to convince him that she remembered what he had formerly taught her; she repeated his grave lessons, and the beautiful propriety of her expressions seemed to give the thoughts an air of novelty. My father observed it, and spoke of the charm which her language added to his ideas. "Every thing," he added, "that can be said has been said, but the manner of saying it is inexhaustible." Madame de Nevers, I remember, assured us that she was naturally mistrustful, and that she confided only in the accent and physiognomy of those who spoke to her. She looked at me as she uttered these words; I felt that I blushed; she smiled; perhaps she at that moment saw in me a proof of the truth of her remark.'

The progress of Edouard's passion is painted with much delicacy. He would not allow himself to believe that he conceived any feeling higher than respect for the daughter of his father's friend; besides she was so far above him in the scale of society that she was beyond the reach of his ambition. The very idea of such a hope was almost ridiculous; he, however, unconsciously nursed the flame, though he restrained it in the most secret recess of his heart. Madame de Nevers was not handsomer than many other women whom he saw; it was in the refinement of her mind, the composed dignity of her demeanour, and the softness of her manners, that her superiority lay. Hers was that sort of supremacy which was at once acknowledged, and excluded all rivalry.

The fair author describes also, with inimitable tact, the first indications which Natalie gave of the impression made upon her by the diffident attentions of Edouard. He seldom spoke; but his ear drank in every word that fell from her lips. She seldom addressed him, but all her conversation was meant for him; she avoided subjects in which he could feel no interest, and when she spoke to him it was of something connected with his father, or the scenery of his native province. He, however, was not the only admirer of Natalie. Two persons of distinction, the Prince d'Enrichemont and the Duke de L. were constantly in her train. In characterising the latter, the author offers a seductive apology for that interest which we feel for men who are reckless of their lives and fortunes, even in a bad cause.

'Precipitate, inconstant of purpose, full of spirits, and sometimes indiscreet in his pleasantry, he nevertheless loved virtue, and

and his countenance faithfully reflected the impressions which his mind received. As he was fickle to an extreme degree, those impressions were never of any long duration; but he had a soul, which sufficiently enabled him to comprehend that of others. One would have thought that life was to him one long holyday, so devoted was he to every sort of amusement. Always running about, he set as much value on the rapidity with which he travelled, as if he had been engaged on affairs of the deepest importance. He always came too late, yet he would take only fifty minutes to ride from Versailles. He generally came in, his watch in his hand, and telling some ludicrous story, or some piece of absurdity, which made every body laugh. Generous and magnificent, the Duke de L. despised fortune and life; and though he was prodigal of both on occasions very unworthy of the price of such a sacrifice, I blush to say that I was seduced by his disdain for those things on which men generally set most value. There is something winning about a man who never thinks of encountering any obstacle in the pursuit of his purpose; and when we see him exposing his life in a horse-race, or risking his fortune on a card, it is difficult to believe that he would not hazard both with still more eagerness, upon an occasion of importance.'

This, to be sure, is the philosophy of a woman, which arises more from her natural instinct of weakness, and her equally natural disposition to admire in man that strength and resolution which can afford her protection, than from a just view of at least the latter branch of the subject. It needs but little experience to convince us that those who are accustomed to expose their fortunes at the gaming table, are seldom disposed to make a benevolent use of any portion of them on 'an occasion of importance.'

The sudden death of Edouard's father placed him in a state of orphanage. The Marechal took him into his family, and treated him as a son. He was thus constantly under the same roof with Natalie, and the only interruption, or rather the usual security, to their *tête-à-têtes* was an old abbé who had been for fifty years the family-chaplain. He is thus portrayed, evidently from an original:

'He had assisted in the education of the Marechal, and was ever since an inmate of the family. He performed the functions of chaplain, and was as regular a piece of furniture in the drawing-room of the hôtel d'Olonne, as the sofas, ottomans, and Gobelin tapestry which decorated it. An attachment of such long standing on the part of the abbé had linked his existence so closely with that of the house of Olonne, that he knew no interest, no prosperity, or enjoyment, which was not theirs; but his feelings were measured by the standard of a tranquil mind, and of an imagination tempered by fifty years of dependence. He was one of the most complaisant of human beings; he was

always ready to play chess, or trictrac, or to wind silk for Madame de Nevers; and, provided that he had a good dinner, he was never heard to complain of any body.'

To these talents the Abbé added another, which of all others two youthful lovers would be the last to find fault with, an invincible propensity to slumber after dinner in a great arm-chair, which was in itself a sort of soporific. The Marechal was sometimes absent from home, or engaged in public business, and thus many opportunities for conversation were afforded to Edouard and Natalie, of which they were not slow to profit. These facilities were considerably increased by an occurrence which took place in the political world, in which the Marechal, in consequence of his fortune, and his connections with the principal minister, had considerable influence. The minister was not only displaced but ordered to reside at his country-seat; a similar order of exile was sent to the Marechal, and he and his family removed to Faverange, at that period of the spring when the scenery of the country seems as if it were decked out by the hand of nature for a festival. The solitude, the tranquillity and happiness which the lovers enjoyed at Faverange, more than compensated them for the gay circles of Paris. Here, also, Edouard discovered for the first time that he had been acting at best but an equivocal part with respect to the Marechal. He had made use of the advantages which his benefactor bestowed upon him, in order to possess himself of the affections of Natalie. The disparity of their rank was so great, according to the notions of that time, that the Marechal would necessarily consider the honour of his family tarnished by such an alliance. Edouard felt the barrier insurmountable.

There is not much tact displayed by the author, in her treatment of what may be called the difficulties of her story. She has represented Edouard as one of the most ardent and unthinking of lovers, up to the period when he hears from Natalie that his affections are returned. As soon as he is satisfied upon that point, the fair author contrives that his philosophy shall get the better of his feelings, and she places the lady in a situation, in which she appears rather as the suitor than the sued. All the objections to a union proceed from Edouard, all the answers to them from Natalie. This, to say the least of it, is a total change of character on both sides; and on the part of the lady it is attended with a repetition of confessions which put the existence of her passion beyond all doubt, but which say very little for her on the score of delicacy. It is manifest enough that the author did not

choose to render the old Marechal unpopular with her readers, otherwise she might have thrown the business of counteraction upon his shoulders. Avoiding that, she has considerably impaired the interest of her tale by making it unnatural; for nobody would believe that Edouard would deny to himself the possession of a heart which he had so long and so successfully solicited.

After staying about six months in the delightful retreat of Faverange, the Marechal was recalled to court. The ascendancy which Edouard had obtained over the affections of Natalie, soon became evident to that crowd of fashionable admirers, by which she was surrounded, and scandal was not slow to whisper abroad that Natalie, the daughter of one of the most noble houses in France, was about to form a *mesalliance*. The rumour at length reached the Marechal's ear, Natalie confessed every thing, and Edouard was no longer permitted to remain in the family of Olonne. His only resource was to seek in America, an honourable termination to a life which had no longer any attractions for him.

The officer, who is the imaginary depositary of the tale, concludes it thus:

'I spent the night in reflections suggested by the story of Edouard's life. I pitied his fate, and wished that I could afford him some consolation. But I felt that I had no remedy to offer which could in any degree lighten his afflictions. The next morning, I went into his chamber at an early hour; he was not there. I observed on the table some newspapers which had just arrived from France. Nobody could tell whither he had gone. As I knew that an attack was intended to be made this morning on the English camp, I became anxious about him, and though suffering from wounds which I had recently received, I mounted my horse and followed the march of the troops. I found them engaged in a violent cannonade in order to drive the enemy from a strong position. I saw Edouard in the front rank, and I reached him in time to receive him as he was falling covered with wounds. His blood gushed out in torrents; I tried to stop it. "Let me die, he said: you need not be sorry for me; the measure of my life is filled; existence is intolerable; for me all is lost." He reclined his head on my breast, and expired.

'In one of the newspapers I observed the following paragraph: "Yesterday were celebrated, in the parish church of Saint-Sulpice, the funeral obsequies of Madame Louise-Adelaide-Natalie d'Olonne, widow of the Duke de Nevers, who died, of consumption, in her twenty-first year. After the ceremony the cavalcade set out for the Limousin, where the Duchess de Nevers expressed a wish to be interred, and her remains will be deposited in the vault of her ancestors in the church of Faverange."

'Towards

'Towards the end of the same year peace enabled me to return to France; and I brought home with me the body of my unfortunate friend. I requested and obtained permission from the Marechal d'Olonne to deposit it in the vault which contained the earthly remains of her whom in life he loved. I laid him at the foot of Natalie's coffin, and then for the first time I felt my grief consoled.

'The Marechal d'Olonne had withdrawn himself from court and from the world. He resided at Faverange to the close of a long life, which he devoted to acts of benevolence. But though his days were many and to all appearance tranquil, he still was wrapt in the profoundest melancholy. He often said that he had deceived himself in thinking that there were in life two modes of being happy.'

ART. XIII. *Sophie Ariele; Eine Novelle.* Von L. M. FOUQUÉ. Berlin. 1825.

THIS is another, and, we believe, the latest of the Baron FOUQUÉ'S novels. It is the most mysterious, and, to say truth, the most unintelligible production we have yet seen from the rhapsodical press of Germany. As it has not been translated into English, and is most unlikely, if we may be allowed to form a judgment, ever to find its way into general circulation in this country, we shall enable the reader, if we can, to inform himself of its leading features. The only glimpse of meaning, indeed, which we can gather from its pages is an intended allegorical illustration of the doctrines of Christianity. But if we are right in attributing so sublime an object to the work before us, then we must say that its details are eminently fantastical and absurd.

A Doctor Matthieu, a physician living in Marseilles, is in correspondence with Emanuel Swedenborg, by the good offices of certain carrier-pigeons. Why the name of Swedenborg is introduced, we are at a loss to conceive. When these matters are properly expounded, a young Swede, named Gustavus Gyllenskiold, presents himself to the Doctor with the following credentials: 'Relief for friend Gustavus Gyllenskiold from his frightful dreams, through friend Matthieu in Marseilles.' This is in the hand-writing of Swedenborg. Of course the Doctor attends to such a recommendation, though not with so good a grace as might have been expected, for there is some little jarring between him and his patient before they come to the point. At last, however, Gustavus (who is, like all the Baron's men, a hero *par excellence*,) explains the nature of his dreams, of which

which the following sample will probably be enough for our readers.

'Kingly heads rise from out the vapoury world of dreams, with long grey beards, and, anon, female forms of such wonderful and dazzling beauty, that my closed eyes smart before the splendour of their charms. These forms might, in truth, be called wonderfully beautiful;' but around their sharply-pouting coral lips there is such an air of mockery, and their eyes, meanwhile, sparkle with such hostility, that a deep and awful horror takes possession of my soul. And then, too, they sing so wildly and detestably, and it ever seems that I understand their words, and again, that I understand them not; and an over-strained attention to their now appearing, now obscured import, makes my brain giddy. Then the old crowned heroes shake their pale heads in disapprobation, and again they appear overspread with the fiery glow of rage. And then, in wild alarm, the females turn pale, and their faces are convulsed. On a sudden, the females become the pale, crowned heads, and the old, rage-inflamed heroes are transformed into the appalling and beautiful forms. And now they vex and worry each other, and seem anxious to escape from themselves; and this they cannot accomplish; and then there begins such a dreadful race! — such a vain, unmeaning chase, — that in the end they all fall down like deformed corpses. And now the fearful chorus commences, — the terrible corpses sing the words "*Leben ist Sterben*" — (Life is Death), — and I, against my will, sing with them, and, alarmed by the hollow sound of my own dreaming voice, I start and awake. But still the dreadful sounds haunt me, — "*Leben ist Sterben.*" And earth looks strangely on me, and the light of the sun changes to a misty grey, and the shout of the glad feast fills my heart with sadness, and mid-day to me is midnight.'

What Dr. Matthieu would have prescribed for this case, a circumstance we must presently mention prevents us from knowing. It is the custom in Germany to eat heavy suppers. We are greatly mistaken if the mystical Baron be not in the habit of doing that meal great justice, and of suffering from its consequent effects; for it is quite clear that he here describes his hero as being afflicted with nightmare. During the previous conversation between Gustavus and the Doctor,

'The door opened softly, and in tripped a most delicate female figure, a white dove upon her arm, herself as delicate and snowy as her dove. She coloured slightly at the unexpected presence of the stranger, curtsied to him with ineffable grace, and, whispering a few words into the Doctor's ear, disappeared through the opposite door.'

This is Sophie Ariele! a being whom the Doctor encountering somewhere in the clouds makes his wife. In his letter

to

to Matthieu, stating the non-effect of his enquiries upon that subject, there is one remark so *naïve*, and yet so philosophical, that we cannot refrain from giving our readers the benefit of it. After stating that he had in vain applied to the spirits of the air and the spirits of the waters, he comes to the fire-spirits: of whom he says, 'Well, Matthieu, you yourself, as a good natural philosopher, know that *there is no jesting with salamanders!*'

But we left the Doctor about to prescribe for his patient; and while he is doing so, the latter falls into a sleep, from which he is aroused by a song from the 'lady of the white dove,' who is likewise amusing herself with tearing up the prescription, and throwing the fragments out of the window. She, in fact, undertakes the cure of Gustavus, not by means of her husband's prescriptions, but in a manner not perhaps more miraculous, had they been successful. She appoints her dove to be the guardian of his slumbers; and in one of his usual dreams, Psyche descends from heaven, and outsings the dreadful choristers in a song of her own, to the words "*Leben ist Leben*" (Life is Life). In the end, the 'mighty heroes,' and the 'wonderfully beautiful females,' not liking this sort of interruption to their revels, gradually disappear, and Gustavus eventually learns that "*Sterben ist Leben*" (Death is Life). The convalescent remains with them for some time, and rescues Ariele from the power of certain corsairs. He is then not heard of for twenty years. During the lapse of that period we presume that prescriptions continue to be written by the Doctor, and to be torn and "given to the winds" by his wife, or the cloud-born spirit, who, to avoid scandal, passes as such, and is called by her neighbours "Madame Matthieu." We find, however, other proofs of her corporeality, for she has brought the Doctor a son, who being hard pressed by corsairs (again!) in the Mediterranean, is delivered by Gustavus, who *happens* to be cruizing in those seas. The hero, however, falls in fight with the Moors; and his fate being made known to "Monsieur le Docteur" and to "Madame," they erect a monument to his memory, with this inscription, "*Sterben ist Leben.*" And so the NOVEL of Sophie Ariele ends.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE subscribers to THE MONTHLY REVIEW are respectfully informed, that the Numbers for September, October, and November, together with this Appendix, form the hundred and eighth and the concluding volume of the present series. This volume will be, therefore, less, by one Number, than any of those which preceded it, a reduction which was unavoidable in consequence of the commencement of a new and improved series of this Journal, the first Number of which is published with this Appendix.

The Proprietors trust that the Numbers of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, which have been published since it was transferred to their hands in August last, have afforded a favourable anticipation of the manner in which it is in future to be conducted. Their desire is to sustain, and as far as possible to extend, the influence which this work has applied, for more than three quarters of a century, to the general improvement of the country.

They are aware that in order to deserve that influence, a Review should be carried on with an absolute disregard of all interests, whether of a public or a private nature, save only those of morals, literature, and constitutional liberty. To these interests alone the management of THE MONTHLY REVIEW is devoted; of all others it is perfectly independent. It is inaccessible to personal solicitation, or party-feelings of any description: it has no prejudices, scholastic, religious, or political, to gratify. Its principles of criticism are strictly judicial.

The original plan of THE MONTHLY REVIEW will be adhered to, with the exception of that portion of it embraced under the title of *Monthly Catalogue*, which was in a great measure limited to minor publications. These must, of necessity, give way to the more important works with which the press abounds, in order to enable the Review to keep pace, in some

degree, with the teeming intelligence of the age, by noticing every new work of consequence as soon as possible after it is published.

This object will be still farther assisted by an enlargement of the pages, which will considerably augment their contents, without imposing any additional charge on the subscribers. It is the wish of the Proprietors not to diminish those facilities which the present moderate price of each Number affords to all classes of readers for possessing a literary Journal, popular in its form, and as compendious in its details as the variety of its matter will permit.

For the information of new subscribers it may be useful to add, that four Numbers of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, together with an Appendix, form a volume. The Appendix, which is published every four months, and contains the Title-page, Table of Contents, and Index for the volume, is of the same size as one of the monthly Numbers, and is chiefly dedicated to *Foreign Literature*. Arrangements have been made for securing the earliest copies of interesting works published in France, Germany, Italy, and other parts of the Continent, as well as in the United States, for the Appendix; in order that each volume of THE MONTHLY REVIEW may enable the reader to inform himself of the progress of literature in all the most civilised parts of the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In answer to the enquiries of *Amicus*, we beg to inform him, that in general the foreign books reviewed in the Appendix, or in the Numbers, of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, may be had of Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, or of Messrs. Dulau and Co., both of Soho-Square.

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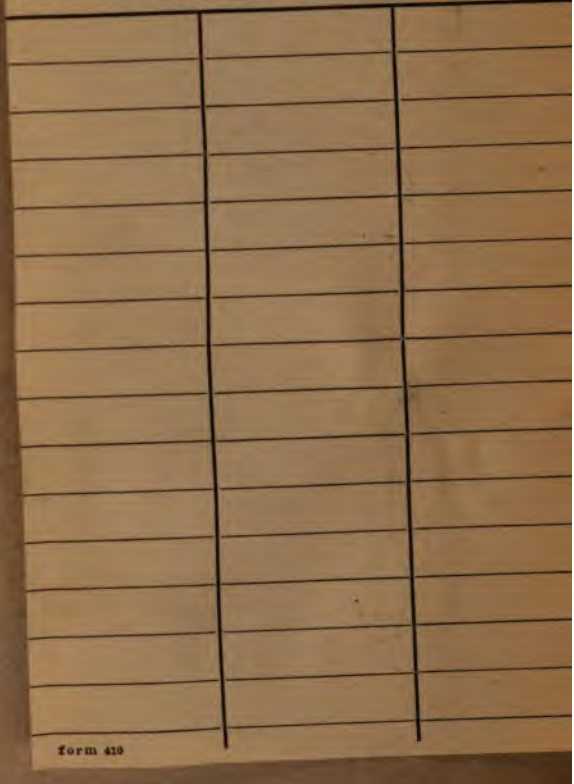

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